

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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THE SACRED ART

OF
Ancient Greece, or Magnetism and Archaic Medicine.

BY ALEX. WILDER.

The History of the Healing Art is apparently as old as the existence of human beings in the earth. Tradition has uniformly attributed them both with Divinity itself; and as human society took form, the technique of healing was part of the offices of religion. Carlyle has repeated this idea in his peculiar manner: "The profession of the human healer is radically a sacred one and connected with the higher priesthood; or rather, it is itself the outcome and acme of all priesthoods, and divinest conquests of intellect here below—as will appear one day."

The proof of this is afforded by the fact worthy of being a maxim, as it is really an axiom, that the knowledge which a people possesses of the art of healing, is the measure of its refinement and civilization. Man is civilized by virtue of social relations; and refinement is a purification from grossness, vulgarity, and the ill manners which are incident and characteristic of living for one's own self alone. Selfishness is but savagery; and a state of society in which self-interest is the ruling principle is hardly any thing else than a form of barbarism. Skill in mechanics, engineering and other material accomplishments, even though it is denominational science, is no real proof of spiritual advancement. Kindly sentiment toward others, regard for their welfare, charity in word and act, make up the only genuine culture, refinement and civilization. From these proceeded the art and technique of healing, and without them it cannot subsist.

The amber of antiquity has not preserved the name of the first human benefactor, who sought to apply skill in this direction. We have no real history of medicine, no father or founder of the healing art except in eponym. It is well, nevertheless, to explore as we best are able, the foundations of its history. We become broader, wiser, purer and better for knowing what has been. It is the province of intelligence, as distinguished from mere technical knowledge, to occupy the field of origins and causes. It is a mighty achievement for our thought to be released from the narrow limits between the cradle and the grave. There is a more accurate knowing, a firmer basis for faith and ambition in regard to the future; and the individual is liberalized, ennobled and refined. It is thus by eating of the Tree of Knowledge that the eyes become open and the man is as a god. He has made "the divinest conquest of the human intellect."

The distrust which many medical men exhibit at the present time in regard to remedial agents and expedients, is a painful testimony of mental and moral deterioration. It is a low condition of society where men want the pretension to superior, scientific knowledge, and make use of this claim to curtail the liberty of others; while at the same time themselves cherishing little confidence in the utility of their art and its agencies. Lack of faith not only implies lack of knowledge, but also want of fidelity and the profound conviction of right.

Pliny ascribes the first exercise of the healing art to the sacerdotal caste of Egypt, although he also cites a legend that Arabos, the eponymous founder of the Arab and Syrian tribes, derived the art from Babylon.

Manetho, the Head Priest and Scribe of the Egyptian Sacred Archaia, in the reign of Pharaoh Sesostris, mentions the king Athoth, the son of Menes as a builder of palaces, who left books of Anatomy after him, being an *iatrios* or physician. He also names Tosorthros; also a builder with hewn stone and patron of literature, who was named the Egyptian Asklepios (Æsculapius) on account of his iatric skill. Physicians are also mentioned in the Hebrew text in *Genesis*, 1:2, which appears to be the name of the archaic population of the country about the Jordan and ancient Judea. The Cyclopean builders were probably of this same race. These few fragments of myth afford clues to a large chapter of ancient history, of which little has been as yet unveiled. At that period, religious functions, political power, knowledge and philosophy, sculpture and architecture, were in the hands of the priesthood. Medical skill, as a part of these, was regarded as a part of the superior wisdom. A sacred caste held the keys of knowledge, and only individuals of their own number and selection were allowed to participate in the Divine Lore. For others to acquire it was sacrilege. The Hippocratic Oath is an offshoot of the same notion. The Brahmins of India are said to have had a similar restriction. "If any one shall read the *Sastras* to a *Sudra* they shall cut out the tongue of the reader and pour melted lead into the ears of the hearer."

I have thought the legend of the Garden of Eden to be a parable of that period. Indeed, some of the Gnostic Christians appear to have interpreted it according to a similar hypothesis. The Tree of Knowledge was interdicted to the common people by the penalty of death for the sacrilege. Finally, the Wise Serpent, *Arum*, the Divine Sage, found opportunity to assure them that it was right and wholesome for them to take the prohibited aliment; that they would not die, but be as the gods—the caste of priests; in short, they would become the equals of their lords. Let nobody take umbrage at my temerity. It is an often acted, a story every day repeated. There would otherwise be no adolescence for human beings in history.

ARCHAIC GREECE.

The ancient physicians were always priests, and their sanctuaries were the hospitals and medical schools of the remoter period. The Phœnicians, the Kephaim and Philistines of the Bible, possessed the knowledge of the healing art, and appear to have communicated it to the Greeks. The centres or starting-points of the history, institutions, adventures and religion of Greece are generally recognized as having been at the very places which the galleys of the Phœnicians were accustomed to frequent. Phœria and Thessaly constituted the cradle of the Hellenic peoples. The Dorians, Aiolians, Achæans and Hellenes were emigrants from that region that subdued and colonized the countries of the South. Their institutions were, to a striking degree, similar to those of the Phœnicians. Thessaly was first to dethrone her sacerdotal kings, who claimed direct authority from the gods. Her Amphiktyonic Confederation of republics which met at the Hot Springs near Thermopyla was the most famous of any in Greece or Asia Minor, and finally became paramount. The cities of Phœnicia were united after a similar manner. Indeed, there is extant a letter from a king of Sparta, a Dorian and reputed descendant of Hercules, the Moloch or Kronos of Asia, declaring that the Lakdaimonians were kindred of the Jews and descendants of Abraham (*Makabees* I. xii. 6, 21). The "Holy Scriptures" of both peoples were said to confirm this curious statement. There is good reason for supposing that the Phœnician and perhaps other Semitic peoples were domiciled in ancient Greece. The worship of Poseidon, with bloody rites, characterized the earlier times, till the advent of Herakles and Theseus; Mr. Gladstone is of this opinion. The Sidonian merchants, long before the Siege of Troy, traversed the country of the Peneios and its tributaries for purposes of traffic and colonization. It is very probable, therefore, that the tradition is correct. The religion of the archaic tribes of that region was evidently of Assyrian or Semitic origin, and the personages who are credited with the establishing of Hellenism and the archaic worship, are reputed to have lived there.

"Orpheus instructed mankind in religion. Reclaimed them from bloodshed and barbarous rites; He taught the doctrine of Medicine, And warnings prophetic for ages to come; Next came old Hædus teaching us husbandry. Then Homer himself, our adorable Homer."

The first practitioners of the healing art, and as a matter of course, the first instructors in other learning, were assigned by tradition to this most northern country of archaic Greece. Asklepios, or Æsculapius, it was said, was born here, brought up by Cheiron the Centaur. His traditional descendant, the Asklepiads, became the medical priest-caste of Greece, and flourished in old Greek-speaking countries till long after the Christian Era. Hippocrates was of their number, and committed much of their knowledge to writing, for which, and in consideration of his skill, he is complimented with the title of Father of Medicine. He made no discovery, however, so far as we are able to perceive, nor revolutionized the old methods, but seems to have changed the manner of instruction.

THE KENTAURS.

The essential character of the original *iatric* is shadowed in the personage designated Cheiron the Centaur. He was the reputed son of Kronos, the Phœnician Moloch,

an enigmatic way of stating that he was an adherent of the archaic religion, which was extant before Zeus (the Grecian Jupiter) and his younger gods had usurped the dominion of Greece, Olympus and the universe.

Prof. J. P. Lesley has helped us find out what these Centaurs, or more correctly, *Kentaurs*, were. The *ken*, or *cohen*, was a priest or *mantis*, and *tor* a rock or mountain. The Kentaurs were the priests of the mountain-sanctuaries, and sons or worshippers of Kronos. Cheiron accordingly abode in a cave or grotto where the sacred rites were performed. They were also called *Hippokentaurs*, and pictured with human figures joined to the bodies of horses. The legend explaining this, represented them as offspring of the *hippoi* or horses of Magnesia. It was common in those times to employ words of double meaning to express ideas. The *Hippi* of Magnesia, a province at the East of Thessaly, were priests of Kybêlé or Astarté, then denominated *Hippo* or *genetrix*, and reported to be the consort of Kronos the All-Father. The mares of Diomedes, therefore, that devoured the flesh of strangers, were priests that sacrificed foreigners at their altars. The Kentaurs were a branch of this caste.

This province of Magnesia has had a marked influence upon the later times. Here the *siderites* or "ensouled stones" abounded, which now bear the name of this ancient people. Cheiron was the reputed son of a nymph or priestess of the Magnetes, and was famed for love of justice, musical accomplishments and skill in the art of healing. He reared the heroes or half-gods whom Homer and others have described, Achilles, Jason, Hercules, Æsculapius and others, instructing them in the art of government, prophecy, medicine and chirographic knowledge. He and his kindred perished at the hands of Hercules, poisoned by the blood of the Hydra; an enigmatic description of the termination of the Archaic period and the introduction of the Heroic Age. This was the era of the overthrow of sacerdotal government and the relegating of the priesthood to religious and literary functions.

The two, other mysterious races, the Daktyls and Telchines, appear to have a place in the same category. Archaic story describes the latter as emigrating from Krete to Cyprus and Rhodes, the serpent island. They possessed the arts, smelted metals, forging the sickle or boomerang of Kronos, the trident of Poseidon, and the fatal necklace of Harmonia. They peopled the islands of the Archipelago, performing magic works, speaking prophecies. The Daktyls in like manner, were possessed of magic powers of healing, exorcism and the plastic arts. They instructed the earliest sages, invented the Ephesian letters, taught Orpheus and originated the antique civilization. But Professor Lesley has inexorably reminded us that a *daktyl* means a finger, and would confine us that the figure but denotes that the fingers are the successful agents of skillful endeavor. It is well; we had the magic hand of Cheiron, and now the magnetic finger.

"With the divine finger I cast out demons," said Jesus to the Hebrew Scribes. The Telchines, also, may be enumerated with them. Their name seems to be from the Greek *telchetai*, to touch with magic power, as Hermes threw men into a charmed sleep with his staff. They are in the category with the other archaic practitioners.

MAGNETISM.

Although magnetism derived its name from the Magnetes of Thessaly, and the ancient technique of Medicine was also ascribed to that region, I know of no mention of the lodestone at that period as a healing agent. Nevertheless, it was employed in the rites of the archaic religion at Samothrace and elsewhere, and appears to have been employed for the *baituli*, or ensouled stones, in the Phœnician worship. Pausanias mentions a temple of Hercules at Hyettos, to which the sick used to resort to be healed. The symbol of the god was a ferocious thunder-stone. The Kaaba at Mecca is a black stone supposed to be of this character. It was magnetism, the fire or heart in the magnet, and not the stone that was revered. The priests of that time were ingenious enough to perceive a relation between the archaic principle in the lodestone and the physical problems of the universe; yet, eventually, the assimilation of this principle and the occult energy which maintains and restores health, seems to have been acknowledged.

"Such matters gladly we proclaim: How amber first in childish wonder rubbed, Teaches us next to turn magnetic globes Till joyfully we view the course of stars; And the wild shapes of comets, double-tailed."

In Muller's "Monuments of Ancient Art" is a representation of the goddess Artemis Leukophryne, holding a magic staff in each hand. There are two men lying prostrate before her, one with a magnet in his right hand, and the other with a magnetic ring in his left, and with his right hand extended toward one of the staffs in the hands of the goddess. Beneath is the inscription in Greek letters, "MAGNETON."

There exists, therefore, no room for serious question that the ancients understood magnetism substantially as we do, and practiced the manual technique of steeping or soothing to slumber by touching, striking, lightly rubbing, imposing the hand, and the act of volition. Long after Thessaly had ceased to be a religious power, when perhaps she had been utterly forgotten as such, and all Greece was but an insignificant part of the Roman Empire, the country by the Pindus and Olympus was renowned for magic and sorcery—the designations which are commonly given to what is misunderstood or hated.

A curious fragment from Celsus, the great Roman physician, has preserved for us the reminiscence of the iatric or healing art as it was practiced in those early times. Speaking of the art in the time of Herophilos and Erasistratos of Alexandria, he says:

"During this time physic was divided into three parts: the first cured by diet; the second by medicines, and the third by manipulations. The first class was denominated in Greek, *diateteke*; the second, *pharmakeutike*, and the third *cheiourgike*. This last method does not discard medicines and a proper regimen, but yet the principal part is accomplished by the hands; and the effect of this is the most evident of all the parts of medicine. This branch, though it was the most ancient, was more cultivated by Hippocrates than by his predecessors. Afterward, being separated from the other parts, it began to have its particular professors, and received considerable improvements in Egypt, as well as elsewhere." The *cheiourgike* here mentioned is the technique of manipulations, including both massage and animal magnetism, but hardly what we now denominate surgery.

It is certain that pharmacy, whether we regard it in its earlier meaning of sorcery or in its modern sense, was an art virtually indigenous in that country. Thessaly was rich in magical or medicinal plants. Suidas gives the tradition that Medela, the Kolchian wife of Jason, in her famous journey in the air, dropped pharmacutic substances to the ground. The Persians long occupied the country. Doubtless, when we shall become more intelligent in the matter, we will know that they communicated much valuable knowledge of the healing art and its nobler sister, philosophy. Hippocrates dwelt long in Thessaly at that very period, and it is curious that directly upon the occupation of Asia Minor by the Persians, the Ionian sages, Thales, Anaximenes and others became celebrated for their scientific pursuits.

Philosophy itself, in its dawn among Greek-speaking nations, recognized fire, light, the electricity principle, and magnetic phenomena, as identical in nature, and in some way intimately allied with the life manifested in plants, animals and all types of living beings. It was declared that Orpheus brought the knowledge, chanted it in musical numbers, inculcated it in religious rites, and embodied it in the Pythagorean philosophy. Curiously enough, wherever the magnetic phenomena are most observed, we find most real science, better appreciation of the healing art, and more vivid conception of the spiritual and supernatural. The ancient Wisdom-Religion included science and the technique of Medicine; and the magnet with its mysterious properties and their relations to light, heat, electric phenomena, and more interior facts, constituted an important element in this science, and in fact, it was the ancient magic art, and was exercised by individuals who were regarded as at once prophets and priests.

MEDICAL SYMBOLS.

The Staff and Serpent were at once the badges and instruments of the sacerdotal physician. Even Moses, the Hebrew prophet himself, also an initiated priest of the Egyptians, is represented as having made a serpent of copper when in the country near Mount Sinai, and to have fixed it on a *nis* or standard, near the Tabernacle in order that whoever looked upon it might recover. It is said that this was the symbol of the tutelary god of Tanis where the Israelites sojourned; and Rabbi Wise declares it to be the effigy of the Phœnician Æsculapius. The Assyrians of that period employed a similar ensign. Their priests carried the fiery Sun-Serpent, of Akkad, which was seven-headed, and surrounded by a halo of ten rays of luminous horns. Both Hermes and Asklepios, if they were actually two, each had a *caduceus* or staff girt with serpents, which it is said by Homer, would cause the eyes of mortals to close, slumberers to awake, dreams to be given, and the future foreshadowed. Klearidos relates the case of a man who experienced before Aristotle the philosopher, producing catalepsy in a boy with his staff and afterward restoring him to sensibility, when the boy related what he had witnessed beyond his body. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child used this account for one of her descriptions in *Philothea*.

Somewhat of this method of operating with a "magic staff" is mentioned in the Bible. The rod of Moses which became a serpent, and that of Aaron that budded, have a significance. When, too, Elisha the prophet learned of the Shunamite woman in regard to her son, he commanded his lad: "Take my staff in thy hand and go thy way; if thou meet any man salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again; and lay my staff upon the face of the child." This charge to exchange words with nobody was for the purpose of retaining the mysterious potency, which would be dissipated by speech and whatever diverted the attention. "Salute no man by the way," said Jesus when sending out the apostles. The staff of the prophet failed in the hands of his servant, but the child was restored by the contact of Elisha's own person.

MANIPULATION.

The manual act is also specifically mentioned. Naaman, the Syrian general, was a sufferer from leprosy, and it is recorded that he came to the prophet-abbot to be restored. He complained that the usual manipulation was not performed. "Behold, I said, he will certainly come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord [Yah] his God, and wave his hand over the diseased place, and restore the leper" (from his seclusion). Jesus

also is said to have healed a leper by his touch. "Even as many as only touched the hem of his garment were made whole," is the declaration of the Gospel according to Matthew.

Egyptian sculptors represent the same act; in one of these the operator has one hand on the patient's stomach, the other at the back. The thumb and two fingers appear to have been employed in the manipulation; the forefinger was named the *medicus* or physician. Sometimes one hand was held above the head; perhaps the invocation was then also made. In these instances the hands are differently arranged, evidently with regard to other ends to be accomplished. Many were unable to surmise what these various attitudes were taken for; but a common explanation was that they pertained to magic rites. The matter is now better understood. Extraordinary cures were performed, Celsus declares, by these manipulations, and by breathing upon the patient. The same writer also states that the Asklepiads put persons to sleep who were afflicted with frenzy, employing passes and frictions. Very often, he adds, where the magnetic application was carried too far, the patient was plunged into a state of lethargy.

The temples of Æsculapius were thronged by pilgrims sick of various diseases, or desiring enlightenment in matters of daily life. He was the *oneirompompos*, or dream-sender, as well as the physician. Indeed, in countries beyond Greece, from which his worship originally came, he was more than a son of Apollo; he was Esmun or Baal Haman, the god of heat, life and wisdom. The temples were large groves or parks often abounding with mineral springs and other natural advantages. Mountains were generally selected as sites. The patients were required, on entering, to fast for a series of days and give up the use of wine. It was believed that wine defiled the spirituous nature of the soul. They were next employed in the chanting of prayers or songs; and poets frequented these places for literary contests with each other. Bathing was a necessary condition, and water-drinking commanded to all the patients. These baths were accompanied by massage and unctions, also by other forms of manipulation. An ointment of amber was much used at Pergamos. These operations were performed by persons appointed for the purpose. Next followed fumigation with perfumes, as in the initiations, also the gentle touching and stroking with the hands, with which modern magnetizers are so familiar. The "sacred sleep" was generally the result.

Aristides, an orator living in the reign of Marcus Antonius, was several times a patient at the renowned temple at Pergamos. He underwent the manipulations, and was often somnambulant when in the sleeping-room. He relates conversations which he had with Plato and Demosthenes, and also predictions that were made to him. "He also describes the medicines employed: roots, herbs, stewed grapes, mild purgatives, and what Spengel denominates 'all kinds of superstitious ceremonies.' Various kinds of exercise, music, comedies, etc., were employed.

THE OBLIGATION OF SECRECY.

It was usual for individuals who had recovered from a disorder, to have a memorandum of the treatment. Others, who had become possessed of the knowledge of a drug or compound which had proved beneficial, presented the formula to the priests. Nevertheless, the strictest care was taken not to divulge any of these matters to the profane. It was the law of the Æsculapian temples, as it was of the secret worship of every ancient god: "Holy things may only be disclosed to the initiator; others may not receive them before they have been initiated." The glamour of this old Paganism, yet lingering around the medical profession, constitutes the vague grotesque something denominated regularly. Added to it is a little of the thumbrac logic of later ages, employed to fence about orthodoxy.

The Hippocratic Oath, so-called, was made up by some unknown compiler from the old anathemas. Hence it was difficult for any one not belonging to an Asklepiad family to obtain instruction, except he underwent the ceremony of adoption; and it was considered sacrilegious for others to possess medical knowledge or skill. On the same principle, Sokrates was arraigned as an offender, because he, not having been initiated, had corrupted the Athenian youth, by communicating to them among other things, the sacred knowledge, which only the teachers and hierophants of the Mysteries had the right to impart. Aeschylus, the tragedian, barely escaped the same fate. The *arreta* or mystic truths it is evident from this, were apprehended by gifted individuals beyond the pale of the temple and shrine; and so men who were not initiated might become as the initiated priests themselves, "knowing good and evil."

PLATO'S CRITICISM OF MEDICAL PRACTICE. Hippocrates, himself, though an Asklepiad and doubtless obligated to all secrecy, seems to have disregarded some of the prohibitions. He copied freely from the tablets in the temples; and then went to Athens to become the student of Herodikos. Plato represents Sokrates as criticizing the low methods of this distinguished individual. "The Asklepiads before the days of Herodikos," says he, "did not practice the methods now in use, of putting the patient on a regimen. He, being a teacher of youth and himself in weak health, made such a happy combination of gymnastics and medicine as to render himself very uncomfortable and afterward many others, by procuring for himself a lingering death. He was constantly attending to his disease, unable to cure himself and continually using

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FROM DENVER, COL., TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Overland and Return.

It is now no very difficult task to go to the city of Mexico overland. It was not so in the years ago, nor even only a few months since. One may go from any railroad point in the United States, now, direct to the Falls of Montezuma, with but little delay and no inconvenience, in a Pullman car, provided always that he has the wherewith. The hardships, the dangers and the romance are all done away with by the continuous iron tramway not long since completed.

For many long years I had been a resident of the Queen City of the Plains. I had never become weary of gazing upon the mountain range that rises to the West of the city, and trends away to the North and to the South. I knew that the southern extension of this chain lead to the ancient city of the Aztecs, and I had always cherished the hope of some day being able to follow up that line, and to behold for myself the places made famous by the exploits of the early Spanish conquerors, and made interesting by Prescott's facile pen.

An opportunity presented itself for the realization of my desires early in 1883, and on the 27th of February, I left Denver by the Denver and New Orleans road for Pueblo, to make connection with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. It was a lovely morning, such as one never sees any where East of the Rocky mountains, excepting on these elevated plains. The air was warm and balmy, and I speak of this with a purpose as we shall see further on.

On leaving Pueblo, a couple of hours ride brought us to La Junta (or the Junction) where passengers must wait five mortal hours for the south-bound train, and it was not until the gray of morning that we reached Trinidad where I was to remain a few days. This is the most southern town in Colorado, and here I met some Mexican friends who took me to their home. Southern Colorado is very much like the northern part, though, perhaps, slightly milder; but the elevation of all this vast table land is so great that one notes but very little difference in temperature for a thousand miles.

I found Trinidad to be a very pretty place—beautiful for situation in a valley well wooded with cottonwood and Pinyon trees and surrounded by mountains and romantic cliffs of rock. Much enterprise was manifested on every hand—building was going on in every direction, and it seemed to me by far the most attractive place I had seen in this State. The finest building stone that has yet been discovered among the Rockies is there, and the untold quantities of coal in all that region, will make of Trinidad a town of great importance, if not a second Pittsburgh at no very distant day. Southern Colorado has a large Mexican population, and they concentrate their strength in this place more than in any other. Quite a pretentious Mexican Catholic Seminary is here located, and the English papers in town publish a few columns of Spanish for the benefit of the oldest inhabitants. I called at the establishment of one Rev. J. M. Darley, who is quite a character in his way. Single-handed he went there two or three years ago as a Protestant missionary to the Mexicans, taking along a printing office with him. He studied the Spanish language, commenced preaching in it whenever he could find a listener, and started a paper to which he gave the name of *El Anaciano*, a monthly publication, and he also translated the Sunday School lesson leaves after a fashion, and issued them from his press weekly. He imported a female missionary, who opened a school for Mexican children, and pressed his wife and children into the service of type-setting. The innovation engendered a good deal of animosity on the part of the Mexican residents, and Mr. Darley suffered no little persecution, and his son of 16 years was shot dead in his own yard by a Mexican youth of nearly the same age. This was a very sore trial, but Mr. Darley was as brave as he was zealous, and at the time I visited him he had outlived molestation, and found quite a number of followers, particularly among the country people.

After a two days' stay in Trinidad, I pushed on to Santa Fe, accompanied by my friend Pedro. New Mexico has very much the same appearance as Colorado, as seen from the railroad car, excepting that it is rather more broken; but from Los Vegas to Santa Fe, the prospect is much more pleasing, the undulating and hilly country being thickly studded with large and beautiful Pinyon trees which, viewed from a distance, look like apple trees. The Pinyon tree bears a diminutive nut, no larger than a beach nut, but very sweet, of which the Mexicans are very fond. It contains an oil so concentrated that if eaten freely, produces skin eruptions, and some people think that it is a fruitful source of small pox.

Los Vegas has of late years grown to a city of considerable importance, and the railroad has made it famous as a watering place. The Jesuits have been here for a large number of years, have a thriving college, and publish a monthly that bears the name of *La Revista Católica*—the only periodical printed in good Spanish in all the country East of the Rocky Mountains. The Jesuit Fathers are Italians, but are perfect masters of the Castilian tongue. They occasionally give the *Anaciano* a terrible overhauling for its bad Spanish, for which I fear there is too much reason. The natives can never have much respect for a Protestant publication, if they see their vernacular mutilated in it. It excites ridicule rather than respect. I saw Los Vegas only from the railroad station, which is far to one side of the main portion of the town, but from a distance it looked to be quite a large place.

Leaving Los Vegas at about noon we passed on and reached a station called Lamy, at about 5 P. M., where there is a branch road some thirty miles in length for Santa Fe. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road might just as well as not have taken their road from Los Vegas over a better route, direct into the ancient capital, but because the Santa Fe people would not vote them a big subsidy, they surveyed through a valley that has ever since been subject to floods and wash-outs, and has caused the company more money for repairs twice over than it would have done had they taken a different and higher route in the beginning—another instance of "biting off one's nose to spite his face."

It was passed sun-down when we arrived in Santa Fe, and Pedro made his way to a brother's residence and took me along with him. Saturday and Sunday I made good the time by looking over the town, but it was not the city of my dreams—not what my fancy had painted it. To say that I was disappointed would not express the disgust and surprise I felt at seeing such an old tumble-down and filthy place. It would not be just to say thus of the whole, but it would be of a large portion. I was told that only three streets in the whole city had names. There is a wilderness of narrow lanes and alleys thickly lined

with adobe or mud homes, and swarming with poverty-stricken people. There are no alleys in Denver so dirty as many of the public places of Santa Fe, and yet there are some very fine streets, particularly such as have been made since American and foreigners went in to take up their abode there. Twenty-five years ago the city of Holy Faith, was the most important one in all this western region. It was the depository of merchandise from the city of Mexico, and the distributing point for all the lesser villages in New Mexico and the country for a thousand miles or more in circuit. Long trains of mule teams moved in and out laden with produce, merchandise, and old Mexican residents—mournfully love to tell you of her glory of former days; but little by little she has lost her prestige. The people of the plains by Americans has changed all this. Railroads from the east furnish all necessary supplies in a few days, and bull and mule teams have been pressed out of service. Railroads entering the Territory have unkindly left her to one side and other places here spring up distancing her in commercial importance. She has nothing left to boast of but her antiquity and this she makes the most of. She is indeed the capital of the Territory, but even that honor has been threatened, for Los Vegas and Albuquerque have made strenuous efforts to obtain it.

The summer of 1883 was to be the anniversary of the Spanish occupancy of Santa Fe, 333½ years ago, and it was proposed to celebrate the event by an Exposition to be called the *Tercio Milenial* or third millennial—the third part of a thousand years. I read in the Santa Fe papers that ground had been broken for that purpose. But it seemed to me then that an Exposition in that place would prove a failure, and months afterwards I was not surprised to learn that this had been the fact.

Santa Fe has some modern buildings of pretentious architecture. Like all well-regulated towns of Spanish origin, there is a public square or *Plaza de Armas*. This is shaded by ancient, gnarled and decaying cottonwoods, and the grounds look neglected and slovenly. The streets around this square are of the most importance and the best mercantile houses are located thereon. On one side of the square is the palace, so called, but is anything but palatial. It is a long, rambling, one-story building, once occupied by the viceroys of Spain, but now as the headquarters of the Territorial Government. A letter to Gov. Sheldon gave me an excuse to call upon him, whom I found to be a very genial gentleman, and I learned that he was becoming popular as an Executive. All the business of the Government is conducted in both English and Spanish. The laws are printed in the same manner. I chanced into a court-room where a pure and unadulterated Mexican jury was being harangued by an excited American lawyer, who evidently could not speak Spanish, for an interpreter stood by his side, and at an interval every few words he stopped and let the interpreter repeat what he had said in that tongue.

In one part of the city is a fine frame building which is called the Palace Hotel. Near this is a large building of stone, commenced twenty-five or thirty years ago, but it up one story and thus left in an unfinished state. The builders got away with \$75,000 in building this much and the Government has never seen fit to appropriate anything more for it. It was designed for a State House. The whole floor on the inside has been used for years and is still, as a public privy. I don't know by what right the Government builds so large a water-closet for Santa Fe, and frams it all for larger towns! Not far from this is seen, also, the beginning of a State or Territorial Penitentiary; there is a solid foundation laid, but nothing more has been done since the funds gave out a quarter of a century ago. The natives boast greatly of their cathedral which has been in course of construction for ten or fifteen years, and the walls were not yet sufficiently elevated for the reception of a roof. One would suppose that the length of time employed in its building would signify magnificence and immensity, when, in fact, it will be but a good sized and fairly handsome building when completed, and is only imposing as compared with the mud cathedral which the new walls inclose, and which were not to be removed until the new structure should be roofed in. It is of hewn stone and in comparison with its indifferent surroundings will be, when completed, a really fine edifice.

The Sunday of my stay in the city was a drizzly, unpleasant one, and I do not think the best looking people could have been out to church. At the conclusion of services I happened to be passing the cathedral, and I looked in vain for a comely face of either sex as they swarmed forth, with one exception. I did see one beautiful girl of the Castilian type of beauty, but she must have been from some other place—from Trinidad or Albuquerque! The faces all looked pinched and poor, and "in all my born days," I never before saw such a lot of old, wrinkled and weather-beaten men and women together. Many of the women looked to be from 90 to 100 years old.

The location of Santa Fe, surrounded as it is by hills, and sheltered from the cold winds, is very fine. Certain shrubbery was already in leaf, showing that the season there was somewhat more early than it is in Denver. The place is desirable as to climate, and the time may come when she will see more prosperous days.

I had seen and heard much of Mexican filigree work in gold and silver, and had heard that the headquarters of such manufacture was in Santa Fe. A friend in Denver had armed me with a letter to the proprietor of the only filigree works in Santa Fe, and for that matter, in all New Mexico. The romance was most unmercifully squelched when we learned that the Mexican filigree in gold was all manufactured in this one establishment and by a German, and that the most of the silver filigree sold as Mexican is made in Germany! The proprietor kindly showed me the *modus operandi* of filigree manufacture, and then as if he would in some degree compensate me for my cruel unbelief, invited me to partake of a first-class American dinner at his family table, which I was not slow in accepting.

I remained longer in Santa Fe than I at first intended, but at three P. M., on the third day I left amidst a drenching shower of rain and hail for Lamy, where I connected with the Southern train for El Paso, Texas; passed Albuquerque, Socorro and other towns, lately come into notice at night. The former was spoken of as a lively and interesting place, and there was noise enough at the depot to indicate something of the sort.

The next morning found me in the border town of El Paso, where I remained one day. This I found to be a growing town, the centre of several railroads and with a promise of several more. There is room for a large city, and the surroundings are not so uninviting as I had heard them described; in fact I was quite pleased with the place. It has fine

hotels, comfortable residences, some rather imposing business blocks, regular and well kept streets and much that reminds one of a well-ordered city. The soil thereabouts is fertile, as indicated by a plenty of *chaparral*, and other strong brush, and it only needs clearing and copious irrigation to bring it into bloom and fruitage. Land was being taken up in every direction and cottages were in course of construction, and the climate being the same as that of Southern California, a few years more will see it the very garden spot of the Rio Grande. Fruit trees set out years ago were in blossoms and deciduous forest trees were budding into life. The other side of the river is Mexico—about twenty minutes walk from the centre of the town, and the Mexican village that you enter on crossing the river is known as El Paso del Norte. Here is a fine large depot—the initial point of the Mexican Central Railroad, though the company run their cars over to the American side for passengers and freight. Street cars go back and forth between the two towns at intervals of ten or twenty minutes, and each car is entered by a custom-house officer, as it leaves or arrives on the American side, and the same on the Mexican side, by an officer of that country, on the watch for smuggled goods. But notwithstanding all this vigilance a vast deal of smuggling is going on all the time.

El Paso del Norte is a very ancient place, and is said to number from 10,000 to 15,000 souls. One would not think so from what he sees on entering it, from the car windows. The houses are all low, one-storied adobe buildings, and the town stretches for a long distance up and down the river. The land is here extensively cultivated. Fruit trees of different kinds were in blossom, vegetables were growing in profusion, and the Mexicans were everywhere busy trimming up their vines and preparing the ground for different crops. All this shows what may be done on the American side of the river, and Americans are not slow in taking the hint. The Mexicans here do a great business, raising grapes and making wine, for which they get good prices. I saw a Mexican who told me that last year he made 3,500 gallons of wine, and he finds a market for all he makes in Chihuahua, retailing it at \$2.50 per gallon! This is a profit that would make a Californian's mouth water!

I walked myself tired on both sides of the river. The Mexican side is for the most part laid out in patches of several acres surrounded by mud walls, and so much do the walls and houses resemble each other that you can scarcely tell where a mud wall ends and a house begins. The town is anything but picturesque. All the business is done on one street. The only church in the place is an antique structure, and seen from the American side it looks up quite well, but on a near approach it is ascertained that its distance lent the enchantment, for the building and everything in the vicinity has a dilapidated, neglected appearance.

At evening a rainstorm set in and continued through the night. In the morning I picked my way to the depot as best I might through the muddy streets and a drenching rain, and arrived not a minute too soon, as the train was just ready to start. Our baggage was examined at the depot on the Mexican side by customs officials, but they were not at all particular, and we were soon on our way south. I say "we," for several Denver parties came on board, and I was to have company. The storm continued nearly all day. We passed through a country barren of trees, but perfectly level, and as uninteresting as one could possibly imagine; passed through a long stretch of sand dunes that gave the company infinite trouble while making their road through them, and the drifting sands will always be a source of annoyance, being piled upon the track by every heavy wind storm.

For nearly two hundred miles you ride along over a plain or valley, seemingly not more than twenty miles in width, with hills rising on either side. For miles the land looks entirely worthless, producing a plenty of low brush, but no grass, while a much larger portion looks as though it might be good grazing land, and is indeed used for that purpose to a great extent. The whole region, however, will forever remain as it now is, a wilderness, for lack of water for irrigation. The greater part of it belongs to Governor Terradas and others, who are extensively engaged in cattle-raising.

The storm diminished on nearing Chihuahua, and darkness had come in by the time the train drew up at the depot. Ubiquitous American hackmen met us at the platform, shouting the names of various hotels, and I chose the National, and I did not well get inside before it commenced raining and kept it up more or less steadily for several days.

After looking the city over for a week or so I wrote as follows to a friend: "Were it not that the streets of Chihuahua are well paved, they would be impassable, for it has rained almost constantly ever since my arrival, and there are standing lakelets of water everywhere. I find many American travelers here, ladies and gentlemen, who find accommodations in the two hotels lately established—the 'United States' and the 'American.' The weather has been and still is cold and disagreeable—much colder than it was in Denver when I left, and one cannot be comfortable without an overcoat. To-day is Sunday, the first day that it has not rained since my coming. I have surveyed the city pretty well, and on every hand I am reminded of Havana, Cuba, where I resided for quite a number of years. The houses are built very much after the same style, and are difficult to describe to one who has never seen them. The same immense and ungainly front doors—the same *rejas* or iron barred windows and inside heavy wooden shutters to keep out intruders. The people as a whole, also, remind me of the Cubans. The better classes have intelligent and handsome faces and seem quite as hospitable as my old Cuban friends. As yet I have seen but little of them, as the cold has kept them confined to their houses. This is far from being a tropical climate, or anything like one. The trees do not remain green here all winter as I supposed. The shade trees around the plaza or public square are ash, and are only just beginning to bud; there are a few small trees that are now green in the square, but I am told that their leaves fall in mid-winter, with the exception of one variety called the *treesno*. I was told several years ago that oranges and other tropical fruits grew here, but it is untrue. I hear that the elevation of Chihuahua is 4,600 feet. In that case it is but a 600 feet less than Denver, and thus far the climate seems to me very much like that of your more northern city. The country in the immediate vicinity of this city is exceedingly rocky and barren, on which account it can never be cultivated, even though water were abundant, which it is not the case.

"While passing along a street this morning some one called me by name. I looked up with surprise and found that the voice proceeded from a man standing in the doorway of a house, wrapped in a heavy cloak. I drew near and found it to be Y— whom you well knew once lived in Denver for many years, but wandered off down here seven or eight years since. He had many questions to ask about people in our city whom he used to know. He invited me to make my headquarters at his house during my stay, which I gladly accepted.

"Since the advent of the railroad and the influx of foreigners, provisions have become scarce and dear, which is a matter of complaint for the natives. Besides the hotels already mentioned, two or three creditable eating houses have been opened by Chinamen from California, who serve up nearly in the American style, which are quite creditable. As good meals at more reasonable prices can be had at their tables than at the hotels, they are receiving most of the foreign patronage. Two lodging houses have been opened by Americans, so take it all in all their accommodations are quite good. You can get a very good meal at a Mexican eating house for a still smaller sum than at the Chinese restaurants, but the Mexicans have raised their prices since the Americans came. The Chinese will give three meals for a Mexican paper dollar, worth 80 cents of our money, while 20 or 25 cents of the same scrip will give you a good meal at a Mexican *bodegon*. The lower classes satisfy their wants with a much smaller sum still, in a swinish way and with food that we would regard as almost only fit for swine. At early morning and at night it is a sight to witness at the market place, men, women and children swarming around an immense earthen pot simmering over a slow fire, from which, dirty and slutish women dip out a dish full of a questionable compound, which their customers devour greedily, while squatting upon their heels. For a *tlaqui* they make a repast and go away satisfied. A *tlaqui* is a copper coin which in Chihuahua means the fourth part of 12½ cents, but in other parts of Mexico it has less significance. The State Government is making an effort to gather up all the copper coins in order to supply its place with nickel, one, two, three and five cent pieces. The common people resist the effort with much pertinacity for they don't like innovations."

REYD.

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

What do we know about the Spirit World?

BY THOS. HARDING.

A writer, in the JOURNAL of Aug. 16th, discusses this subject: "Our Relations with the Spirit-world," which article was called out by a set of propositions of mine under the title: "What have we learned?" and in a contribution of two columns he endeavors to prove that we have learned a great deal about the world of spirit, which I emphatically deny. The question is an important one, and calls for sincere and cautious handling. Loyalty to truth, as I see it, demands that I shall be emphatic in denouncing his errors, as I think them; but I trust that he or my readers will not suppose that I am unkind to my brother, or opposed to what is called the scientific or exact method of investigation.

The writer of the article referred to (Dr. C. D. Grimes) starts out with what he supposes to be scientific propositions. He first says: "The teachings of Spiritualism are religious." I decline to accept that as science; the utmost that can be claimed for Spiritualism is that it is the demonstration of a fact. The religious mind may turn it into a religious channel, perhaps, but the thing, Spiritualism, is simply the proof to a skeptical world that there is a future existence. Next he quotes the words: "Its religion is a philosophy and its philosophy is a religion." Judged by exact science that is also incorrect, as religion cannot be a philosophy, nor a philosophy a religion. The former has to do with the heart, but philosophy is of the head. As well might he say that a blacksmith is a carpenter, and a carpenter is a blacksmith, though one works on iron and the other on wood; so philosophy works on the hard iron of practical thought, but religion deals with the soft fibres of the affections.

Next, he uses this extraordinary language: "In-animate being exists." Now I am willing to concede that a man should be allowed considerable latitude when he is endeavoring to make a point clear; probably most of us take liberties with the "Queen's English" at times; but the sentence quoted looks to me like a sort of comical-assassination, if such an "in-animate being" could "exist," as a comical assassin.

A line or two further on my friend says: "The fitness of things constitute the Over-Soul or Great Positive and Controlling Mind." Here again I must demur; the fitness of things is not Delty, but a result proceeding from the operation of mind through law. Brother Grimes's hat is not a batter; but a hat! and though it covers his thinking machine, it doesn't think. Effects are not gods.

I have only glanced at the first half of his first scientific paragraph, and although there are four of them, and pretty long ones, too, I must leave the rest, as time, ink and patience might give out. He concludes them with this remark: "But as only a few will investigate from scientific stand-points," etc. Well, I can only say that I hope there will be fewer, and without reflecting disparagingly on my brother, let me add, that "small-beer" science, has brought the cause into contempt with judicious people, as much as either fraud or free love.

When a man, who has had a thorough education in his youth, has devoted his life to one branch of study, and expended a fortune in experimenting, arrives at the age of 60 years, he may be entitled to call himself a scientist—if his "head is level"; but lacking these, it is a hazardous claim. Such men are invited to investigate Spiritualism, and Spiritualism is worthy of such investigators; but the high "foliotin science" of the corner grocery had better leave the scientific investigation of Spiritualism to more competent hands.

In my article, "What have we learned?" I advanced ten propositions; exceptions have been taken to No. 4, which reads as follows: "Nothing of special significance has been revealed of spirit-life, and for some reason reliable spirits are reticent on the subject." We have learned that it exists, that it is a Summer-land to most spirits, but particulars as to how they live, their manners, customs and methods are still unknown to us.

This refers to the Spirit-world, properly so-called; that occult sphere beyond the range of mortal ken. It is not in the nature of things that language or physical sounds could convey spiritual truths; all the so-called sacred books in the world have declared that physical man can't "receive of the things of the spirit; that they are foolishness unto him"; and returning spirits indorse the fact, that we could not understand if they tried to explain them. They frequently tell us in the privacy of our homes, that they are not even permitted to try to divulge the secrets of their "house"; such things must be spoken of allegorically, if at all.

It was prophesied of Jesus: "He shall open his mouth in parables," and the professed record of his history states: "Without a para-

ble spake he not unto them," so that every thing he said was only allegorical truth. In view of the mystery environing the subject, Emerson says: "Of that ineffable essence which we call spirit, he that thinks the most will say the least." True! the ignorant only will speak glibly about such things.

The spirit messages quoted by Dr. Grimes himself fortify me in the belief that spirits cannot, if they would, reveal the mysteries of their homes. His spirit daughter says: "If it can be said that we live on anything, it must be the atmosphere, as that is the most dense and solid of anything." Can it be that this spirit didn't know whether she lived by eating and drinking or not? Surely she did! but she could not impart a spiritual fact. Again she says: "My business is to strew flowers on the newly made graves of children." Was this a literal fact or only an illustration? If literal, I can only say that, if I were her guardian I should try to find her some more profitable occupation. Poor employment for her to be ever hovering round our grave yards; or are the graves referred to situated in a world where nobody dies? I hope I am not becoming too "scientifically" accurate. No, the fact is, we don't know anything about it, such things are "spiritually discerned" only; and our wisdom is "foolishness with God."

Those of us who have experienced the change from the normal to the spiritual condition, can realize how diametrically opposite they are, and that "when we are present in the flesh we are absent from the Lord," or spiritual condition. "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Let me illustrate this: I was in a calm and passive condition at midnight, watching by the bed side of my son, when my spirit daughter became visible to me; she was also watching there, perhaps getting a needed lesson of earthly experience. When I saw her, I was startled back into the normal condition. She instantly began to fade from my sight, but my nerves were soothed down again, as I believe, by spirit manipulation, and again I became calm. At once the spirit form filled out again perfectly, and stood revealed; and we conversed as spirit converses with spirit, until all my inquiries were answered, and then, as I returned to my physical or unquiet condition, she faded away. Thus, as I returned to the "carnal," the spirit retired, and in proportion as I approached the spiritual, spiritual things returned. I cannot do it justice in language; no one could, but, oh! My God, to me it was enough.

We can form no true conception of the Spirit-world, at second hand; it must be experienced to be comprehended, and even afterwards we are liable to lose spiritual knowledge as we lose our dreams; and further, if they are remembered, we cannot impart our knowledge to another, for spiritual things are not transferable. I will not deny that spirit friends may be reliable in their own proper persons, although their communications may be very unreliable. They should not be censured; they can't help it. They are dealing with a matter *ultra-montane* to us. The physical man can understand physical things, but the *meta*-physical must always be *meta* (beyond) the grasp of the intellect of mortal.

Another wonderful truth in relation to the subject is: That the hour has arrived, when some seem to rest in security under and within the sphere of the higher law, so that—do what they may, or go where they will—they cannot "fall from grace," they are ever conscious of the presence of a protecting and guiding power even here.

"Good spirits," that is, spirits proper, are amenable to authority, and are very cautious how they touch on "sacred" subjects; they are "reticent," and frequently will pause before answering a question, as if to ask permission to reply. A gentleman of the Southern States with whom I compared notes, states that he has generally found that the more reticent a spirit, the more reliable, all other things being equal. On more than one occasion when he wanted information about the Spirit-world the communicator became instantly silent, but he pressed for an answer once, when the spirit was using an alphabetical instrument and it was spelled out in apparent haste and agitation. "Oh! don't ask such questions; we are not allowed to answer them."

This tallies with my own experience. I once saw in the distance two spiritual personages who, I was impressed, were taking counsel together, and from that day my affairs were changed for the better; but after a time I feared that I had been deceiving myself; that the vision was only subjective or imaginary. One night when we were getting answers by the table, I inquired about them. Instantly the table was still. I exercised all my ingenuity to obtain, even an indirect reply, but to no purpose. At last I said: "I will never approach the subject again, if you will only inform me, if you know whether they were real or subjective. I fear it was all but my own imagination and I want to know whether they were real spiritual personages. The table rose and fell (calmly but decidedly) three times for "Yes." I think I am justified by repeated experiments, and also from what I have gathered from other experimenters, in saying that "reliable spirits are reticent on the subject" of life in the Spirit-world, although fool-spirits rush in sometimes "where angels fear to tread," and demoralize human judgment.

But we should not place much reliance on spirit-messages, however received. I find my own intuitions far more reliable; and if we depend more upon self-education and less on outside spirit, it would be better for us. Our own spirit can penetrate further into the unseen, in proportion to our spiritual culture, and there is a satisfaction and self-justification attending on knowledge so acquired, which we don't find in that which we get at second hand, or in other ways.

Beside, this is true Spiritualism; it has to do with the spiritualization, which means the elevation of the individual, while that is spiritism and has to do with physico-spirit only, and its surroundings, which association is frequently unprofitable. Of course, we are aware that there is a certain pleasure and enjoyment attending physico-spirit communion; but this is often of the same character as that obtainable at a show of nigger minstrels. I willingly acknowledge the heart-felt satisfaction of communicating with spirit friends and relatives—dear ones—not dead but gone before. I have enjoyed it myself and hope to do so again many times before I pass on.

Another matter which touches the subject of self-culture, is that our supposed visions of the Spirit-world are frequently but subjective and educational, permitted or inaugurated for the purpose of imparting a use-

(Continued on Third Page.)

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

A GOOD THING.

Dr. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended Horsford's Acid Phosphate to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

DILLON BRCS., NORMAL, ILL.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 6, 1884.

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To all who are not now and never have been subscribers, the JOURNAL will be sent Twelve weeks, on trial, for fifty cents. At the expiration of the trial subscription the paper will be stopped unless previously renewed.

The rapid increase of interest in Spiritualism among the educated, both inside and outside the various religious denominations, makes the need of an unsectarian, independent, fearless, candid and high-class paper a greater desideratum than ever before. The JOURNAL will be kept up to the highest standard possible with the facilities of the publisher and editor, and he hopes for the hearty and continuous patronage of the better and more intelligent class of the great public, both within and without the Spiritualist ranks.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The first annual meeting of the American Spiritualist Association, which closed on Saturday, Aug. 23rd, proved more successful than its promoters had anticipated. Many who last year looked doubtfully or inimically toward any attempt at general organization, having read the able articles on the subject in the JOURNAL during the year, and reflected upon the problem, came into the Association; and they will henceforth give it an active support. Others, now favor organization per se, who formerly opposed it, but are not as yet quite ready to co-operate with the present attempt. This hesitation is largely caused by the opposition to the Association which the *Banner of Light* has openly and covertly offered. Though the genius for being on the wrong side has become proverbial with the *Banner*, yet its sinuous methods still lead some well-intentioned people into error; people who either through inability or mental inertia prefer to have their thinking done by proxy. Happily this number is growing rapidly less, and probably no class paper in the country now wields so little influence over the intelligent part of its constituency as does "the oldest Spiritualist paper on earth." Hence the American Spiritualist Association is gaining strength daily among *Banner* subscribers; and if that ancient sheet desires to retain its grip, it must fall into line as gracefully as possible. Plenty of old-time "copperheads" are yet to be found in the country who were bitterly opposed to the Government in its struggle to preserve the Union and demonstrate that we were a Nation; now, they swear by high heaven that they never had a thought but for the success of the Union troops. Many of us remember these people during the dark and terrible years, and how their faces lighted up with pleasure at every disaster to the Federal army. But we can be magnanimously silent when we hear their post bellum protestations of loyalty; for the good of the grandest organization this world has ever seen, we can suffer these eleventh-hour people to come in and share equally with us who struggled through the heat and burden of those days and years of trial. The fruit which will ripen on the A. S. A. tree, will be both sweet and healthful, and as free to those who vainly strove to uproot the tree when only a tender twig, as to those who tolled early and late to nurse it into sturdy maturity.

It may be well at this time to remind those

interested that when the initiatory steps were begun which resulted in the formation of the A. S. A., the co-operation of the several Spiritualist papers was sought, and every means taken to demonstrate that the movement was strictly in the best interests of the constructive work of Spiritualism; indeed, such names as those of Stebbins, King, Spiney and others was a guarantee of this. Spiritualism is not clannish or sectional; the present reform and constructive movement began very properly in the region of the centre of population of the Nation, and this auspicious circumstance is an augury of its final triumphant success. Neither the capricious opposition of narrow-minded fossils nor the enmity of the vicious can seriously block the progress of Organization. The day of constructive, philosophical, scientific Spiritualism has already dawned; its sun can be seen steadily rising above the mountains of opposition; thousands who read this will live to see the fog banks of error and delusion dissipated by its refulgent rays, and spiritual caloric supplying motive power with which to sift the chaff from the wheat and extract from the latter its potencies for healthy, physical and spiritual growth.

The work of the A. S. A., at Lake Pleasant last week was good; many of the best mediums and speakers who were on the grounds during the three days session, gave it their approval publicly, and more would have done so had there been time to give them a hearing. The remarks of the speakers will appear with the proceedings in the JOURNAL within the next month. Among those who eloquently advocated organic effort, were Mrs. Maud E. Lord, Mrs. M. H. Fletcher, Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, Mrs. Sue B. Fales, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, Dr. J. K. Bailey, Mr. John Winslow, Dr. Joseph Beals, Hon. J. G. Jackson, Mr. Newman Weeks, Hon. A. H. Dalley, Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Miss A. M. Beecher, Mr. Warren Sumner Barlow, J. Clegg Wright and others.

The meeting closed with the election of officers for the ensuing year: President, Hon. J. G. Jackson, Hockessin, Del.; 1st Vice-President, A. B. Spiney, M. D., Detroit, Mich.; Secretary, M. F. Pennoek, Kennel Square, Penn.; Treasurer, John Winslow, Bristol, Conn.

Saturday morning, soon after sunrise, I started in search of Hudson Tuttle, who with his wife and daughter had arrived near midnight; on inquiry, it developed that the camp was so full no other lodging could be assigned the seer of Walnut Grove than quarters in the skating rink. However, thanks to the equitable temper of Mrs. Tuttle, no doubt, all was serene, and a possible mental thunder storm was turned into mirth. In the afternoon Mrs. Tuttle lectured to a large audience and achieved a decided success, her lecture being the hit of the season up to that date. When it is remembered that she came directly from the "farm-house, where engrossing cares occupy her time fully, and after seven hundred miles travel and only slight rest, went upon the platform, her versatility and endurance will be appreciated.

Sunday, the 24th, was a red-letter day in the history of Lake Pleasant. The storm of the preceding Friday had cleared and cooled, the air, laid the dust, and invigorated campers. Before the hour for the morning lecture over sixty cars, overflowing with excursionists, had arrived with more to follow; one heavy train being from Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten was the speaker of the morning, and as she arose, a storm of applause greeted her from thousands who either knew her personally or by reputation. With good judgment she gave a lecture well adapted to a mixed audience, and held her hearers closely through an hour of impassioned eloquence. In the afternoon Judge Bailey gave a thoughtful and suggestive lecture to an audience far beyond the seating capacity of the auditorium. His discourse treasured upon many subjects of vital importance to all classes; its length will preclude publication in the JOURNAL, though a synopsis will be given in due time. Monday afternoon Miss A. M. Beecher made her first appearance on the platform of a Spiritualist camp, and, of course, did well. Tuesday afternoon Hudson Tuttle gave a lecture which was greatly praised by many old campers, who pronounced it one of the best ever delivered on the grounds.

During the past two weeks Edgar W. Emerson and J. Frank Baxter have described spirits and given names, after each lecture, with good success; Mr. Baxter will continue this during the remainder of the season; in addition, he will lecture on the 31st. Many interesting tests have been given from the platform similar to thousands already published. Excellent service has been rendered inquirers by Mrs. Maud Lord, Mrs. Carrie Twing, Miss Mary Jones, Mrs. Sue B. Fales, Arthur Hodges, Charles T. Buffum, and other clairvoyants and test mediums. Of the mediums for materialization but little, if anything can be said to their credit; but mediumship as exhibited at Camps will form the subject for an entire article soon, and further comment is deferred for the present.

Many incidents, showing spirit presence, of an unusual character have occurred; some of them will be published hereafter. On one evening, Mrs. Lord's circle being full, several persons came after the door was closed, and remained on the porch in front of the house. During the séance, Mrs. Lord, wholly ignorant of who was outside, described and gave the names of three spirits who came for the outsiders, and speaking loud enough to be heard, was assured by those in waiting that she was correct in every particular. On another occasion, a party of well known people came over from Saratoga solely to hold a sé-

ance with Mrs. Lord, and went away, after two hours spent in her cottage, with hearts full of thankfulness for the sweet communion held with their dear ones.

Tuesday evening the Bundy family bade adieu to Camp with regret, especially on the part of Miss Gertrude, who had most industriously employed every moment in enjoying the amusements of the place. Wednesday evening found us quartered at the Turner House, with Mount Washington and other noted peaks of the White Mountains, not many miles away. Here a quiet week is before us and then, back to Chicago again. Bethlehem, N. H., Aug. 28th. J. C. B.

Reason—Belief—Demonstration.

The Rev. Dr. Rylance lately preached on the theme, "Is Death the Absolute End?" in St. Mark's Church, New York City. The following is a summary of his argument:

Life is force, and scientists tell us that force is indestructible. Hence life is eternal and must exist beyond the grave in spite of all that certain modern philosophers teach us. To dogmatic agnosticism, which, after all, is only a learned word for "ignorance," it suffices to reply that our knowledge justifies a belief in a future life. The human instinct differs from the instinct of animals in that it seeks to penetrate into the future. Why did God give intellect to men unless He intended them to be immortal? Why did He endow him with all those qualities that set him on a level far above the brute creation if it was His purpose to limit the life of humanity to this world? It must seem plain to every thinking man that the Creator, in fashioning him, destined him for a more perfect state than can be reached in this world.

On the ground, then, of reason and faith—and faith is often well served by reason—we must not believe that men's lives are utterly ended at death, but rather harken to the many mysterious influences that reveal to us a certain future. Rationalism and faith are equally in support of immortality—the only difference is that rationalism is limited in its sphere, while faith knows no bounds.

All this is very well as far as it goes, but is continued life a fact? Has there ever been a case where one who has passed from earth has returned? The preacher can infer and argue on one side, the agnostic and materialist can do the same on the other; but of both it may be said, that which rests on argument may be overthrown by argument, and if this be all the basis for belief in continued existence, it is far from proven. Defect of proof may be supplemented by faith and imagination, but of all the preachers who must proclaim immortality to justify their existence as a class, who knows beyond question that any one has lived after passing from earth? who can demonstrate that continued life is more than a figment of the imagination, with some fair reasons why it is probably true? The matter is of too absorbing an interest to rest on guesswork, or on argument based on insufficient premises.

But there is yet another question of great importance. If the idea of resurrection may be welcomed, though unproved, because we want it, when is this resurrection to occur? Will it be in a year or a million of years? At the Transfiguration, Moses and Elias were seen, but Jesus afterward said: "No man hath ascended into heaven but he that came down from heaven." Thousands of years have already passed, and no resurrection yet—the dead of all the ages still unconscious, with no knowledge when they shall awake to the new life.

Spiritualists have fuller knowledge, and supported by better evidence. They know that death does not destroy consciousness, often does not cause even momentary suspension of it, and that "resurrection" is instantaneous. They can use argument to prove continuity of life, but they clinch them with indisputable facts. They talk with the friends who have passed away, sometimes, even, see them; accepting the reasons of the logician, the belief of the Christian, they, and they only, can add the last proof—demonstration of the fact of life beyond the dissolution of the earthly body.

Why should Christians fear or dislike that which gives proof that what their consciousness reveals, what their reason approves, is true? Why so scornfully deny there is such proof to be had, when they can so easily verify spirit phenomena in their own homes? Why fear to let their loved ones come and whisper of the life beyond this? Why be content to dream of a shadowy life beyond, vague and purposeless, when they may know what that life is, and in some degree measure what it shall be?

A Haunted Hill.

Out in what is known as the "Ghost District," Mexico, Mo., there is, it would seem, a fated hill, over which traverses the main county road. A reporter of a paper published there, in conversation with a well known farmer who resides in the vicinity, learned that within the past year there had been no less than fifty disastrous runaways on this particular hill, and that old fragments of wagons and buggies could be seen lying ground in all directions. Several persons, too, have been injured, the result of teams becoming frightened and tearing at breakneck speed down the narrow, perpendicular space, until people are beginning to think strange of so many accidents occurring at one place, many going a great distance out of their way in travelling to and from town by this route, to avoid what is beginning to be familiarly known as the "haunted hill." In nearly every instance when the hill is reached the animal becomes unmanageable and makes frantic efforts to unhorse his rider. It appears from the report that the fatal hill is situated two miles west of town, just in the rear of Philip Brown's residence, in what is known as the "ghost district," which latter derived its name last fall from a strange creature roaming at large, it is said, through the woods of the locality, frightening the inhabitants nearly out of their wits, and

which mystery never was fathomed, although day after day and night after night hunting parties were out scouring the thickly wooded, sparsely settled neighborhood. A large, lonely cave, which forms a part of the hilly region, was thought to have been the abode of this strange apparition, human, or whatever it was, but a thorough search and strict watch over the aperture by farmers and others interested in the search, failed to disclose the cave as its hiding place, and all at once the mysterious creature disappeared as suddenly as it came upon the scene.

Imbecility of Wilbur F. Storey.

The Chicago Herald gives an interesting sketch of the life of Wilbur F. Storey, owner of the Times, whose "intellectual death" was formally declared by Judge Knickerbocker, a few days ago. Among many other things the Herald writer states:

There was nothing in his composition which invited ease or fitted him to relish retirement. Energetic, pugnacious, at times violent, passionate and full of resentment, it has long been predicted that he would fall some time a swift victim to death's arrow or else meet the fate which is now unhappily upon him. The things which the poet has set apart as appropriate accompaniments for old age, honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends, are not for men of his mold. He lived within himself, having few intimates. He sought no friendships and avoided no enmities. Bitterly sarcastic, a keen observer of the follies of mankind and an unsparring judge, he was much better calculated to bring upon himself the maledictions than the honor of his fellows. He made no pretense to what is termed goodness.

Very few of his employees [at the time his paper was in the height of its prosperity and influence] ever made any effort to maintain friendly relations with him. If he went away no one bade him good-by, and when he returned no one greeted him. There were no courtesies as between man and man. An old editor meeting him in the elevator would make no sign of recognition. They would look at each other and pass on. If Mr. Storey had anything to say it was always said without preliminary flourishes.

A mechanic who had been summoned to Mr. Storey's room to make a few changes in speaking tubes undertook to be agreeable. "Why," said he, "you are lame, Mr. Storey; I never knew you were lame." "D—your soul, I'm not lame," was the reply.

Finally, however, the old man became somewhat softened. In 1878 his personal tastes seemed to undergo a change. He began to long for social recognition, and with this in view, it is thought he became showy and expensive in his personal and household expenditures. He had plans prepared for the costliest house in America, and began work upon it. For a time he devoted many hours daily to this project, and seemed to enjoy the change. The castle, still incomplete, though work has been in progress for five years, stands on the Grand boulevard, below Fortieth street. It is of marble and contains eighty rooms. As it stands it is said to have cost \$350,000, and it will probably take that much more to finish and furnish it. Just what will become of it now no one can imagine. When Mr. Storey went to Europe in 1878 his health was none too good, but it was not thought that he was in immediate danger of a break-down. The stroke of paralysis which he received while absent effected an astonishing change in him. He returned a different man. There were then no thoughts of his present dreadful malady, but he was feeble, subdued, dependent. He seemed disposed to build up more friendly relations with his staff. He enjoyed a cheerful salutation and was not above that sort of thing himself. His old-time acerbity of temper would show itself occasionally, but he became less and less observant and more and more inclined to lean on and trust in others. He even found words of commendation occasionally for duties well done, and men whose health was none too good discovered in him a sympathetic friend and adviser.

The Herald mentions some redeeming qualities in connection with the life of Mr. Storey; they, of course, will be so much to his credit when he enters spirit life; and when he finds that, as a spirit, he cannot be a dominating master and autocrat, he will then fully realize how he should have lived on earth in order to be prepared to take an advanced position in the spiritual realms.

According to Prof. Owen, the eminent naturalist, the average length of man's life has increased with the progress of civilization, but the extreme limit does not seem to have advanced materially. Prof. Owen thinks that the age of the patriarchs, as stated in the Book of Genesis, was inconsistent with any thing but a miraculous departure from natural laws, since the remains of human beings who lived at about the time of the Hebrew creation show that the physiological characteristics of the race have not changed. The limit of authenticated human existence is one hundred and five years. The Countess of Desmond, Henry Jenkins, and Thomas Parr are each credited with a century and a half, but the critical scalpel of Richard Owen has left no support to these three notable examples of alleged longevity.

In China mercury is said to be the philosopher's stone. Chinese medical works say it takes two hundred years to produce cinnabar from mercury; in three hundred years it becomes lead, in two hundred years more it becomes silver, and then by obtaining a transforming substance called "vapor harmony," it becomes gold. The doctrine of the transmutation of mercury into other metals is two thousand years old in China.

As always, the Jews in Toulon and Marseilles have escaped the ravages of the cholera. Of the Jewish community of four thousand and souls in Marseilles, only seven have been seized with this disease. Two of these seven were life-long invalids, another was ninety-seven years of age, and two others had not observed the Jewish law. The American Review of this city ascribes this comparative impunity to the dietary laws of Judaism, and lifts up its voice against "the unclean, offal-feeding things of sea and land," which Christian epicures prize so highly.

GENERAL NOTES.

Giles B. Stebbins will renew his interesting series of articles next week.

The article by Alexander Wilder, on our first page, will be read with deep interest.

Mrs. H. Morse-Baker has an engagement to lecture at Daisy, Tenn., next November.

It is said that Lulu Hurst is to give a series of exhibitions in San Francisco, for which she will receive the modest stipend of \$1,000 a night.

The Salvation Army is petering out in England. Its stale war cry has perceptibly dwindled, and its receipts have fallen off immensely.

Mr. William Nicol will speak before the People's Society of Spiritualists in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., next Sunday evening. Conference and medium's meeting at 10:30 A. M.

Five of the persons charged with cruelty to children at the "God's Orphans," Home on Flournoy street, in this city, have been committed for trial. None were able to furnish bondsmen.

Geo. P. Colby has just returned from Florida, and was in Chicago last Saturday. He is on his way to attend a camp meeting in Washington Territory. He can do a good work on the Pacific coast.

Lyman C. Howe has been one of the leading lights at Neshaminy camp meeting. He is to be present at the Collins meetings, Erie Co., N. Y., Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th. During October he has an engagement at Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah Graves writes from Grand Rapids, Mich., that her health at present is quite poor, but she hopes to answer the calls she has had sometime this fall. She speaks highly of the good time had by all at the grove meeting at Old Mission. Dr. Spiney, Lyman C. Howe, and she were the speakers.

C. W. Cushing, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I shall open a Free Spiritual Library at 15 Willoughby street, about September first. I am doing it alone, with the assistance of publishers; nothing so far from our Brooklyn people, but when they see what I have done, I trust for help to support it. I shall sell books, spiritual and self-knowledge works stationery, etc."

Visiting his native Brittany for only the second time in forty years, M. Berrian recently dined with some Parisian-Bretons at Trégular, and in an after-dinner speech gave as a recipe for securing happiness, the disinterested pursuit of science, art, human welfare, or the country's service. He should, he said, face death without sadness, for he had fully enjoyed life; and he should die congratulating the young, for life was before them, and life was an excellent thing.

A human relic in a remarkable good state of preservation has lately been found at Pompeii. It is described as the full length fossil of a man who was probably struck while in flight at the time of the destruction of the city. The features are well defined, the mouth being slightly open showing the teeth in either jaw; the hands are perfect, and one is supposed to have held two keys, which were found close to it, while the legs are spread out and slightly raised; the left member had, however, been broken.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spent the month of August in Vermont and Massachusetts, speaking at Essex Junction, Vt., the 20th; visited Queen City Park camp, remaining over Sunday the 17th; at Lake Pleasant camp, Mass., a week, including Sunday 24th, and taking part in the convention of the American Spiritualist Association, his voice being heard from the platform of each camp—closing the month with parlor meetings at Northampton, Mass., and vicinity. He informs us that he purposes to remain in the Eastern States during the coming fall and winter, and solicits engagements with the various societies of that region, and to hold parlor meetings, heal the sick, etc. Address him in care of the *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass., for the present.

A New York paper says of the death of Mrs. Edison, wife of the famous inventor: The scenes during her last moments are truly pathetic. Mr. Edison standing close to the doctors who checked off the last beats of the pulse as the heart flickered, waited heroically for the fatal moment when the physician folded the motionless arms across the bosom and tremulously said: "She is beyond all human aid." Mr. Edison silently drew forth a cabinet and instantly a powerful current of electricity responded to his will. For two hours he kept life from fleeing, but at last he appreciated that his science, like that of the doctors, was powerless. Taking his children by the hand he led them into his study. There they remained a long time, and when he came out his blue eyes glistened and the lids were red and swollen.

It is said a larger crop of apples is raised when a hive of bees is stationed in the orchard. The bees visit every flower, busily flying from one to another, and then passing to an adjoining tree, the pollen on their bodies is rubbed against the pistils of myriads of flowers which become fertilized in this way. Many of the strange modifications in the form of flowers are due to insects, the transfer of pollen from different varieties resulting in hybrids. Darwin remarks that "all experimenters have been struck with the wonderful vigor, height, size, tenacity of life, and hardness of their hybrid production." He was the first to show that from a flower fertilized by pollen from a different plant the seedlings were much stronger than from its own pollen. The wind and insects are nature's great agents in performing this act of cross-fertilization.

Free Thinkers and Friends of Progress— Cassadaga and Collins.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

For about twenty-eight years the Friends of Human Progress have held annual meetings at Hemlock Hall, one mile from Kerr's Corners and six miles from Angola on the Lake Shore R. R., and have done a great work for Spiritualism and free thought. No subjects have been excluded if treated in a decent manner. I have added my mite in the way of work at 23 of these annual gatherings, where the audiences have averaged from two to five thousand people. I think they have never had a policeman to keep order, but I never saw the least disturbance there. Among the speakers I have met there are Henry C. Wright, Wm. Denton, Parker Pillsbury, Susan B. Anthony, Cora Richmond, J. M. Peabody, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Mrs. R. S. Little, O. P. Kellogg, E. F. Baxter, A. J. Davis and Mary F. Davis, Lucy N. Coleman, Frederick Douglass, Charles C. Burleigh, G. W. Taylor, Mrs. Pearsall, Giles B. Stebbins (who for many years was never absent at an annual gathering), J. H. Harter, Cephas B. Lynn, Wm. White, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, and many others. Surely here is variety enough and the largest liberty consistent with order has always prevailed. No meeting in the State has done more (and I doubt if any has as much) to liberalize and educate the people. They have for many years held their annual meeting the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday of August, but since the Cassadaga Camp Meeting became a center of attraction in Chautauqua Co., occupying the whole month of August, the Collins people, in deference to the interests of Cassadaga, have deferred their meeting to the first week in September for the past two or three years.

A few years ago there was a combination of Materialists, Agnostics, Atheists and Spiritualists formed under the general head of Free Thinkers, and H. L. Green of Salamanca, has been the efficient and active secretary and the principal life and light of this combination. The general objects of this body are in harmony with the feelings and views of Spiritualists, but they are dominated by materialists, and the President, Dr. T. L. Brown, of Binghamton, has never failed to sneer and ridicule and attack the faith and phenomena of Spiritualism, at these conventions (or if he has I have never heard of the time). But it is due to him to say that he allows Spiritualists the freedom of the platform to reply, and he has often been literally annihilated by their arguments, but seemed too obtuse to appreciate it. These gatherings, I think, are doing much good in their way, but they do not stimulate or educate the spiritual nature, and while they break down superstition and sow intellectual seed, and encourage self-dependence and self-culture, the ruling spirit is iconoclastic, pugilistic, and benumbing to the finer sensibilities of the spiritual disciple. Thus far Materialism and Atheism have led, and Spiritualism though tolerated and invited to the freedom of the platform, has been put to a disadvantage in the management which is dictated by, and in the interest of, the ruling element, Materialism. But I believe the power of Spiritualism is felt among them, and is doing a work even there to leave the whole lump. But every spiritual speaker and medium must work to a disadvantage and accomplish all he does by the hardest in these conventions. I have been present and participated in three of them, and possibly may again. In the general objects of State Secularization, unsectarian education, taxation of church property, abolition of dogmatic Sunday laws, etc., I am heartily with them; but all of this and much more is canvassed at the Collins Meetings. There is room enough for all. But now the annual Free Thinker's Convention is called to meet at Cassadaga on the Spiritualist Camp Grounds at the very time of the Collins Yearly Meeting, which is only about twenty-five or thirty miles away. It may be well, for the spiritual element will naturally drift towards Collins, and if all the Spiritualists should go there, Cassadaga would not have a large crowd I ween. Perhaps it was an oversight, but it looks like the same aggressive spirit which has tried to push Spiritualism to the wall while ostensibly giving equal privileges and free platform to all. The Collins people can hardly fail to look upon this as an attempt to drive their meeting from the field or to absorb it into the new conglomeration.

But, of course, this Free Thinkers' Convention, called to hold its sessions on the Spiritualists' camp ground, is entirely distinct from the Cassadaga Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, and is managed by the officers of the Free Thinkers' combination, and I trust that the spiritual society in letting their grounds to them, are in no way responsible for this seeming trespass on the time of the Collins Meeting. I see by the *Truth Seeker* that my name is among those announced as engaged to attend the Free Thinkers' Convention! I have made no such engagement, but I have engaged to attend the meeting at Hemlock Hall the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday of September. Spiritualism evolves the highest and best form of liberalism, and if there is free thought anywhere it is among the Spiritualists. In that field I find congenial work and good company, while I have good will for the large class of liberals that do not yet reach the heights of our philosophy, and am glad to co-operate with them on all questions where we are agreed.

LYMAN C. HOWE.
Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 25, 1884.

Some Features of Barnum.

The Immense Exhibition Now on the Lake Front.

The circus as it exists to-day is an American institution, and the Barnum and London Shows united is really a great national affair. No event creates the same sensation in a city among its residents, and nothing can enthrall the country people for miles around as the advent of these combined shows in one into a town, and it is gravely to be doubted if anywhere on the face of the globe there exists so grand and truly an overwhelming exhibition. When one really considers that it requires three rings, each forty-five feet in diameter, an elevated stage sixty feet wide in which to entertain and delight the audience, with eighty marvelous acts of various kinds, it ceases to be a wonder that an oration is tendered them everywhere. An elephant pavilion 300 feet long contains the largest herd of these animals ever gotten together at one time, besides the only genuine white sacred elephant bought from King Thunbar for \$300,000, and the world famous Jumbo, the biggest living creature; also the baby elephants and their parents, the dwarf elephant, and the funny clown elephant; a museum containing living curiosities from all parts of the world; an ethnological congress of strange savage tribes—Sachas, Nubi-

ans, Todas people, Zulus, Aztecs, Afghans, Nautch dancing girls, Barmese, Sioux, Hindus, etc.—and two enormously large double menageries of wild and trained animals are among the added attractions this year. There can be no question that Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson have gotten together the biggest and grandest exhibition they ever had, which is a sufficient guarantee to all that it is simply immense. It exhibits on the lake front, for one week, commencing Monday, Sept. 1st.

Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

During the past few days we have had lectures by A. B. French upon the subject: "Mohammed and the Faith and Wars of Islam," "The Facts of Science and the Follies of Atheism," "The Facts of Spiritualism and the Follies of Materialism," "The Battle of Human Life," by George Chalmers, upon the subject of "The Sphinx," and "The Ideal Man and Woman," and by Mrs. R. S. Little and others upon various subjects.

Last Thursday evening an entertainment was given in the amphitheater for the benefit of "the reporter," in which nearly all the speakers and mediums upon the grounds participated. Mrs. Little gave some charming little poems to various persons from the audience; Mr. Emerson delivered a number of his remarkable tests, while his control, Sunbeam, "turned the crank," as she expressed it, for a short poem directed to the "porter," J. T. Little, and Mr. Smith, of the Grattan-Smith family, rendered a fine vocal duet, and others performed their parts with credit. O. P. Kellogg made one of his happy speeches, and worst of all, the writer was compelled to say a few words in expression of the deep gratitude felt for such an occasion. He would here reiterate his thanks both to those who kindly tendered their services to make the occasion a success, and to the more than two hundred who had faced the rain and manifested their kind intentions by their presence.

Friday evening the Children's Lyceum gave its closing entertainment to a large audience assembled in the amphitheater. The programme was a credit to the efforts of Miss Hattie Myers, the efficient conductor, and to the little ones who took part in it. Several of the little girls gave exhibitions of their acquirements in the art of telepathy, and two little ones who danced together being especially appreciated. As the writer looked upon these little ones, with their golden hair streaming down like a spray of sunshine, appearing like beautiful fairies dancing before their queen, he could not help drawing a contrast between these and the children of the Sunday Schools, who sit like so many dolls upon a cushioned seat, and repeat like parrots foolish verses about Eve and the snake, Noah and the ark, Moses and the bull-rushes, and other platitudes from a musty volume of Jewish literature. The world moves on, and healthy literary food is taking the place of the dry husks of theology upon which our children have been fed so long; and with the culture of the mind is coming the culture of the body, making that temple of the soul a perfect instrument for the expression of her various emotions. A better day is dawning for the children, and their young lives are no longer to be clouded over by the mists of superstition. Joy is no longer crucified by religion, and the happy laugh of childhood is no longer suppressed by the frown of the deacon or preacher. Children are being emancipated from the chains of a false religion, and heaven is brought from the skies to earth. May the good work go on! GRAPHIO.

Cassadaga Lake, Aug. 30.

It costs but \$3.00 for the first year, and \$3.00 for subsequent years, per acre, to raise wheat in Minnesota and Dakota, on the line of the CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY. The average yield, since 1864, is sixteen bushels per acre; the average price, 90 cents per bushel. This accounts for the rapid growth in wealth of the citizens of those States.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

Our good and venerable brother, George White, passed on to the "Beautiful Land of the Soul," July 31st, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. His translation, which took place from the home of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas, of this city, with whom he has resided for many years, and by whom and her husband he is tenderly remembered, resulted from old age, and his gradual withdrawal from his outward form of earth. For seventeen years he was my dearest and most honored friend, and during that period I found him to be a man of sterling traits, sincere and earnest in his declarations of his honest convictions and in his untiring efforts to enlighten the great truths of Spiritualism, always striving to exemplify their importance by practice in his life. He was greatly loved and honored by those in his circle of friends and acquaintances, in whose midst his memory will be embalmed, till they also shall pass on to meet him with rejoicing in the better land. His last illness, in his earlier life, he was well known and around him, as a minister of the M. E. Church, this obituary letter I make short; not because nothing more could be said of him, I repeat unhesitatingly, that I desire simply that my record may be as fair and as beautiful as his. J. M. MATHES.

Jameson, Kansas.

The Spiritualist Societies of the Republican and Solomon Valleys will hold a grove meeting from August 25th to 28th inclusive, in Buffalo Creek Valley, five miles west of Jameson, Kan., on the C. & N. W. R. R. Trains connect at Jameson with the main line running to all points eastward, and are furnished at 25 cents. Visitors to bring their own bedding as far as possible. JACOB FULMER, Cor. Sec.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at the Supreme Court House, from 7 to 9 P. M. The first day and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. J. T. Brigham will officiate. M. J. HORN, Pres.

BEST BAKING POWDER. INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.

Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use, and as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

Name of Baking Powder.	Strength Cubic Inches Gas per each ounce of Powder.
"Royal" (absolutely pure).....	127.4
"Patapsco" (alum powder).....	125.2
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh.....	122.5
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old.....	32.7
"Hanford's None Such," fresh.....	121.6
"Hanford's None Such," old.....	84.35
"Redhead's".....	117.0
"Charm" (alum powder).....	116.9
"Amazon" (alum powder).....	111.9
"Cleveland's" (short weight $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.).....	110.8
"Sea Foam".....	107.9
"Czar".....	106.8
"Dr. Price's".....	102.6
"Snow Flake" (Groff's, St. Paul).....	101.88
"Lewis" Condensed.....	98.2
"Congress" yeast.....	97.5
"Pearl".....	93.2
"C. E. Andrews & Co.'s" (contains alum).....	78.17
"Hecker's".....	92.5
"Gillet's".....	84.2
"Bulk".....	80.5

In his report, the Government Chemist says: "I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favor of the Royal brand.

PACIFIC CAMP MEETING.

The Pacific Association of Spiritualists will hold their first Annual Camp Meeting on their grounds at the mouth of the Columbia River in Washington Territory, three-fourths of a mile east of Ilwaco, on Saturday, September 14th, commencing Monday, Sept. 15th.

ORDER OF SERVICES ON THE GROUNDS: There will be a lecture or address given each day of the meeting at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. At 2:30 P. M., each day, there will be a platform discussion for the free expression of thought, open to any one who may wish to participate. There will be a restaurant on the grounds where good meals may be had at reasonable rates. Good vocal and instrumental music will be furnished during the entire occasion. Boats are to be had for rowing or sailing on the bay. Unusual attractions to health and pleasure seekers are here presented. The Camp Meeting provides for one of great interest. Reduced rates will be given over all popular lines of travel in Washington Territory and Oregon. Twenty per cent. of regular fare one way. A most cordial invitation is extended to the friends of Spiritualism everywhere, and enemies also, to attend this Camp Meeting. For further information in regard to the meeting, address, P. A. SMITH, Cor. Sec., P. O. Box 1, Ilwaco, W. T.

DR. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN,

29 Fort Avenue, Boston.

Is now giving attention to the treatment of chronic diseases aided by psychometric diagnosis and the use of new remedies discovered by himself. His residence is in the most elevated, healthy and picturesque location in Boston, and he can receive a few invalids in his family for medical care. His course on Therapeutic Psychometry will be held in September—price two dollars. MRS. BUCHANAN continues the practice of Psychometry.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN

Will lecture in Boston in September. Mrs. Britten proposes to lecture in Salt Lake City, Utah, and San Francisco, Cal. in October, and so on.

Spiritualist Societies

Desiring their services as revs. from Boston to the Pacific Coast, can address her—

BANKER OF LIGHT OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS.

THE Novelty Rug Machine.

[Pat. Dec. 27, 1882.]

Makes Rugs, Tiles, Rugs, Mittens, etc., with one hand, and registers. Price only one dollar single machine, with full directions, sent by mail on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Apply for circulars to R. B. B. & Co., Patentees and Sole Manufacturers, 100 Nassau St., New York, also Dealers in Rug Patterns.

SICK OR WELL

Send for free circular of Riverside Sanatorium (Magnetic Swedish Massage Water Cure) HILLMAN, Ill., or Keokuk, Ia.

Mrs. S. F. PIRNIE,

Trance Medium, Magnetic Healer.

No Medicines Prescribed.

425 W. MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

PUCK.

The influence of PUCK as a moral factor in the community has long been recognized; and the work of reform that has been done by its brilliant cartoons and trenchant editorials has met with general appreciation. Its humor is wholesome, pure and such as appeals to all the American heart. It is emphatically a paper for every family. Write for a FREE sample copy to

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25 YEARS IN THE POULTRY YARD

108 Pages. Teaches you to raise, care for, feed, and be a "successful poultryman" how to prevent diseases of old or young, and how to have lay eggs. 25 cts. in stamps, and a Fifty Page Book "Free for all" with it.

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THE BEST DESK in the World—Solely Made by Wm. Hayden, dealer in OFFICE FURNITURE & Fittings of all kinds, 195 WARREN AV., Chicago.

WANTED A WOMAN

of color, energy and respectability for my business in the locality mentioned. Salary \$3.50 to \$5.00. References exchanged. GAY BROS., 16 Battery St., N. Y.

OPIMUM

A BRISK REMEDY cured with Opium Chloride of Gold. We challenge investigation. 10,000 Cures. Price 50 Cents. L. E. KELLY, JR., DUBUQUE, ILL.

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Has been used and recommended by the U. S. Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and is the best remedy for all cases of debility, nervous prostration, dyspepsia, and all troubles arising from OVER-EXHAUSTION. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNION COLLEGE OF LAW, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Fall Term will begin Sept. 24th. For circular address, 1100 N. W. Chicago, Ill.

LAKE GENEVA SEMINARY.

Lake Geneva, Walworth Co., Wis.

A colored Christian School for young ladies. The house is built on a high point, overlooking the lake, and is lighted, ventilated and equipped. Fall term opens September 17th. Apply for application.

Willard School.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. Thorough general education or preparation for any college and classical studies. Music and Art. Opens Sept. 17. Chicago, 15 No. Sedgwick St. SAMUEL WILLARD, M. D., LL. D., Principal.

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Reopens Oct. 2. Dr. and Miss Van Norman, Principals.

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427 & 429 La Salle Ave., Chicago. Ninth year begins Sept. 15. Full Classical and English courses. Family and day schools. MISS R. S. RICE. MISS E. A. COOLEY.

TEACHER.

A competent Teacher for a College or advanced school is open for an engagement. Can give the BEST of references. Address WALLASTON, care Lord & Thomas, Chicago.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIFFE'S

MEDIA ACADEMY, MEDIC, PENN. Thirteen miles from Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. School year 1884-5 opens Tuesday, September 9. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, etc. No extra charges except at any time. No examination necessary for admission. Summer vacation school July and August. The regular school opens September 9, and students may come at any time before September 9, and be admitted after the 9th, with a vacation course. A boarding school of the highest grade for ladies and gentlemen. One of the best equipped, best taught and most successful schools in the United States; always full of them. Harvard men. All being in the classes of each school may have individual care. A social attention to each student. Early deficiencies in their education corrected. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special diets for fat and backward boys. Patients or students may select any studies or classes. Latin, English, rhetoric, Civil Engineering, Business or Classical Course, or parts of different courses. Students attend at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, University of Virginia, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, University of Michigan, Cornell, and other leading universities. A physical and a chemical laboratory. Courses of lectures, with the best and fullest apparatus for illustration. Fifteen hundred volumes added to the Academy Library in 1883. A graduating class admitted in 1883. Twenty students fitted for college and admitted in 1883. A graduating class admitted in 1883. In which all the students live with the Principal. No boarding out in private families. Rooms carpeted and furnished with wardrobes, bureau, table, and thoroughly heated. Two single beds with springs, good mattresses, pillows, and a simple supply of bedding, all in complete order, etc., etc. Buildings carpeted throughout. The academy is adapted to the needs of the student. No large dormitories. Rooms for two boys. No large dormitories. Rooms for two boys. Media Academy sets a generous table. The food is not poorly fed, but the economical plan that plain food and measure diet are best for students. Dining room fitted out in the best manner. Experienced men waiters. First class clean laundry, and thoroughly heated. A gymnasium, with two bowling alleys and other fixtures. A playground for base-ball, foot-ball, and other athletic sports. Drainage and water supply perfect. No malaria. The health record of Media has few parallels. Media Academy is a boarding school, and a strict discipline. A school for the training of gentlemen. No hazing or other brutalities. No "roughing it." Students at this academy must not sacrifice the home education for an education devoid of good morals, good manners, and good surroundings. The academy is adapted to every way to the education of young men and boys only. Media Academy is not a mixed school, but strictly a boarding school for the male sex. 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The Chinamen on the Pacific coast are very anxious to return to China the bodies of all their deceased countrymen. A Western paper says: "When a tomb is opened the resurrectionist scratches across the front of the coffin and writes the name of the deceased in the dust until he has secured every particle of dry skeleton, and these are carefully packed up in boxes, and sent to the two ports of embarkation for the Flowery Kingdom. The cost of collecting, permit and transportation to San Francisco is \$15 per skeleton, and across the ocean the charges \$30 per ton. No one is missed; not a Celestial so poor but his bones are transported to the land left in the years before."

Continued from First Page

medicines to the neglect of everything else. Thus he passed his life; always in trouble if he deviated in the least from his usual diet. Finally, through this sagacity of his, struggling long with death, he arrived at old age.

"Can you adduce any greater proofs of bad and shameful training in a commonwealth," he demands, "than the fact of needing physicians and magistrates, not only for craftsmen, but also for those of liberal education? It is abominable to need the medical art, not on account of wounds or some incidental epidemic, but through sloth and Stellan [French] dishes, being filled with rheums and flatulency, and so obliging the Asklepiads to invent new names for diseases, as dropsies, catarrhs, etc. Asklepios (Esculapius) did not communicate knowledge of this kind to his children; because in every well-regulated community everybody has his allotted work and nobody is permitted the time or leisure to be sick or busy himself with taking punctures.... He, however, prescribed medicine to robust persons and to those making use of a wholesome diet, resisting their ailments by drugs and medicines; but still ordering them their usual diet. But he did not attempt, either by low or nourishing diet, to cure those who were thoroughly diseased, and so to afford a long miserable life to the man himself, as well as to his children, who would probably be of the same condition. He did not think that a man ought to be cured who could not live in the ordinary course."

THE FIRE SCIENCE.

Hippocrates made his home in Thessaly. He was a disciple of the philosopher Heraclitus of Ephesus, the first sage who bore the designation of physician (*phusikos* or *physis*). This great sage had been familiar with the magi of Asia; and although he denominated himself the Self-Taught, he appears to have cherished some of their doctrines. He was of the sacerdotal rank and had a liberal education. It was the end of wisdom, he declared, to discover the substratum and principle of things, piercing through the ages to the operation of God. The career of the universe, he taught, was change, a perpetual becoming. The first principle he named fire—an ether out of which the universe was formed, a vital energy which sustains it and produces all its changes. Aristotle called this fire *psyche* or soul, and the unbody; and it was also designated the *logos* or universal reason. Human intelligence was a part of that reason; the world was its body. The concurring of opposite tendencies and conflicting impulses constituted its harmony.

After the Persian wars and the conquests of Alexander, it became steadily more difficult to prevent the non-sacerdotal and uninitiated from acquiring prohibited knowledge. The philosophers revealed the esoteric learning to their pupils; and in all ages medical men have exceeded others in metaphysical study. Pythagoras, Empedocles, Aristotle, Parmenides, Theophrastus, Dioscorides and others were skillful in the healing art. Meanwhile the "plain people" also were provided with salaried practitioners, and there were also *tabernacles* or dispensaries which were served by slave-doctors. Their way of proceeding is almost ludicrously similar to that of the physician of inferior grade or tone in our own day. They hurried from patient to patient, wasting few words, but doing what they thought proper. They were under the superintendence of the salaried practitioners.

As the old guilds succumbed, there sprang up teachers in various parts of the Greek speaking world, and founded sects of their own. The Empirics, Methodists and others disputed the palm with the Asklepiads. Venereal for sacerdotal pretensions disappeared everywhere, except among the ignorant proletariat. Men whom priests had never initiated, now compounded and prescribed medicines and treated the sick. Every new teacher, whatever his country or doctrine, aspired to skill in the art of healing.

MEDICAL SECTS.

After the knowledge of the healing technique had, in a great degree, escaped from the crypts, philosophers and other teachers wrote upon it, and founded sects of their own. The Alexandrian School took its inspiration from Aristotle; and Galen was Eclectic, collecting many of his views from the sects then in vogue, the Asklepiads, Empirics and Alexandrians. The doctrines of his School are described as a mixture of the philosophy of Plato, the physics and logic of Aristotle, and the practical teachings of Hippocrates. Yet in regard to matters which do not admit of being subjects of experiment, he professes ignorance, although he acknowledged their actuality. He was, therefore, hardly entitled to be classed as a philosopher.

In vivid contrast with his methods, Athenaeus, a native of Pamphylia, had before promulgated the pneumatic therapy. He regarded disease as originating in the mind, and to be treated from that point of view. He also considered dietetics as an essential part of medical discipline. In both these respects he agreed with others of the Asklepiads. His followers were numerous, both in Asia Minor and at the Imperial Capital. His doctrines and methods were closely similar to those of the early Christians. "Jesus the Christ," says the Rev. W. F. Evans, "seems to have conformed his practice to that theory, and without deviating from it." A scientific basis appears in Draper's Physiology.

It is known that a school existed at that time in Egypt, Idumea, Palestine and Asia Minor, known as the Essenes and Therapeutae. They are generally regarded as a religious sect, but at that time, all sects as a rule, were religious. The name indicates healing and serving as their characteristics. They were versed in the uses of medicinal plants. The fact that they had a novitiate, or forty days' initiation, and an oath of secrecy shows a resemblance to the Pneumatists and Asklepiads. It is curious that the early Christians were to be found in the same regions, observing similar laws, using similar terms and designations. In various respects they appear to have been like the Parsis; as their veneration for truth, their abhorrence of unlawful wealth, their reverence for the books of their sect, and the names of the angels. Flavius Josephus, who spent several years in their schools, describes them as resembling the Pythagoreans. This would include them, as doubtless they ought to be, among those who employed touch and manipulation as healing methods.

PHILOSOPHIC MEDICINE.

In short, we may ransack what are left of the ancient traditions of medicine, and we find a pretty unanimous confirmation of the statement that while diet and simpler medication were generally used and inculcated, the mode now denominated Animal Magnetism, was more highly esteemed. The recoveries were often considered as miraculous and divine; but the learned men of former times believed the whole healing technique, as well as all science, to be divine. The heliocentric system, for example, was an arcane doctrine, and the Pythagoreans who developed it, were declared by Kleantes the Stolic to be worthy of the fate of Socrates. It has not been infrequent to denigrate the ancient technique

"superstition," but curiously enough, this is but a Latin rendering for the *episteme*, or "over-standing" of the philosophers, which was regarded as more excellent than other knowledge. Indeed it also means the surviving principle.

The few remains which we possess of ancient literature, illustrates this fact: "The life of the soul is twofold," says Iamblichus, a part adheres to the body, and part is separate from it and divine. When she unites her two-fold nature to the All-Soul she becomes filled with the real knowledge, the power and ability to know. When there are feeble invalids she restores them. Asklepios in this way learned medicine from his father Apollo, and transmitted it to his children." In the writings of Hippocrates, the sleep is described in which "the soul sees everything, even with the eyes closed, that goes forward in the body." Galen asserted that he derived much of his knowledge in this very manner. Kratippus is equally explicit. "The soul in the sleep is active and free of the senses; the body lying as though dead. Having lived from eternity in intercourse with innumerable spirits, the soul compasses the whole of nature." The foregoing of real truth is thus accounted for. It is an interior memory which is evoked by whatever calls it forth into the conscious life.

Lord Bulwer-Lytton, in one of his weird romances, has thus depicted this peculiar learning or wisdom of the archaic period: "This is not Magic (Sorcery). It is the Art of Medicine, rightly understood. In our order we hold most noble; first, the knowledge which elevates the intellect; secondly, that which preserves the body. But that more noble secret, I will only hint to thee at present, by which *heat or caloric*, as Herakleitos wisely taught, the primordial principle of life, may be made its perpetual renovator." It will not always be considered credulity to believe this, nor charlatanism to attempt to demonstrate it. In so doing the impetuous priestcraft of savants but apes the older ecclesiasticism. The priest physicians aspired, to enclose the whole world inside their circuit, in order to be its lords. They would have solved the riddle of the universe in their endeavor to terminate and abolish intercourse with the higher. The stone which the builders rejected, the same has become the head of the corner. The secret potencies of the universe are not to be ignored because they have not revealed their secret in the tortures of the crucible, or under the inquisition of the microscope. Light is new and old alike; old books give us new knowledge, and the oldest truth will be the latest learned. Aladdin's magician does not, in this case, barter our old lamps for new.

A Letter of Explanation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If there is any thing in this world which I despise, it is deception and fraud when practiced as a means of imposition on the innocent and confiding; and what I conceive to be the meanest of all frauds, is the betrayal of confidence on the part of those in whom we have confided or placed our trust. Please allow me to make a short statement in your paper over my own signature, and for which I alone am responsible, touching a matter in which all liberal minds are interested so far as they desire truth and not falsehood. You are aware, no doubt, that a short time ago you published an article from me, in which I censured the *Banner of Light* and *Boston Investigator*, and wherein I called your attention to the fact, that neither of these papers would notice my letters or allow me to call their attention to a matter that I deemed needed some explanation. As I had enclosed stamps for a reply to the *Investigator* and was not a subscriber, I expected a reply by mail, and receiving none, I wrote the article that you published. Some time after the article was published by you, a friend called my attention to a short reply to my letter in the *Investigator*, which reads as follows:

"M. P. R. Clear Lake (Iowa).—We endeavor to investigate the subject to which you allude, and hence both sides of it are discussed in the *Investigator*, but we wish to avoid everything like a personal quarrel. Christianity and Spiritualism, as a religion and a philosophy, are debatable, but their believers are of secondary importance; so if you wish your statement to appear, write it out and we will publish it." (The italics are mine.)

A short time after my article was published in your paper, I had my attention called to another article in the *Investigator*, headed, "A Misunderstanding," in which the editor stated that I owed that paper an apology for the impression I had created that I was refused a hearing in its columns, which the editor again says I was not refused, and again publishes the article I have just copied as proof, that its columns were open for me to make my statement as I desired to do. From the apparently candid statement in the *Investigator*, I felt that, perhaps, I had done that paper an act of injustice, and had been too hasty in my conclusions, and deeming that I owed it an apology for the misunderstanding on my part, I wrote out such a statement which I believed to be an act of justice due for my hasty conclusion, and in connection with this apology I also called the attention of the editor to the matter that he said he would publish, and which gave rise to the misunderstanding for which I had just apologized, believing that he would without doubt, publish the same, and thus establish his reputation for fairness, as well as for truth and veracity. Need I say here, that my faith was not well founded; that instead of publishing my article entire, that paper inserted the apology part in full, and left out all that portion that in my letter to the editor I desired inserted, and which he told me to "write out and he would publish it." As an excuse for the same he said:

"Now we have to say to Mr. Rosecrans, that we have our opinion of Spiritualism, and if he had been in the habit of reading, the *Investigator* (which we presume he had not) he would know what our opinion is. We allude to the doctrine occasionally, and he is at liberty to do the same, but we tell him now as we did before, that though the subject is debatable we have no room in our columns for personal quarrels."

Grand old *Investigator*! How glad I feel to think you have an opinion of Spiritualism, and that by paying you three dollars a year, and reading a conglomerated mass of silly twaddle I might possibly arrive at, or learn what that opinion is! How thankful I am for the liberty you give me in the matter; as you say, you allow me to allude to it, or its doctrines occasionally as you do yourself. How you do shun personal quarrels! For fear of a personal quarrel you would not even dare to tell the truth when requested to do so (for I requested nothing more). Now, readers of the *Journal*, let me call your attention to the true state of facts! The *Banner of Light*, from week to week, publishes marvellous accounts of materializations in Boston; the fact that in the presence of certain mediums, forms, similar to the human

body, are evolved out of the air or atmosphere in the room; that these forms are exact and complete likenesses of persons long since dead; that they are recognized by friends and acquaintances; that for a time, they converse, sing, kiss, play on musical instruments, move furniture, write communications in the handwriting of the persons they personate, in different languages; manipulate the air and thus weave shawls, lace, materialize swords, flags, and even fruit and flowers; then dissolve back into the atmosphere and become invisible. All this and much more is vouched for by the editor of the *Banner*, as well as by his numerous correspondents, including congressmen, judges, lawyers, ministers, statesmen and scientists; and yet, in the face of all these marvellous accounts sent out broadcast from Boston (the hub of the universe), the *Investigator* man puts the editor of the *Banner* on the back, and says: "Good fellow, I know you publish a batch of lies from week to week, but I do not want to have a personal quarrel with you about it. You pander to the taste of the marvellous and credulous, while I take the other class, and putting our subscriptions at three dollars a year, and our book publications based upon opinions of what might, could, would or should have been, we can make out to live like honest men, build up a reputation as fighters of fraud and corruption in the Christian religion. Now, Brother Colby, you keep on with your marvellous accounts and sensational articles. I will get some one to offer five hundred dollars for one single materialization, and dare your mediums to respond, 'fish or cut bait.' You can tickle your class, while I pander to the taste of mine, and together, we can stand on the rostrum in defense of liberalism! Should any poor devil out West desire to know more than we do out to him, we can shut down on him and demand an apology of him, or treat him with silent contempt!"


Now, friends, I ask, is this fair? Will this matter bear one moment's examination? Why pay five hundred dollars for the production of a materialized form at the hands of a medium, when if the *Banner* tells the truth, you can see from forty to fifty for a dollar almost any night? Why offer so much money for so cheap an article? Why not take hold of hands, brother Colby and brother Seaver, and walk right in and settle the matter at once, and then let us have the bottom facts? This is the question I asked the *Investigator*, and in answer he wants me to look over the paper to see what his opinion is about these things to which "he alludes occasionally." If these things take place as stated, the *Boston Investigator* (if its name implies anything) ought to know the fact. If they do not take place, as a truthful paper, it should expose the fraud, and if there is law to punish fraud it should be invoked. If these manifestations do take place, they are the grandest occurrences the world ever saw, and establish beyond controversy the fact that man lives on after the change called death; that the mother will meet her child, the wife the husband, they still maintaining their knowledge, their consciousness, their individuality and affection. What care we in the West for the opinions of the editor of the *Investigator*; they are worth no more than the opinions of Beecher, Swing or even Moody. What we want is facts, and not opinions; and if the *Investigator* has no facts to give, let it begin to look after them, at least pay as much attention to that line of conduct as it does to the garbling apologies and trying to evade a few honest questions.

I am sorry to write so long a letter, or communication, but as you are not responsible for the statements, and only allow me the same privilege that you no doubt would give the *Investigator* should it ask it of you, I hope you will allow it an insertion, with the promise on my part to write no more apologies to be garbled.

M. P. ROSECRANS.
Clear Lake, Iowa, Aug. 25, 1884.

The French commission charged with the verification of the discoveries reported by Pasteur in relation to canine madness declare that everything advanced by Pasteur is strictly correct. He has solved the problem of rendering the dog proof against the disease by means of a preventive inoculation of attenuated virus. He has accomplished results which "honor in a high degree French science, and give it a new title to the gratitude of humanity."

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PROF. JOHN BOHLANDER, JR.,
Prof. of Chemistry and Toxicology, Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, and Chemist of the Health Department.
Cincinnati, June 17, 1884.

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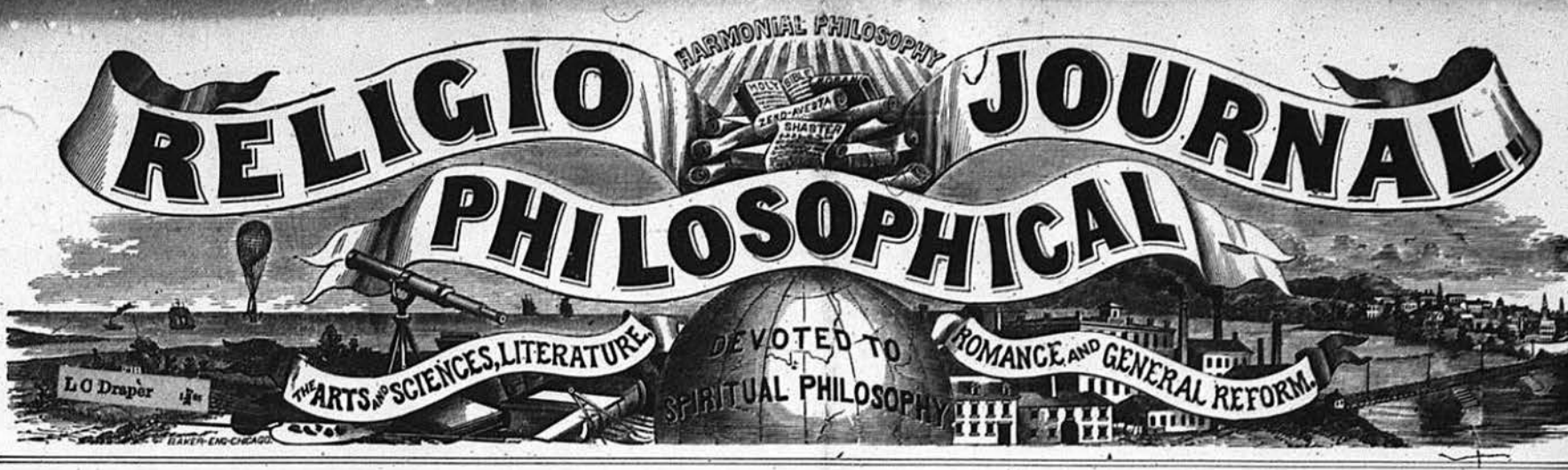
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VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1884.

No. 3

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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EVOLUTION IN RELIGION.

The Change of Front of the Universe—A Lecture

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

When the gods visit the earth they are rarely recognized until the time of, or after, their departure. So the tale runs in all stories of celestial advent. And what is true of great personages is also true of great events. One of the most striking things that history has to tell us, is the unconsciousness of what is really taking place on the part of those who are even prominent actors in what afterward prove themselves to have been the great turning points of time.

When the crisis of our late war was upon us even our leaders talked of a breeze that would blow over in "ninety days." They little knew that humanity was gathering its resistless might to take one more bloody step in the upward march of civilization. When Luther nailed his theses on the church door at Wittenburg, Europe saw only one disaffected monk, and little thought that it was really the modern world rousing itself to shake off the dogma drugged sleep of the middle ages. When Copernicus died, after one look at his speedily forgotten volume, who thought that the old heavens were being "folded away like a scroll," that a "new earth" was being given to man, and that the "former things had passed away?" And when the Pharisees at last got rid of the troublesome meddler from Nazareth, and lay down to their triumphant sleep, who dreamed that they had pulled down their own temple about their ears, and turned the disgrace of the cross in to the symbol of a world-conquering religion? So ever does history move on. When the event is past, then the world wakes up and notes its vast significance. Milton tells us that when the gates of hell were opened for the issue of Lucifer on his voyage of discovery in search of the new-created earth,

"On a sudden open fly,
With impetus recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder."

But not so open the gates of destiny. Their hinges are as noiseless as the axle of a star. They move as silently as the earth turns while we sleep; and the race wakes up to find that it is facing a new morning.

Victor Hugo says of Waterloo: "It was not a battle; it was a change of front on the part of the universe." What he uses, with his grand poetic license, in picturing a political revolution, we may use in all literalness to set forth what is going on before our very eyes, and of which we, willing or unwilling, are a part. To-day the universe is changing front. But the great mass of the people seem utterly unconscious of it. Like the passengers on a great ship at sea, sleeping in their berth, lounging in the cabin, chatting on the deck, they take little account of the relation which the ship itself holds to the great world, and do not feel the motion when she swings round and sweeps off on another course. But when they do arouse at last, they find that the old headlands have disappeared, and that new constellations are shining out of unfamiliar skies.

We talk familiarly of the religious transition of the age. Pulpits, platforms, newspapers and magazines touch upon it among the topics of the time, and as far as the words are concerned, are in danger of wearing them trite. And yet it seems to me that few note the full significance of "the signs of the time," or the revolutionary and far-reaching

results that are destined to follow the movements now going on. The Jews were accustomed to divide all time into two great epochs, the one preceding and the other following the Messianic advent. That stood with them as the turning point of all the ages. But with more truth and in all literalness, we may regard the present age as the pivotal point on which the whole of human history turns. There has been a certain homogeneity and consistency in all the past of the world. But it is gone now; and the Eternal utters his voice saying: "Behold, I make all things new. The first heaven and the first earth are passed away." The Universe has changed front; and the second and—however long—the final great age of all time stretches out before us.

I am aware that this is saying a great deal. And for that very reason, I now ask your attention while I go on to justify my statement.

But before I do this I must stop long enough to indicate to you in a word what I am doing for. That is, I wish you to keep in mind all along, the bearing which this discussion has on the great religious problems of the age. The one universal and fundamental fact then to be remembered is this: that every religion, the wide world over, when analyzed, is found to run back, to root itself in, and spring out of, some theoretical conception of the universe. It starts with a scheme of things, including a theory of God, of man, of their actual relations which ought to exist, and a plan for turning the poor actual into the better ideal. Every religion, then, however crude, or however refined, starts with its supposed science of the universe. Each has its cosmogony; and in this cosmogony it finds *raison d'être*. If, then, the time ever comes when the fundamental scheme of things is discarded, when its theory of God and man is disproved, then the religion itself is dead in its very tap-root. It may put forth leaf and blossom again for many seasons, but its doom is plain. Its followers must henceforth be those whose allegiance is a thing of tradition and habit, and not the intelligent conviction of informed and earnest men.

Bearing in mind, then, this one universal and fundamental fact, we are now ready to go on and consider the modern change of front of the universe.

The human race has occupied this planet at least two hundred thousand years. Do you realize that that means two thousand centuries during which time our forefathers have been slowly climbing up to our present vantage of outlook? Leaving one side certain glimpses and foregleams of light, so as to keep the outlines of our thought clear, and we may say that our modern day dawned about the middle of the 16th century. In contrast, then, with the two thousands of hundreds of years that preceded it, the last four hundred are reduced to hardly more than a point of time. And this point is the pivot on which our universe has turned. Until now, with whatever minor variations, one general type of conception of the universe has prevailed, in all nations and in all religions. Henceforth that type of conception can no longer be intelligently held. A certain general type of religion sprang out of, and was held along with, the old conception of the universe. Henceforth that type of religion passes away with the world to which it belonged.

I must now outline these parallel and companion types of the universe and of religion that it may appear how naturally they go together. We shall then be ready also to see the nature and the necessity of the present and future change of front. This outline must be drawn if possible, with a few bold and clear strokes, confused with no more of detail than is absolutely necessary.

1. In the old scheme of the universe the earth was the central, and the largest body in it, for whose convenience alone all the others moved and shone. Its material was "dead matter," out of which God built it, as a carpenter builds a house.

2. God was a personal individualized being, who had planned and made the universe, and who ruled it from without as a despot governs a kingdom.

3. Man was a being standing alone, separate from and above all other creatures, especially created by an act of divine will.

4. Religious and moral laws were only statutory enactments of Deity; not inhering in the nature of things, and known only as they were supernaturally revealed through prophet or priest or book.

5. Religion then was a government, in the ordinary sense of that word. The universe was a kingdom; God was absolute monarch; man was his subject; hell was the prison for all incorrigible offenders; heaven was the court where favorites were received and honored. For one reason or another nearly all men, first or last, fell under condemnation through disobedience; and hence the necessity for a commission of pardons in permanent session. This took one form or another, priesthood or church, according to circumstances. But in all cases it was the repository and expounder of the divine will, and held in its hands the conditions of deliverance.

This then in general outline is the scheme, some fragment or variety of which has dominated human thought and human life for two thousand centuries. All this is perfectly natural and not to be wondered at. Indeed it is impossible that it should have been otherwise; for the materials of knowledge out of which to construct any better theory have not been in man's possession until the present time. I have no sort of sympathy then with him who merely ridicules the past.

As well ridicule the Swiss lake-dwellers for their style of architecture. Theologically as well as socially they built as well as they knew. Let us then see to it that we do the same. The only justifiable victims for our sarcasm are those—too many it must be confessed—who know but do not.

But before leaving this point, let us group the separate conceptions of the old universe into one concrete picture, that we may look at it as a whole, and thus make clear the contrast between it and the new. As one definite variety of the type, let us take the Jewish. They conceived the universe as figured like an oblong square, after which, as tradition asserted, the tabernacle was patterned. In their later thought it became a sort of three-story structure. Sheol, the home of the dead, containing both Paradise and Gehenna, was the basement. The upper story was heaven, the home of God, his angelic court, and certain earthly favorites translated. Between the two was earth, the home of man. The sky was a solid concave, the floor of heaven and the dome of earth. The Christian conception, modified in details, was in essence the same. In the great poem of Dante we find the universe of the middle ages crystallized into a figure as clear-cut as the outlines of an intaglio. Hell is here a great cavern reaching to the center of the earth; purgatory a hill on the opposite side; and paradise the regions of the nine concentric planetary spheres; and the abode of man is one side of the surface of the earth. That was five hundred years ago. Let us come down then to within two hundred years, to a period some time since Boston was founded, and note the picture which Milton has drawn in "Paradise Lost." Milton, indeed, was acquainted with what he doubtless regarded as the speculations of Copernicus; for he makes Adam and the angel discuss the problems involved. But he dismisses the subject as one of those questionable attempts of the finite mind to penetrate divine secrets which theology has always looked upon with little favor. If you wish a picture of Milton's universe, draw a mental circle. Cut this circle horizontally in two by a line like an equator drawn across a map of a hemisphere. The upper half of this circle is heaven. Then draw a curved line, like the Antarctic circle near the bottom. Beneath that line is hell. Now draw another circle whose upper curve shall almost touch the floor of heaven, and whose lower edge shall reach half way from heaven's floor to the dome of hell. Within this circle are the concentric spheres of the Ptolemaic universe, with the earth at the center. The whole universe as thus conceived, in the great Protestant epic, was not so large as the now known orbit of the moon. For, when the rebel angels are thrust out of heaven, it takes them only nine days to fall clear to the bottom of everything. To get a vivid mental contrast as to comparative cosmic distances, just remember that it takes the lightning-like velocity of light, not nine days, but three years and a half, to reach us from the nearest of the fixed stars; and that when we have reached that, we are but standing on the outer threshold of infinity.

In Ptolemy's conception of the universe, of which Milton's is a graphic and definite picture—the earth is at rest at the center. The moon, the sun, each planet, and then all the fixed stars in one plane, are attached to separate, concentric, crystal, and so transparent spheres, like so many glass globes inside each other. These spheres hold the heavenly luminaries in their places, and carry them round with them as they revolve. Until Newton, the world could imagine no other way to keep them in their orbits. For even Kepler after he had discovered the laws of planetary motion, and knew that they no longer moved in circles, could not imagine how they were held in their places except on the supposition that an angel was appointed to superintend and guide each one.

These really magnificent attempts to solve the riddle of the universe were indeed very far advanced beyond the cruder thoughts that preceded them, the vague fancies and dreams of semi-civilized and barbaric peoples. But—and this is the great point to be kept in mind—however crude, or however complex and highly developed, they are all only varieties of one grand type. They all treat the world as a structure wrought upon and made by a personal god, or gods outside of it. They all hold the world as central in the universe; and man as a special creation. They all make religion and morality to consist in the externally imposed will of a god, supernaturally revealed and hedged about by arbitrary penalties of reward and punishment. As far as the fetish-worshippers' thought had gone, it had gone in this direction. And the grandest development of organized Christianity has not transcended these ideas. This, then, is what I mean when I say that the whole past of humanity has occupied itself with some special type of this general conception of the universe and of religion.

But now, at last, comes a change. Those who imagine that it is only superficial, like a hundred other eddies or temporary turnings of the tide in human thought, can have made but a superficial study of the forces at work, and of the direction in which they tend. Those who smile at the pretensions of the age and wonder why, if there is anything in it, the great revolution has not come before, again can have made but a superficial study of the lines of human progress and the events of the modern world. Events occur when the world is ripe for them, and not before. As well wonder why the century plant does not burst into blossom before its hour has come. Three great things have happen-

ed in the modern world. They could not have happened before, because the world had not attained the knowledge out of which they have sprung. Gunpowder must batter down the barriers of the middle ages; movable type must give wings to thought; commerce and navigation must turn the oceans into highways, and open all lands; invention must have free play to create instruments of investigation; then, for the first time in history, could man ever gather the materials from which he might hope to construct even an approximately correct theory of the universe. The conditions for a hopeful attempt then have existed only in the modern world.

But in this modern world, as I said a moment ago, three great things have happened, and these three things are three revolutions: a revolution in physics; a revolution in criticism; and a revolution in biology; and from before their faces "the old earth and the old heavens" have "fled away; and there is 'found no place for them,' and now we see 'A new heaven and a new earth.'"

Let me now indicate as briefly as I may, what these three revolutions are, and—

1. The revolution in physics.

So far as we need take account of this for our present purpose, it began with Copernicus near the middle of the sixteenth century. Some hopeful beginnings had been made in ancient Greece; but the great name of Plato turned the thought of the world away from physical investigation and into ideal channels. Then came Christianity, and consecrated the old crude science of the Jews as a part of its infallible revelation of divine truth. It condemned matter as essentially evil, and made scientific study a sin. All progress in this direction was stopped for 1,500 years. Physical discovery then was asleep for a millennium and a half. The renaissance began where ancient Greece left off. Not that the human mind was inactive; but all its genius and power were engaged in elaborating and speculating within the sacred limits of ecclesiastical dogma. And since the great secrets of the world and of man were hidden outside those limits, of course they were not discovered.

The revolution then practically began with Copernicus. He shattered the crystal spheres of Ptolemy. He set the stationary earth in motion and sent it spinning around the sun. He spread out before human thought the illimitable universe of suns and systems; and destroying the illusions of our conceit, taught us to take our true place as no longer central, but only a subordinate member of the infinite order.

This was the first great shock that was given to the old belief. The significance of this shock will appear if you remember that the theological scheme of Christendom sprang out of, was commensurate with, and fitted like a picture in a frame, into the baby house dimensions of the Ptolemaic cosmogony. When that was shattered, the theological scheme had no longer a frame-work or a support. The Copernican scheme furnished no place for the old God—no place for his heaven, no place for his hell. And as the dove of Noah wandered the wide waste and found no place to set its foot, so through the infinite reaches of the Copernican universe has the spirit of dogmatic Christianity wandered and discovered no place of rest. It is not at home in it, and never can be. The leaders of the Protestant reformation scented the danger, and would have suppressed the system of Copernicus as Atheism; and indeed from their standpoint it was Atheism. Their special conception of God could not live in its infinite spaces nor breathe its rarified air. And ever since that day it has been suffering and pining from asphyxia, and is doomed to certain death.

All the later physical discoveries are in the same line, and each one in its turn, is fatal to some one of the old ideas. They are part of the one movement, and need to be grouped together so as to produce one general impression. This grouping must be very brief; and I gladly avail myself of the eloquent words of my friend Prof. J. H. Allen, of the Divinity School at Cambridge:

"Think of the steps that have been taken since—Galileo's discoveries about the planets, suggesting a plurality of inhabited worlds; Kepler's laws of planetary motions dissolving away the solid spheres of the old astronomy; Newton's theory of universal gravitation, displacing arbitrary will as the direct cause of the celestial motions; Franklin's proof that lightning and electricity are the same, doing away the superstitions awe at thunder storms; Laplace's nebular hypothesis, so generally accepted, carrying back the origin of the solar system to incalculable remoteness; Dalton's demonstration of definite proportions and elective affinities in chemistry, making ridiculous the old notion of 'dead matter,' as the antithesis of spirit, or the enemy of good; demonstration of the speed of light; and distances of the stars, destroying utterly the old belief in a local heaven; geological proofs of the uniformity of cosmic forces and antiquity of the globe, disproving absolutely the popular chronology of creation; discoveries of the spectroscope as to the atmosphere of the sun and the light of stars, widening enormously and at once, the range of our physics, the well-established doctrine of the conservation and equivalence of energy, with its far-reaching effect on our conception of the laws of life; and now the scheme of evolution by natural process, apparently destined, with whatever modification, to supersede and swallow up every other theory of the transmission of life and the inheritance of natural good or evil."

"These successive steps—near half of them

taken within living memory—interest us chiefly, not as so many advances or conquests of human intellect, but as they bear on conceptions and ideas which were once wrought up without question into men's religious belief, and were held necessary to their salvation. It is very impressive to survey those steps in their connection and in their order of sequence, if we only stop a moment to reflect how prodigious is the mental revolution they imply. To take one step the other way, to roll back by ever so little an arc, the driving wheel of that revolution, is manifestly impossible. And the steps have been coming with increasing frequency and increasing weight."

2. It is time now to turn to the second of the great revolutions of the modern world—the revolution in criticism.

There is one point in this wide field which chiefly concerns my present purpose; and leaving one side all else, I shall put my finger on that. A most important chapter in the history of the world's religious and moral progress, will, when it is written, concern itself with the results of the commercial enterprise of nations. And it was a commercial exigency that led to what I now wish you to notice. Little did the Christianity of the Anglican Church dream of the religious results of the British occupation of India. But in reality that occupation led to the discovery of the *rig veda*, and the opening to European scholarship of its ancient treasure-house. And not only did this discovery furnish a key to the mythology of Greece and Rome; it also created a new science—that of comparative religions. It furnished proof of the filiation and kinship of languages and peoples; and opened the common source whence have flowed down through the ages the parallel streams of religious tradition.

The science of criticism has since been reconstructed; the world has been ransacked; mythical cycles and folk-lore tales have rendered up their secrets. And now, instead of one true and supernatural religion in a class by itself, and in another class all the rest by themselves, equally labeled false, the educated mind of Europe and America is becoming accustomed to note the evidences of relationship, which prove that all the religions of the earth are only the naturally born members of one great family; and whether large or small, wise or unwise, equally the children of the natural aspiration and reverence of man.

Now then criticism equally studies them all; and in the use of the comparative method assigns each its rank and place. It no longer admits that either of them sprang, like Minerva full grown, from the forehead of a god; but traces the natural lines of its growth, and seeks after its natural origin.

This critical revolution is no less disastrous to monarchy in religion than was the French revolution to monarchy in politics. It brings the "rightful man" to the front; it destroys "divine right" in religion; and makes the test of the right of any religion to live and rule to depend upon the service it can render to the welfare of humanity. Not power any longer, nor claims as to exceptional origin, are sufficient to establish its dynasty; it can reign only as it can serve.

It is apparent, to even superficial thought, that this change alone means nothing less than a new religious civilization.

But there is one revolution more—that in Biology, the foremost figure in which is the modest student of Down, Charles Darwin. In the short space of twenty-three years he has completely revolutionized our total conception of man. Adam and Eden now dwell in the closed land of fable. We are seeking man's cradle in the dim primeval twilight that hovers over the jungle where our brutelike progenitor first stood upon his feet, began to use his new-found hands, exchanged his wordless cry for a voice, and began to look out over the world and up toward heaven with the dancing human intelligence in his eyes.

These, then, are the three revolutions of the modern world. This new universe in its religious and ethical significance, as well as in the magnificent sweep and tendency of its physical processes, is grandly outlined for us by the master hand of Herbert Spencer. Indeed he is the father of that scheme of evolution which seems destined to be the guiding principle of the coming civilization. Such familiarity with all knowledge, such attention to details, so firm a hold on underlying and universal principles, such comprehensive grasp of all-embracing laws, such power to group them all in one orderly system, perhaps the world has never seen before.

I must now ask you to look with me at their logical and necessary results, in the department of theology. I regard them as much more radical in some directions, and much less so in some others, than they seem to be considered in the popular mind. I wish to hold myself here—as all the way through—to a direct dealing with the few great essentials. It will be understood of course that these carry in their sweep all the minor details. We need then to note which way the modern world is facing in its outlook on the two great problems of man and God. The change of front here is complete and irreversible. Let us review its bearings on human nature and human destiny.

Modern biology first took serious alarm when the young science of geology demonstrated the antiquity of the earth. Era resolutions logic, each step of which was incontrovertible fact, the Bible chronology was stretched until it broke into a thousand fragments, and the six thousand years became uncounted ages. It was seen, for example,

Continued on Eighth Page

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 13, 1884.

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Summer Campaign.

To all who are not now and never have been subscribers, the JOURNAL will be sent twelve weeks, on trial, for fifty cents. At the expiration of the trial subscription the paper will be stopped unless previously renewed.

The rapid increase of interest in Spiritualism among the educated, both inside and outside the various religious denominations, makes the need of an unsectarian, independent, fearless, candid and high-class paper a greater desideratum than ever before. The JOURNAL will be kept up to the highest standard possible with the facilities of the publisher and editor, and he hopes for the hearty and continuous patronage of the better and more intelligent class of the great public, both within and without the Spiritualist ranks.

Universalism—Unitarianism—Spiritualism.

Early in the century John Murray, the apostle and pioneer of Universalism in this country, was tossed on the beach of Long Island from a wrecked vessel in which he had embarked at London. A farmer near at hand found him, and knew him at once as the man he had seen in a wonderful dream, and for whom, prompted by that vision, he had built a church in which the coming man should preach "the love of God sufficient to save all mankind."

John Murray he knew as the man, and in that church started the Universalist movement—a light and blessing to many weary and waiting souls. That great movement had its origin in a spiritual vision. It has done a good and needed work. To-day it has a conservative and radical wing, as have most religious bodies. A Universalist editor now in active service, thinks his leading duty and aim to be the holding and preserving of "the historic faith," to which he wants no added wealth. He represents the conservative side. In politics a "Bourbon" has been wittily defined as "a man who learns nothing and forgets nothing." This editor may pass for a Universalist Bourbon. An eloquent and able preacher of the denomination upholds the good in its historic faith, but pleads for "more light." He is on the progressive side.

A few Universalist preachers have been, and are, Spiritualists. Rev. Linus Paine, a veteran who lately passed away from Friendship, Alleghany Co., N. Y., full of years and honor, was one. Cephas B. Lynn, a well-known Spiritualist and an able speaker, has lately been licensed as a Universalist preacher in New England. Of course they accept him, Spiritualism and all, which is to their credit. Among them are a fair number of Spiritualists, and a good many decidedly opposed and ignorant of the subject. Most of their clergy ignore or oppose it; their denominational journals take like ground, yet there is a good deal of interest among their members, especially those isolated from Universalist preaching. As a denomination they hold on to the old idea of the Bible as "the infallible word of God," yet many of their members doubt it, and some of their best preachers have left it behind.

Sixty years ago, after Universalism had started, the Unitarian movement began in Boston as a mental and moral revolt against the Puritan conception of the total depravity

of man, and the wrath of God. Universalism emphasized the Divine goodness; Unitarianism emphasized the worth and dignity of man, and his capacity for endless culture, the field for which a good Father had provided. William Ellery Channing was its apostle and pioneer. Its clergy have been accomplished scholars, and have done good service in rational Bible criticism, for humane views of theology, and for liberal thought. Good morals, good manners, liberal and rational religion, with more reason than intuition or emotion, and therefore a little cold, have increased with Unitarianism. As a denomination they have moved on, and for this should have due credit. In 1832, R. W. Emerson gave an address to the students of the Divinity School at Cambridge, which transcended Bibles and creeds and put the soul above them. In 1837, Theodore Parker preached a great sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Shackelford, Unitarian, at Lexington, Mass., and took frank ground against an infallible Bible or a miraculous Jesus. Both these men were marked as black sheep, tabooed and persecuted by most of the Unitarian clergy. Only brave John Pierpont (the veteran Spiritualist) and three others would exchange pulpits with Parker. This year a western Unitarian preacher, Rev. Mr. Forbush of Detroit, gave an able talk on historic and modern Unitarianism, in which he said that those famed discourses of Emerson and Parker were cornerstones of the denomination to-day. The *Christian Register* in Boston and *Unity* in Chicago, Unitarian journals, are frankly committed in favor of the Bible as a book valuable but not infallible, and of "the man Christ Jesus," not the superhuman and miraculous Christ.

As to Spiritualism and Bible interpretation, they are in the fog, while there are many Spiritualists among them. The trances and visions of the Testaments puzzle them sorely, and they slide over them in a way quite absurd to the Spiritualist. There is more solid sense, critical judgment and rational light in Dr. Eugene Crowell's two volumes on "The Identity of Primitive Christianity, and Modern Spiritualism" than in all the Bible criticisms and interpretations of Unitarian scholars for the last twenty years.

Truth wins slowly but surely. The able and fair Easter Sunday sermon of Rev. Mr. Savage of Boston, in which he treats the great spiritual movement as a power in modern thought, not to be ignored or slighted, is significant. It has taken the Unitarian denomination, some forty years to accept Emerson and Parker—stones which their chief builders then rejected—as corner stones of Unitarianism. We will give them twenty years to use Spiritualism—another rejected stone—as one more corner stone. Larger faith, deeper insight and intuition, and a finer knowledge will bring them to this, or they must become Atheists and Materialists, as must the Universalists, the Hicksite Quakers, and all manner of liberal Christians; for they are all at the dividing of the paths and must take the one to Spiritualism, or the other to Materialism.

We give this glimpse of the rise and condition of these two classes of religious thinkers, aiming to be just to their merits, while suggesting their coming destiny. Meanwhile the thoughtful and inspired Spiritualist has but to be strong and steadfast, and to move on.

The White Cross Fizzle.

Advices from Lake Pleasant to the JOURNAL, affirm the failure of the attempted "Convention" engineered by the veteran victimizer, Susie Webster-Willis Fletcher, assisted by her young consort, the dudsish Willie.

On Friday, the opening day of the widely advertised performance, only about twenty-five visitors reached the grounds to participate. In the afternoon Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker lectured to less than two hundred listeners, and in the evening, Susie-the-Syren did her martyr act to an audience of nearly the same number. About one hundred attended the Saturday symposium. Sunday was to be the grand exhibition day, and for this, Willie, the Witch's tender, was placarded as the leading performer, with Isabella Beecher Hooker and others for padding. Less than three hundred witnessed the show. Thus ended in a most ridiculous fizzle the scheme of a few adventurers to get a grip upon the public. Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Mrs. Imogene Fales, J. K. Applebee and J. Clegg Wright declined to serve as speakers for the White Cross crew, and Mrs. Hooker was the only respectable person, so far as the JOURNAL is, up to this time, informed, who took part in the funeral farce. A majority of those attending the three day's exhibition, had no sympathy with it, but being on the ground, gratified their curiosity.

The whole affair, together with its manipulators, is too insignificant for mention, and is only noticed in the JOURNAL to correct varnished reports that may appear in the Boston organ of the F. F. F.'s.

M. Pasteur sucks up the liquid containing the microbes of rabies through a glass tube to inoculate the unfortunate animals who die from hydrophobia a few hours after the poison is injected into their veins. This he is able to do with perfect safety, for the rabid virus is only dangerous when conveyed into the system through inoculation. The scientist is not yet certain as to whether artificial inoculation applied to a subject who has already been bitten by a mad dog would prevent the appearance of symptoms of hydrophobia. This is practically the most important point to be discovered.

Will the Heathen be Lost?

In the past, particularly, has this question been discussed in its length, breadth and thickness—the three dimensions of the perplexing problem have been so critically and carefully examined by distinguished reverends that, were it not for the endless play of words they have brought in requisition, the difficult conundrum would long since have been relegated to the region of the unknowable.

The scientist will tell you that when Kepler was unable to explain by any known causes the paths described by the various planets, he resorted to a supernatural explanation, and he entertained the opinion that every planet was guided in its daily movements by some presiding angel; but when that remarkable personage, Newton, rose in the full majesty of his intellectual greatness, and in place of the "angelic theory," presented a grand and beautiful law, then the angel of Kepler took its flight forever from this domain of physics.

But the scientist has yet no method of solving the very abstruse question: "Will the Heathen be Lost?" His microscope, which established the presence of bacteria in the lake water that we drink; which can with unerring certainty detect spurious butter and tell whether a hair came from a human head or the tail of an animal, when brought to bear with scrupulous accuracy on the heathen Chinese, does not reveal anything whereby one can tell whether they will be allowed to enter the same golden portal that leads to the region of bliss, through which Rev. D. L. Moody, Dr. Talmage and the Salvation Army will probably enter, or will be compelled to take the "basement" route, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the same as in our large cities here.

The telescope pointed heavenward, can tell something of the nature of the sun, moon and planets, but through it no one ever discovered a person sporting among the rings of Saturn, drinking from the "milky way," talking with that jolly old "man in the moon," or riding sportily on the tail of a comet. The telescope, then, is inadequate to answer the mysterious question, as it has up to the present time failed to detect the presence of a human being anywhere in the heavens. Questions that baffle the skill of our eminent scientists, however, will readily be answered by any simple-minded church member, as if his answer forever settled the question in dispute and established a certain fixed status between God and his children. The *Religious Herald* comes serenely to the rescue, and as easily as a young robin can open its mouth to receive the proffered worm, it solves the question under consideration as follows:

"The work by which these heathen are judged, are all works of mercy and humanity such as nature and conscience teach. Moreover, the question, 'When saw we thee an hungry and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink,' could not be truly asked by those who have heard the gospel, for that expressly says, 'that a cup of cold water given to a disciple of Christ for his sake shall not lose its reward.' And of at least some of these heathen, the Lord himself says, they shall go into life eternal; they shall inherit the kingdom prepared from before the foundation of the world. These who are to be numbered among the blessed, certainly hold a chance in this life. The same truth the Bishop finds taught in other parts of the New Testament. He says, the Holy Scriptures plainly assert that many of the heathen will be eternally saved, even though they never heard of Christ."

This, of course, is the go-as-you-please method of determining the eternal destiny of the heathen, as there are hundreds of sects that derive their source of information from the same book, each of which puts an entirely different construction on its various passages. In the opinion of many, the editor of the *Religious Herald*, his subscribers, and all who entertain like doctrinal beliefs, may be classed in some respects as veritable heathens, whose system of worship precludes them from being ranked with the highly civilized and enlightened, and if they are finally redeemed, permitted to enter the spiritual realms, there need be no alarm manifested with reference to the ultimate salvation of every so-called pagan in the world.

In the estimation of the editor of the *Religious Herald*, Confucius, Buddha and all the eminent sages of olden time must be classed as heathens, notwithstanding they were among the most brilliant intellectual lights the world has ever seen, and the influence they exerted while on earth and the lofty teachings which they promulgated still survive, and have a wider influence in the world than the Christian Bible.

A more important question than the one at the head of this article would be: "Who are the heathen?" Really, it requires no very great amount of intellectual acumen to answer that question. Monopolists, conscienceless speculators, men who hoard wealth merely to satisfy some selfish passion; those who claim to possess religion and don't practice its teachings; all intolerant ministers of the gospel who differ with each other on doctrinal points which they present as direct from God, and all anthropoid apes and educated parrots, may be regarded as heathens.

The list of genuine heathens is certainly very large, and whether they will ultimately be saved, depends altogether on their individual efforts, not upon any Bible or creed. When the monopolist no longer loves monopolies, but works ardently to abolish them; when the conscienceless speculator ceases his nefarious transactions; when the wealthy use money for the good of mankind generally; when the church member does right in word and deed, and when the minister of the gospel ceases to preach error—then they will all cease, in some respects at least, to be heathen; but in either case, each one must save himself through his own individual efforts; he must be good and do good.

Slander and Bologna Sausage.

That perfect concord does not always exist in prominent Spiritualist societies is a well known fact. The discord, however, that sometimes unhappily prevails therein, may be designated as quite perfect harmony when brought in comparison with the interecine war that often exists among the members of an aristocratic church.

Among the members of Christian sects in their various controversies, a malignant spirit is often manifested that is painful to behold, as illustrated in a Baptist congregation at Patterson, N. J. From the account given of the fracas, we learn that a meeting of the members of the Willis Street Baptist Church was held there to take action in regard to the charges made against the pastor, Rev. George Guiley, by Mrs. Bradbury, of slander and hanging a bologna sausage to the door-knob of the front door of her residence. The meeting was a most disorderly one, the members being divided into two factions. Both sections became intensely excited, and the noise they made in the church could be heard a block away. The members jumped around on the seats and called each other liars and hypocrites. Great excitement prevailed, and the police had to be sent for to prevent a fight. During the excitement a member fainted and fell to the floor, creating almost a panic. He was carried out and laid on the grass in front of the church. Several reporters were sequestered in the church, and on being discovered a howl went up from the angry mob. The scribes were ignominiously ejected without ceremony. The reporters then climbed on woodsheds in the rear of the church, but were again discovered and the windows were closed to keep the racket from being heard without. The street in front of the church was crowded with people, while the church doors were guarded by the police. Mrs. Bradbury's followers, being unable to cope with the friends of the pastor, left the church in disgust and proceeded to the residence of a member, where an indignation meeting was held. The meetings at both the church and the house were prolonged until a late hour. After the windows of the church were closed the heat became so intense that several women fainted.

Wherever and under whatever circumstances such extraordinary ebullitions of anger occur as narrated above, it shows conclusively that the teachings of Jesus have not taken a very strong hold of the hearts of those who participated in the outrageous proceedings; in fact, it is highly probable that he never heard of the Willis Street Baptist Church, and when the disgraceful altercation occurred therein, he was undoubtedly on a mission of mercy to some sad heart that knew nothing of religion as promulgated from modern pulpits, and had never heard of the report with reference to "slander and hanging a bologna sausage to the door knob of the front door of Mrs. Bradbury's residence." We are confident that had the attention of Jesus been called to this porcine link dangling on the door knob, he would simply have suggested that it better be appropriated by some half-starved working man, and that the disorderly members of this Baptist church, be severely spanked and publicly reprimanded by some good-natured, honest farmer, whose sole religion is to be good and do good.

Chinese Medical Treatment.

A few statements, which we gather from an article in *Nature*, shows that the Chinese are not such ignoramuses in medicine as they have generally been supposed to be. A native public writer claims that a skillful Chinese physician can cure such diseases as imbecility, fits, cholera, etc. Very extraordinary cures are attributed to acupuncture. It is first performed in the hollow of the elbow of each arm. If the puncture draws blood there is no danger, but if no blood appears the case is regarded as very grave. But before abandoning the sufferer, puncture of the abdomen is tried. Seizing a handful of flesh, the operator drives the needle right through it, and then draws it backward and forward a few times. If the patient manifests any sense of pain, or if any blood is drawn, a poonice of eggs and buckwheat flour is applied over the puncture, and recovery is regarded as almost certain; but if no pain is felt and no blood flows the case is declared hopeless, and the sufferer is left to die. The case is also quoted of a young Chinese educated abroad, who was attacked with cholera; his extremities became cold, and cramp set in a somewhat alarming manner. The barber-surgeon who was called in commenced by running a needle into the pit of the patient's stomach, a jet of very dark blood following; he then punctured the calf, the two breasts, and the forehead of the sufferer, freeing a certain quantity of blood each prick. The relief is said to be instantaneous, and in two days recovery was complete. The Chinese explanation of this treatment is that, when the blood is in the poisoned condition which induces the choleraic symptoms, it becomes thick and accumulates in certain portions of the body. A clever surgeon knows exactly how to put his finger on the particular spots, and by skillfully "opening the mouth of the heart," as the operation is called, sets free the poisoned fluid which causes all the mischief.

The *Cairo (Ill.) Bulletin* of Sept. 2nd, says: "Dr. Slade was taken seriously ill yesterday afternoon. He was taken with a violent spasm at one time, which alarmed those around him, and Dr. Parker was sent for to give him medical aid." The Doctor has been stopping there at the residence of Mr. Jacob Martin, where he has been holding séances.

GENERAL NOTES.

Mrs. Bundy will remain among the White Mountains until the last of September.

Mr. Wm. Nicol will answer calls to lecture. Address him at 975 W. Madison St.

Colored Catholic men of Savannah, Ga., have formed a branch of the Catholic Knights of America.

Mrs. Dyer, of Boston, a trance speaker, lately addressed the First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Lieutenant Garlington thinks the search for the north pole will be continued until it is successful.

Frank Bidwell of Windsor, Cal., has kindly sent \$2.50 for the poor fund. We place it where it will do good, and thank him for the donation.

A society of free thinkers at Philadelphia recently discussed this question: "Has Christianity or intemperance entailed the greatest misery on the human race?"

Rev. Dr. Hicks, the spiritual consolator, confident and corpse-legatee of the assassin Guiteau, has given up the care of souls and betaken himself to the cultivation of oranges in Florida.

A son of Henry Ward Beecher, captain of a steamboat plying along the Pacific coast, resides in Olympia, Ore., and is described as a weather-beaten man, with a sun-browned straw hat, "looking like a mechanic."

Mr. William Nicol will speak before the People's Society of Spiritualists in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., next Sunday evening. Subject: "The Resurrection." Conference and medium's meeting at 10:30 A. M.

The Editor-in-chief reached home on Sunday last. Fifteen hundred miles of railroad last week, together with the torrid heat, caused him to feel that "there is no place like home," and he will now be "at home" to visitors except on publication day.

A Louisville gentleman calls attention to the fact that negroes rarely take their own lives. He says that although a great many of them are hard up from the day of their birth to the day of their death, they seldom become melancholy, and it is only among courtesans that suicides occur.

A Spiritualist Convention will be held at the Universalist Church, West Burke, Vt., September 22nd, 23rd and 24th. Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Newburyport, Mass.; J. D. Styles, Weymouth, Mass.; Jennie B. Hagan, East Holliston, Mass.; Mrs. Fanny Davis-Smith, Brandon, Vt., and Mrs. Sophia K. Durant, Lebanon, N. H., are the speakers engaged.

Christians of all ages have believed in the efficacy of faith—religious faith—in the cure of diseases. The liturgies of all churches that have liturgies, contain prayers for the healing of the sick. Pious people of every creed tell of cures that have been effected by prayer and the power of faith. They believe that bodily infirmities of every conceivable kind have been cured, and can be cured, by special and direct interposition of Providence in answer to the prayers of the afflicted persons themselves or their friends. The belief that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick," and that the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man (in the healing of disease) availeth much," has lived through all the ages, and is found now to be almost, if not altogether, as strong and as general as it was in the days of the apostles.

Mr. William Florence, the actor, and Mgr. Capel, the famous prelate, have been friends for a number of years. It is not known whether a trifling incident which occurred a few days ago has interrupted their friendly relations. They met on the street here in Chicago, and, after a general conversation, Florence asked Capel whether he ever spent an evening at the theatre, intending in case of an affirmative reply, to invite him to one of his performances. Capel shook his head. "No," said he, "it has been twenty-four years since I attended a theatre, and I cannot conscientiously bring myself to patronize a place where the devil is preached." Mr. Florence protested that the priest preached a false estimate on the theatrical profession. "Ah, no," replied Capel, with a sad smile, "you people are sincere enough; you don't know it, but you preach the devil all the same." "Well, your grace," inquired Florence, with great urbanity, "which is the worse, preaching the devil from the stage without knowing it, or preaching Christ crucified from the pulpit without believing it?" "Both are reprehensible," replied Mgr. Capel, and bowing stiffly he went his way.

A wide and warm degree of public interest is elicited in Rome Township and neighboring sections, near Athens, Ohio, by a supernatural manifestation, as is gravely claimed, and which, in brief, the residents of the locality join in relating as follows: During the present summer, Miss Maggie, daughter of Mr. Samuel Copeland, a worthy citizen of the village of New England, filled a pillow-case with swan's down, which pillow she used during subsequent confinement with a malady which proved fatal. Shortly after the recent death of the young lady, the pillow referred to was emptied for the purpose of washing it, and on its being turned there was discovered on the inner surface of the case a distinct tracery of seven crowns (which number corresponds with the number of Mr. Copeland's family); above these crowns banks of beautiful clouds are represented, and still above these are clearly delineated groups of angels. These figures, when held to the light, are said to glisten like gold. Since the discovery of this remarkable phenomenon, Mr. Copeland's residence has been the centre of daily thronging visits from curiosity-impaired residents in that section of the country, who join in ascribing to the strange circumstance a supernatural origin.

Charles W. Hutchinson, ex-Mayor of Utica, has not only bolted from his home, but has bolted the door of civilization behind him, by becoming an adopted member of the Seneca tribe, a remnant of which resides on a small reservation in Central New York.

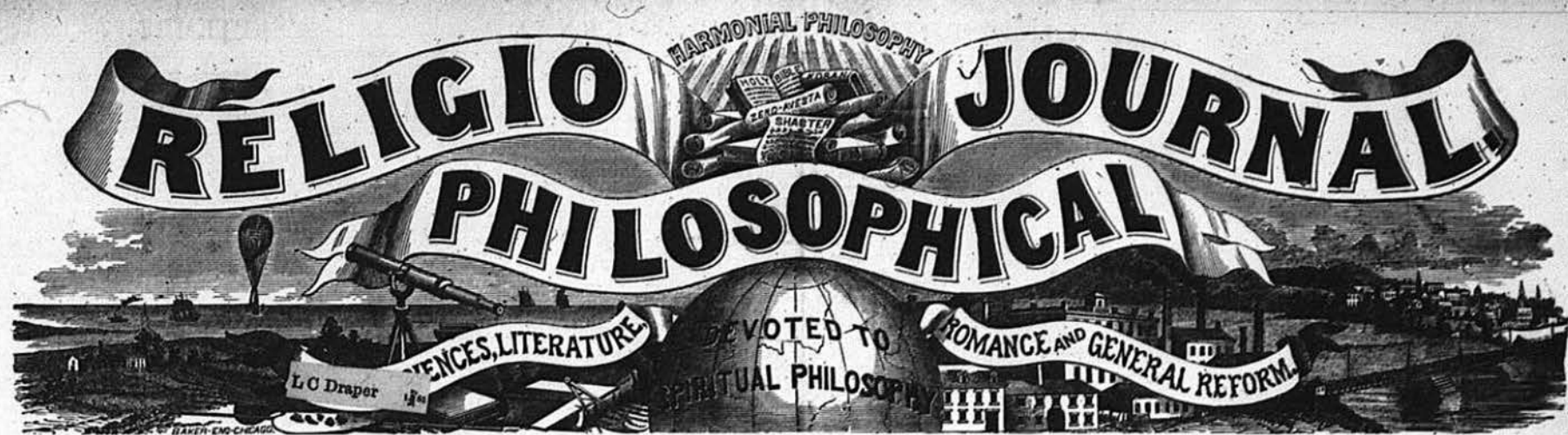
Accessed, in answer to an inquiry made in the
that he had learned from the owner of Cress
that that gentleman had seen a herd of at least
head of red deer in splendid condition, and it
believed there were at least two other herds of
large number and condition, so that the experie
the society in this respect had been an emin
one, and it might now be considered that ru
were fairly established in the colony."

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VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1884.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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From Lake Pleasant to Orient.

To the Editor of the Religion-Philosophical Journal:

After leaving you at Lake Pleasant, and saying good-by to the many friends, old and new, which is the saddest part of all, we accepted the invitation of Capt. D. B. Edwards, and in company came to New London, where the beautiful little excursion steamer *Manhattan* awaited to carry us over to Greenport, L. Island. As I told you I scarcely knew how to go off from the line of travel on my return, but the opportunity was too good to be lost. Capt. Edwards resides on the farm my ancestor, John Tutthill, purchased of the Indians in 1642. The well that was then made, which has supplied nine generations with water, is still useful, and, of course, the place has deep interest to me. The passage across the Sound was delightful. From New London to the mouth of the Thames, the banks of the river afford one of the finest series of landscapes on the American coast. Spreading lawns, magnificent villas, palatial hotels, line the banks to Osprey Beach. The wind was fresh, and the swift steamer caught the swell on her bow, scattering the sparkling foam, and it seemed to fly from wave to wave. The sea-air was exhilarating as wine, and the different islands, shoals and reefs, where the tide was dashed into foaming ridges, afforded a rapid succession of objects of interest. The sea view was alive with sailing craft, and steamers, fishing smacks, trim yachts, ships coming up from the great sea, and others going down, made a picture never to be forgotten. On reaching Greenport a carriage awaited, to take us to Orient, which is situated on the north branch of the island, and was the original landing place of the vessel which brought over the first twelve families in 1642. These families by intermarriage became so closely related that it would seem the whole people are related to each other, and the result is a brotherly union, such as is rarely or never found in the West, and which is truly delightful.

The village of Orient presents a strange contrast of buildings one hundred and one hundred and fifty years old, side by side with pretentious villas of the latest "old English" style. Once it sent out whalers to the Pacific sea, and now its population are largely engaged in fishing and sailing. Its many attractions draw crowds from the city, and aside from the many boarding places, every house is invaded and overrun by boarders. City ways have been thus introduced, and mingle with, and overlay, the quiet manners of the old time.

A large number of coasting and ocean craft are owned here, and captain appears to be more common than minister. These vessels sail between distant ports, and are officered by residents. In consequence of this world-wide intercourse the people have a remarkable geographical knowledge, and broad views of matters and things. An unusual amount of wealth is also represented in the fine residences, beautiful grounds, and large tree-seekings cultivate. There are two fine churches, said to surpass in finish and beauty of interior decoration any other like edifices east of Brooklyn, and two commodious school buildings. There is another element of prosperity I ought of right to mention first, and that is the temperance society to which the town owes a greater share of its prosperity. It was organized forty-two years ago, and has flourished ever since, and meetings have been held once each week. All the people belong to it, and there has never been a saloon in the town. It furnishes one of the best com-

mentaries on intemperance, and is a grand example for the imitation of other towns. Other places, side by side, have remained still, or sunk in decay, while it has constantly increased in prosperity. There is not a sea-captain or fisherman sailing from its port, who drinks, or allows any form of alcoholic beverage on ship board. Crime among the citizens is almost unknown, and thrift and abundance is the rule. During these forty-two years it is safe to say millions of dollars have been saved by this temperance movement to the town, and is represented in the greater home comforts, and the vast capital invested in commerce. Otherwise it would have been drank up and gone, and nothing have remained but the ruin of manhood and the black record of shame and crime. By special request, Mrs. Tuttle and myself lectured Saturday evening before this society, and were greeted by a large audience.

In company with Captain Edwards and the venerable Captain Rackett, whose memory appears to reach back several generations, we strolled through the first cemetery, where the earliest settlers were buried. It is a narrow ground, a sort of rocky depression, near the high swell which faces the Sound, sombre with scraggy, storm-beaten cedars, and walked in with huge boulders, moss-grown, and grey with lichens. The headstones are nearly all of black slate, and so enduring is this stone that the lines and chisel marks are as fresh as though made yesterday; some of a minacious slate, and a stone said to have been brought from England, are almost crumbled down. Well that they were not marble, for had they been, nothing would now remain of them.

It produced a strange sensation to read 1699, and 1700 on these dark slabs, dating the death of those who came in the first ship. The slabs are small, quite alike; a winged angel's head or a winged skull is at the top, and the bare dates are given, for in that stern age of trial they had no time for compliments even in epitaphs. On only two or three is there anything but dates. One of these is peculiar, as showing the grim theology of the time:

"Here lies Elizabeth, once Samuel Beebe's wife, who once was made a living soul, but now deprived of life; yet firmly did believe that at her Lord's return, she would be made a living soul in his own shape and form. Lived four and thirty years as wife; was aged fifty-seven. Has now laid down her mortal soul, in hopes to live in Heaven. June 10th 1716."

The oldest date is on the headstone of Mr. Glendon Young, 1699. The ages recorded, show that the average life was shorter than at present. The rude life, great privations, suffered, and malaria soon exhausted the vital energies. As we stood there under the sombre evergreens, the low monotone of the waves murmuring in the air, my mind went back across the two centuries which intervene, and as a shadow I saw the funeral procession wind through the new cut path, with the rude coffin, bearing the remains of the dearly loved. In silence they gather around the grave, grim and stern men, patient women with suppressed sobs, and in the back ground, in the shadow of the tall pines, the dusky Red Man, wondering at the strange people whose ways were so different from his own. Death must have had new terrors to these people, who could not but have repined at the hardships of the new land, and in homesickness sighed for the English home.

What wonderful changes have been wrought since those dark days. We are amused by the fantastic tales of Aladdin's lamp and the impossible achievements of the genie it evoked, but geni have been called into being, such as no Arabian fable ever described; a continent has been subdued and peopled with the most active and energetic race the sun ever shown upon; great cities have arisen and become world-centers of commerce, and in the glare of the present we forget the solemn old time when our ancestors endured so much that this rich heritage might be ours.

We were placed under great obligations to Mr. J. S. Young, who gave a dinner party, and afterwards invited in a number of friends with whom an afternoon was passed, which will long be remembered.

Mr. Young has a beautiful home, surrounded by a wide lawn and shadowed by grand old trees. He has two acres devoted to vegetables which for thrift and luxuriance show what culture can accomplish.

From the first and during my stay I was subject to a strange psychological illusion, if I may so designate it. I sat at twilight on the porch overlooking the sedge meadow beyond, which the wharf darkly extended into the restful waters of the bay, across which gleamed the red beacon on Shelter Island. To the left the tall windmill, the fish houses, reels for the nets, and glistening sands; on the right the boats at anchor, like water-birds at rest; over all, the full moon, fringed with soft clouds, was reflected in a long reach of sparkling waters. The cool wind was odorous of the sea, tonic and exhilarating. Then it seemed that at some remote time, so remote it was dimly remembered as a half-recalled dream, I had resided there. Every detail of the landscape was strangely familiar, and a sense of having after a long pilgrimage returned home, came over me, like a dream of peace and rest.

I presume those who accept the doctrine of pre-existence will claim this in evidence, but I refer rather to the fact that in my earliest years my father who had removed from Long Island to the then wilds of Ohio, was continually speaking of his old home, and especially in the delirium of fever, which

came with every returning autumn he would wildly describe, and call out to be taken back to the old place. Sea, bay, and land were pictured by imagination in most real light. These memories, revived by the scene before me, produced a most pleasing double consciousness.

HARVEY TUTTLE.

The Mediumship of J. H. Mott.

To the Editor of the Religion-Philosophical Journal:

In view of Mr. J. Harvey Mott's removal from Memphis, Mo., to Kansas City, at an early day, I would like to cut loose from past and present moorings, and sail out into open space, as though nothing heretofore had been said, with testimony in regard to his development as a medium, and the increase of his powers in the last ten years; and also to offset the many rumors in connection with his name, of exposures of tricks, the finding of masks and clothing as accessories in the appearance of the "forms" in the cabinet, reverting to my early and recent experiences in seeing and talking with spirits in Mr. Mott's cabinet.

My first visit to Mr. Mott was in 1874. He was then thirty-two years of age, with light complexion and clear blue eyes. He had a fresh, vigorous spirit, a confident nature, an intelligent and expressive face, and pleasing address, and he inspired one with confidence on sight. It was on one occasion, about four years since, that Mr. Mott began to see unusual forms dressed throughout in bluish-grey clothes, faces always veiled or otherwise shielded from sight. He saw these forms in cloudy days, never in sunshine. During these four years he was frequently brought home from his place of business insensible; that is, in trance, and he was greatly perplexed with the occurrences. He did not understand their meaning. His wife wept and wondered; his own brother thought and said: "Harv. ought to be killed." People generally about his home thought him a natural born fool, and his final chosen place of residence was totally unsympathetic in its attitude. None of these persons at that time were familiar with the conditions of mediumship and its various phases of manifestation, and it was by the force of circumstances only that Mr. Mott finally accepted the situation, turned his power to advantage, made it a regular business, received throngs of visitors, sat in from five to seven sittings per week, answered the prejudices of unbelievers and non-investigators, and gave joy to thousands by answering satisfactorily the question: "If a man die shall he live again?"

On the occasion of this first experience in Mr. Mott's sittings, he was not sewed up in a sack and tugged to the floor, tied with hard ropes, hand-cuffed or fixed otherwise, but there were witnesses present to prove that he had been tested by all these contrivances, and abundant testimony was forthcoming to show the action of his uninterfered power, and that it was not necessary for the medium to move from his chair for the accustomed exhibitions to appear in his presence. The circle formed and in position, about four or five minutes of quiet, harmony, music and darkness sufficed to show a luminous appearance about the size of a human face behind the curtain of the aperture in the cabinet, which was the signal for Mrs. Mott, the conductor of the circle, to go up and ask who the spirit wished to see, and then the exercises were fairly commenced.

How gladly, Mr. Editor, would I lead your readers through a whole séance but for the space taken for such details, and which should be experienced to test their quality truly. During a recent visit to Memphis in 1884, the atmospheric pressure of the place was found to be entirely different. There was much more friendliness shown Mr. Mott by the host of the citizens. His additional ten years sat lightly upon him, and the manifestations in his presence were very superior. His control by the spirits was accomplished in about one minute from the time of entering the cabinet. As to the forms shown in the cabinet, while formerly they were more shadowy and evanescent, they are now wonderfully substantial and strong. Great taste is displayed in the simulation of textile fabrics for costume, especially as shown in elaborately laundered shirt fronts, collars and robes. Instead of the conversation between us and the spirits being stereotyped, vague, commonplace and conventional, applying equally well to any loved one "gone before" or remaining behind, as is the case with so many undeveloped mediums, it was in this instance, personal and pertinent. While in the previous visits, the tones of the voices were uniform and rather monotonous in range, they are now graded, modulated and generally quick and responsive. It is not necessary to describe Mr. Mott's present cabinet, since cabinets have so often been described, further than to say it is of convenient size for the purpose intended—a small, stationary screened opening near the bottom, say three by six inches, and a sort of auger hole in the ceiling to admit air to the medium. It is seen by the size of these openings, that a very small confederate could be admitted, on the supposition that any was needed; but, as to that, however, Mr. Mott might have had an outside door to the cabinet, and a dozen "Katie Kings" housed in bolster cases about the premises, a choice of all the masks there are and all the store-closets in Memphis, with a corresponding number of tricksters to assist in fitting up the apparitions, and then he could not by any possibility stimulate the likeness and speech of the young and old, male and female friends (most of whom came to me several times

during each séance), and put characteristic words in their mouths in the use of family expressions concerning matters and things which were understood by myself alone.

I cordially concede to the other members of the circle the same credit for truth and candor in stating what they saw, that is claimed for myself. There were from thirty to forty spirit faces shown each evening in the average circle, and it could hardly be imagined what skillful manipulation it would require to have words and faces fit all the differing cases, if it could be thought of for a moment in the light of an arbitrary exhibition of the prestidigitator's art. There is no adequate explanation of these phenomena, except upon the principles of mediumship.

Mediumship is a fundamental fact of individual existence, and is an important agent of civilization. It helps to form the middle links between the human and the divine, and unifies the whole process of life. Mr. Mott is a medium by natural constitution, and, therefore, by divine right, he is an instrument in the hands of the higher powers for harmonizing and connecting things natural and things spiritual; or, to define it more simply, a medium has a material within his organic structure, which when thrown off, and aided by music and the magnetism obtained from the circle, spirits can use to condense a vapor on their faces in simulation of features, and also forms and costumes, whereby they are rendered visible to mortal sight. But notwithstanding this remarkable power possessed by Mr. Mott, its manifestation depends largely on the character of the circle. There must be conditions of passivity, harmony, oneness of purpose, and sincerity of aim. One disorderly person may disperse the influences and make void any good results. Manger, in his "Freedom of Faith" says: "The eternal world, though near, is not visible, nor has it a voice always to be heard amidst the clamor of this world. Its tones are low, its movements are fine and delicate like the touch of spirits; its rewards and satisfactions are parts of a wide circling system, the full force and results of which we do not yet experience."

Since the powers of nature and of art have conspired to demonstrate that the Spirit-world now ceases to be "the bourne whence no traveler returns," and the means to communicate with it are within our reach, is it not eminently fitting that we should approach this threshold of eternity, this border land of the invisible, with reverent feelings?

In conclusion, may Kansas City afford the conditions under which true mediumship may accomplish its legitimate mission, and may Mr. Mott in his new abode, continue the good work of keeping open communication between those in the earth life and the denizens of the world of spirit.

AUNT BIDDIE.

For the Religion-Philosophical Journal.

Rabbia, the Sufi Saint.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

"The real saint, absorbed in what he loves and knows, forgets alike careens, spurns and gifts and blows; The lover of the Lord, when blessed to see his face, The dealings of his hand will never care to trace."

Heavy and arid as the atmosphere of Mohammedanism has generally been esteemed, it has not proved too much so to permit the growth of Philosophy, as well as of its invariable antecedent, mysticism. Professor Tholuck revealed to us that a century had barely passed by since the flight of the Apostle of Islam, when there sprang up among the Persians a class of mystics and perhaps ecstasies who made the utterances and displayed the marvels peculiar to an exalted spiritual condition. They naturally enough, however, claimed the whole body of Oriental sages, poets and pietists of all the preceding ages as virtual members of the mystic fraternity. Their name is somewhat in question. When the Roman Christian Emperors placed Philosophy under the ban of the Empire, the philosophers escaped to Persia, and remained there many years. Their designation of *sophi* or sages may, therefore, have become the title of their followers. The lexicographers, however, prefer to consider the term a Persian one.

The Chela Alledih, author of the *Memoirs*, and founder of one order of Dervises, seems to have been their principal exponent; and his famous poem is described by Alger: "From the banks of the Ganges to the Bosphorus it is the hand book of all Sufis, the law-book and ritual of all Mystics." Having myself an attraction and decided preference for mysticism over all formulated faiths, let alone the unknown school of non-philosophers, I have always read such literature and thought such thoughts with exquisite delight. The Sufi esteems no visible rites when placed in contrast with the interior life; when the knowledge of the Supreme has been attained there is no need for ceremonies. While the distinction of God and Man is eternal, yet the necessity, the attraction of each for the converse is intense, and to become one is the goal of every aspiration.

"The Love, the Loved one and the love, All three are only one—discover."

"God in my nature is involved, As I in the divine; I help to make his being up As much as he does mine."—Sufis.

Philosophy under Adrian and the Antonines was the ruling principle of the Roman

Empire. Sufism had a like opportunity in Persia. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the descendants of a Sufi occupied the throne. They governed, however, very much like other worldly rulers. Plutarch has sought to exhibit Alexander of Macedonia as a practical philosopher; yet it is no easy task to harmonize philosophy with politics. Religion has always died in the embrace; at least undergone metamorphosis.

Rabbia belongs to the earlier period, the next century after the Hajira. Her story is narrated in Milne's Poems, and expresses the whole idea of Sufism and Persian philosophy;—a union with God so intimate that it becomes identity;—in which thought is an involuntary intuitive grasp and fruition of universal truth, and feeling a dissolving and ecstasy of the perfect calm of unfathomable bliss. After reading the tale of Rabbia, little remains to be told.

RABBIA.

A pious friend one day of Rabbia asked: How she had learned the truth of Allah wholly? By what instructions was her memory tasked? How was her heart estranged from this world's folly?

She answered: "Thou who knowest God in parts Thy spirit's moods and processes can tell; I only know that in my heart of hearts, I have despoiled myself and loved Him well."

II.

Some evil upon Rabbia fell; And one who knew and loved her well Murmured that God with pain undoes Should strike a child so fond and true. But she replied: "Believe and trust That all I suffer is most just. I had in contemplation striven To realize the joys of Heaven; I had extended fancy's flights Through all that region of delights— Had counted till the numbers failed, The pleasures on the bliss entailed— Had sounded the ecstatic reel: I should enjoy on Allah's breast; And for these thoughts I now atone, That were thoughts of my own, And were not something of his alone."

III.

When Rabbia unto Mekka came, She stood awhile apart, alone; Nor joined the crowd with hearts on flame Collected round the Sacred Stone. She like the rest with toil had crossed The wastes of water, rock and sand, And now, as one long tempest-tossed, Beheld the Kaabeh's Promised Land.

Yet in her eye no transport glistened; She seemed with shame and sorrow bowed; To shouts of prayer she hardly listened, But beat her breast and cried aloud: "Oh! heart, weak follower of the weak! That thou shouldst traverse land and sea, In this far place that God to seek Who, long ago, had come to thee!"

IV.

Round holy Rabbia's suffering bed The wise men gathered, gazing gravely; "Daughter of God!" the younger said: "Endure Thy Father's chastening bravely; They who have steeped their souls in prayer Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside; Though not reproachfully nor sadly: "Daughter of God!" the eldest cried: "Endure Thy Father's chastening gladly; They who have learned to pray aright, From Pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then she spoke out: "Your words are fair; But O, the truth lies deeper still! I know not, when absorbed in prayer, Pleasure or pain, or good or ill; They who God's face can understand, Feel not the motions of his hand."

* The Kaabeh is the mosque of the Temple at Mekka. The name signifies a cave or alcove, and is from the same root as *Kayab*, the generic or mystical type, as all sanctuaries of the Great Mother anciently did; the womb of the universe; phase of nature. The Black Stone was formerly the symbol of the goddess Al Hura or Alitta, the Arabian Ishtar, Black and meteoric or magnetic stones were revered as the symbol of the Mother of a thousand names—of Kybele in Plegia of Astarte at Tyre, of Venus-Apphrodisite at Paphos. Mohammed, perhaps, for some mystic reason adopted the worship of the Black Stone, placed the crescent or female symbol on his banners and made Friday, the day of Venus, the Moslem Sabbath.

Letter from Omro, Wisconsin.

To the Editor of the Religion-Philosophical Journal:

The meeting just held in this place was a marked success in every respect; indeed, with Mrs. H. S. Laks and A. B. French no meeting could be a failure. The philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism and the practicalities of life were thoroughly discussed. One of the excellent features of the meeting was the fine music furnished by the Cross Concert Troupe, which gave universal satisfaction. The selection of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the election of Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood of Ripon, for President; the writer heretofore as Secretary; Mrs. M. J. Pratt, Vice-President and John Challenor, Treasurer.

The next meeting will undoubtedly be held in Milwaukee, the first of December next, due notice of which will be given.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

Sec'y Wis. State Association of Spiritualists.

The theory that animals don't mind being killed is questioned in London, where an abolition society is about to set up a painless death chamber.

A Mexican priest claims to have discovered a key to the Aztec writings. He will publish a book about it.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON—A STRANGE POPULAR ERROR.

O. For the faith to read the signs aright,
And from the angle of a perfect sight,
See truth's white banner floating on before;
And the good cause, despite of venal friends,
And base expedients, move to noble ends."

In the winter of 1867-8 I spent some months in Washington, on business connected with the reduction of internal revenue taxation; was there for the same purpose the next season, and have made several shorter visits to the capital city. Many who ought to know better, speak of the Congressman as of course corrupt, and his price known or found out by some lobbyist; that the knaves outside and inside may agree, and the bills those knaves get pay for become laws. If this be true a free government is a failure and we had best go back to kingly rule; for one despot is better than a horde of knaves or fools. But it is not true. Such things sometimes occur, for men in public, as in private life, are of all grades in morals, but a republic is better than a monarchy; more legislation in Congress and elsewhere is effected by fair means than by foul, and there are many men in such bodies whom no knaves dare approach.

We must bear in mind that governments in which the people are the source of power, are purer and better than constitutional monarchies or despotisms. Evils and perils we have, iniquity in high places can be found, but greater evils and perils, and more flagrant iniquities are in the courts of kings and the assemblies of titled aristocrats. This senseless talk about all legislators being open to bribes, and all who approach them bearing gifts, is demoralizing, and tends to destroy all faith and hope in free republics. That faith we must hold firm, and strengthen it by wise legislation, making our freedom still more impartial.

As to efforts to affect congressional action from outside, or to inform members of Congress, these are of two kinds:

1. Men of character and ability want some legislation, which they think right, and for the public good, on which members want information, and for which they rely only on fair means. They send a delegation to Washington to give facts and reasons for the action they ask for, using no bribes and appealing to no corrupt motives.

2. A company of men want some legislation which would be largely for their private gain, and perhaps in some small degree for the public good. They send shrewd men, with large promises and full purses, to Washington, who gravitate toward their like, are lavish in promises, fling away more money outside of Congress than inside, pull wires everywhere, and so sometimes gain their ends. The first kind of effort wins respect and influence, valuable information is given to the best men in Congress, and much important and useful legislation is effected, with no stain on the character of men acting in this way.

The second kind of effort makes up what may properly be called "the lobby."—the numbers and influence of which are exaggerated, while the plain truth is bad enough. Sometimes they succeed, oftener they fail. A known lobbyist has small influence with leading Congressmen—the mark of Cain is on him. As a matter of policy, saying nothing of principle, I would sooner send one honest man to Washington than a score of these notorious persons. "Honesty is the best policy," as the old saying goes; but, as some one has wittily said, "It needs honesty to find that out." One great Congressional measure will illustrate the first kind of effort. After the close of the civil war a time came when it was best to reduce the heavy internal revenue taxes. All parties wished the reduction, but the method was not so easy. A large National Convention of business men, manufacturers and others, met in Cleveland, Ohio, in Dec. 1867. Other meetings followed in the East, and it was decided to start a strong move for tax-reduction, to be accomplished in such way as not to injure the government and to make the decrease fair on all branches of industry; not relieving one at the expense of another, but using great care to recognize their interdependence and to grade the proposed relief to the needs of each and all. A committee of eight persons, each representing some large industry which he understood practically, was chosen to visit Washington and state their views to the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate. These men could not stay there and it was seen that daily information might be wanted. So a secretary was chosen to remain, to send for the Committee members when necessary, and to forward the matter and give information which Congress might need. I was made the Secretary, spent all the session in Washington, and also a large part of the next until the matter was decided. The smaller branches of industry all over the land, sent their statements to me; almost daily. I had some such paper to hand in to the Ways and Means Committee, often with brief verbal explanation. Occasionally a member of the Committee or a delegation, would come. For instance, I well remember a week's stay of a highly intelligent company of Massachusetts boot and shoe manufacturers, who gave facts much wanted, and whose company I greatly enjoyed. Without such information, carefully gained from all sections and occupations, Congress could not have been just to the many interests involved; with it they passed an Act wisely framed. In March, 1869, the Senate vote (the house having passed the bill previously) abolished over \$60,000,000 of the yearly internal revenue taxes, and this great step was followed by further reductions.

Most of the newspapers mentioned this with but little comment; for it is the mean work and the knavish efforts that are noised abroad, while the fair work goes on quietly and with small recognition. One of the worst prevalent evils is the giving in sensational detail the crime and depravity of public and private life by many of our journals, while acts of honor and kindness are recorded briefly, if at all. This miserable practice stimulates a morbid appetite, which "grows by what it feeds on."

With great respect and pleasure I keep in mind men in Congress, and other official places, whose friendship I enjoyed in Washington. Others I knew who had crawled up like snakes to high places, from whence they could hiss on nobler men beneath.

In Congressional legislation, as in all human affairs, the limitations and frailties of humanity are to be guarded against, but this thoughtless repetition of the cry of demagogues, that Congressmen and other officials are corrupt and for sale, and that only paid knaves, bought themselves that they may buy others, visit Washington on Congressional business is a degrading absurdity.

To spend a season in Washington, mingling

in its society where one meets noted persons from all over the land, is both pleasant and instructive. One evening I was at a literary reunion at the house of Horatio King, Assistant Post Master General in 1866, and Grace Greenwood was reading Lowell's witty poem on the Mexican war. Gen. Grant, before his Presidential days, came in late and found a seat in his quiet way, the reader glancing up to see who it was, but going on with her verse. She had reached the lines—

"As for war, I call it murder,
There you have it, plain and flat,
And you needn't go no further,
Than your Testament, for that—"

when the great commander sat down. I watched him and could see a cheery twinkle in his eye at these words.

This calls to mind an interview in his first Presidential term. Sojourner Truth came to the city, and I called to see her. She said: "Well child, de Lord sent you, I think. I want to see de President and you can get me there." I answered that I would try, and in a week or so went with her to the White House, my wife and her father with us. Sending in our names to the office, word came back to the sitting room in a half hour that we could be admitted. Following the messenger we found the President sitting at the end of a long table in the centre of the room, and just parting with some business visitors. I introduced Sojourner and the rest, and for a moment it was a little stiff and cool. She had met President Lincoln in that same room and his hearty ways and familiarity with southern life had led him to call her "auntie" with warm and cordial feeling. The quiet reticence of Grant was unlike Lincoln, and she felt it. Fortunately she thought of some Act of Congress signed by the President just before and inspired by a sense of justice to the colored people. For this she thanked him and the thin ice was broken. In the kindest and simplest manner he said he was glad to do it, and then followed ten minutes of easy and pleasant talk. She said: "I have a little book here which I call my book of life. Some good men and women have put their names in it. Here is a spot, just under Abraham Lincoln's name, I have kept for you. Here, too, is my photograph which I want you to have. I shall be glad to think that you have it." He cheerfully signed his name, selected a picture, passed her five dollars— not asked for—and as we left rose from his seat to take her hand with an air of respect and sincerity pleasant to see. It is almost needless to say that in the brief interview some words of hers were full of weight and wisdom.

Soon after I took her to the capitol and to the Senate reception room in the north-eastern part of the great building near the Senate chamber. She stood in the middle of the room and looked around on its walls, beautifully painted and gilded, and up to its vaulted ceiling with its wealth of color and artistic designs, and was silent for a brief time, taking in the whole in her usual indescribable way. Then she said: "Well, child, this is like what dey read in de book, about de painted chambers of de New Jerusalem." She then stepped to the window, and could see in the distance some wretched huts where the poor freedmen stayed. With that depth of meaning which sometimes gave her words strange significance she said, pointing to the huts: "But dey don't have them over there!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal,
FROM DENVER, COL., TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Overland and Return.

SECOND DAY.—We were off before day break. We had clambered into a nondescript vehicle in the darkness, and it was not until the gray of dawn, that we could view our surroundings. We found ourselves in a huge two-wheeled cart covered with gunny-sacking. It was a clumsy, awkward thing, half-filled with sacks of corn, trunks and boxes; the prospect before us was anything, but cheering, though somewhat spiced with novelty. Besides Barton and myself, there was an old gentleman and lady who were to accompany us for a hundred miles or so; Don Manuel, a young man who had been in Chihuahua for six years, and was returning to see the "old folks at home." In one of the Southern States of the Republic, and Don Jacinto, nephew of the owner of the train, who was doing duty as mayor domo or overseer. At about nine o'clock (and at about the same hour every day thereafter) the train halted for breakfast and for feeding the animals. Several of the muleteers had their wives along with them, who immediately on stopping, lighted fires and cooked all the meals. Those who had no wives boarded with those who did have. Barton and I had a pretty rough time of it as to grub all the way. We counted on getting food at our stopping places, but found this to be a mistake. We could have messed with the muleteers on tortillas and questionable dishes of meat, but from first to last we stood aloof from all such allurements. Our day's ride was a tedious one over rough and dusty roads, but a few hours of sleep in the jolting cart helped to shorten the journey somewhat, and at four P. M. we arrived at a hacienda called *La Reforma*. An "hacienda" is a large tract of country owned by one person, and the peones or employes on the estate are provided with adobe dwellings at a central point where there are corrals for cattle and other necessities for community living. The most of our halts were made at such places—some larger and some smaller, some richer and some poorer. *La Reforma* was not a very inviting place. The carts were drawn up into a circle forming an enclosure to confine the mules, who were provided with portable eating troughs stretched along through the center, made of gunny sacks. Their fodder was chopped straw and corn mixed. As darkness came on we spread our blankets on the ground beside the cart. The mules tramped, and munched, and snorted the night through, and to make it still worse the wind blew towards us from the animals and the stench was horrible, and so we passed the second night without sleep.

THIRD DAY.—We were up and away at three A. M., but before doing so I boiled some coffee in the darkness by one of the camp fires. It was coffee of American preparation that I happened to have among my effects, and I found the draught refreshing. We had a cold, disagreeable morning ride, and at eight A. M. we reached a small hacienda where some cows were being milked. We bought for a trifle a good quantity of the lactical fluid, and crumbling some dry bread into it we had a most sumptuous repast. Moving on we arrived at eleven A. M. at an hacienda known as Cordero, where we laid up for the rest of the day. Here there was an abundance of good water, and here the owner of the train, Don Benigno Navarro, overtook us. We left him at Santa Rosalia with his mother, sister-in-law and a little girl eight years of age, who were all bound for their old home in Guadalajara. Several years ago the Navarro brothers, two or three in number, went to Chihuahua to seek their fortune,

much as people from the East of the United States used to go West for the same purpose. In course of time they became well off and brought their mother to their new home; and now she had set out on a journey of from thirty to thirty-five days to revisit her native city—a great undertaking for an old lady. At this place we had cleaner ground to sleep on and sweeter air to breathe, and yet I could not sleep. I could not rid myself of my timidity, nor get used to the noises of the restless animals.

FOURTH DAY.—At three o'clock in the morning we were en route, for a long day's journey was before us, and the mules travel faster in the cool of the day. They average about one league or three Spanish miles per hour. A Spanish league is a trifle more than two and six-tenths or 2.636 English miles. Toward eleven o'clock the sun poured down with great fierceness, but a smart breeze tempered the heat considerably, and it was four P. M., before we reached *La Canya*, our stopping place, and the worst one we had yet seen. Water was scarce and impure. Here we procured some milk, strangely enough, for the Mexicans make a practice of milking only in the morning, and we were up and away before milking time. The name of Don Benigno's sister-in-law is Benita. The little girl is her adopted daughter, whose name is Margarita. They all rode in an ambulance wagon and slept in it at night—that is, the female portion of the family did. The whole family were Spiritists of the Allan Kardec School, and long controversies were at intervals held on the subject. Margarita had been learning to read English in Chihuahua, and having her book along with her she daily wished to show me her proficiency in reading. I had with me a small book of Evangelical hymns, such as are sung in Protestant Churches in the United States. These hymns were translations from the English and adapted to American and English tunes. On this evening I undertook the task of teaching the party some of these tunes, and before we reached our journey's end they could sing them very nicely. We all retired early, and I got my first night's good sleep. Tired nature yielded at last.

FIFTH DAY.—On the march again at three P. M., and at ten o'clock we reached the hacienda known as Remedios, where we halted and passed the rest of the day. The trains make it a point to stop where there is water, and so some of the *jornadas* or days' journeys are shorter than others. At this place water is abundant, but so strongly impregnated with soda that people do not drink it. The poor, thirsty animals can do no better. Water for domestic purposes is brought many miles, and therefore scarce. There is a soda-hot spring in the vicinity, which is a resort for bathing purposes, and is supposed to have healing properties. The day was oppressively warm, and although the whole of our swarthy and grimy crowd betook themselves beneath a scorching sun to its limpid waters, we did not venture until toward evening, when making our way over fields whitened with soda, and half way up a steep hill, we came upon a deep cavern at the bottom of which was the healing pool. With some difficulty we descended to it, disrobed ourselves and entered the water, which at first we found so hot as to be almost unbearable, but becoming accustomed by degrees we had a most luxurious bath, that left us several degrees whiter than when we entered it. We made the mistake of taking soap along, and tried to shampoo our heads. The effect was to stick our hair together so firmly that we could not get our combs through it for a week after. The Mexicans told us that they used the soda around the edge of the spring for washing their heads, but the information came too late. The bath was refreshing. We rested well all day—retired early and slept profoundly.

SIXTH DAY.—The mules were hitched into the carts at one o'clock this morning and the train was set in motion. The air was cool, and we slept well as we rode along. Before noon a hot, driving wind sprang up, and at one P. M., we arrived in Jarral, a very large and flourishing hacienda. Here we found good water, but it was a desolate place without a particle of shade. The wind blew a hurricane all the rest of the day, and the dust was stifling. We were obliged to confine ourselves to the cart for shelter, and the only thing we saw of interest was a party of American surveyors in the employ of the Mexican Central Railroad Company.

SEVENTH DAY.—Left at midnight. Slept a little on the road, and at noon we arrived at Jarral Chico, a much better camping place than that of the day before. Water in abundance and less wind and dust. Dona Benita sent us a nice breakfast from her larder, which was highly appreciated. We left this place at eleven P. M. The old lady and gentleman who started out with us left us at the end of the second day, and up to the present only three of us had been occupants of the cart, which gave us room to stretch out and ride in more comfortable misery; but our company was to be henceforth re-enforced by a big, fat Mexican, who up to that time had been riding in the ambulance with the Navarro family. Barton, who couldn't understand a word of Spanish, stretched himself out regardless of anybody's comfort, and growl as the Mexicans might be, he was oblivious to it all. Somebody had to keep up the reputation for American courtesy, as well as hogghishness, and so I sat bolt upright nearly every night to "give the boys a chance" to sleep.

EIGHTH DAY.—Towards morning, the weather which had been very warm grew cooler. The traveling had been growing abominably rough, and we had been shaken and jolted without mercy for hours. We had been riding to a higher altitude and at about eleven o'clock, A. M., we drew in sight of the town of Mapiim. The scenery for some hours had been growing better and we now passed along through clumps of trees and greenery of different kinds. This was very noticeable, for the whole region that we had traversed, was a howling wilderness—the very "abomination of desolation." At about noon we entered the village. It was Sunday and the church bells were ringing. But very few Americans had ever been seen in the place, and we two were objects of great curiosity to the inhabitants. We took a stroll over the town and procured the first good square meal we had had for a week. An American company had recently purchased a mine in the vicinity and erected smelting works. There were evidences all about of great activity in former days in mining and in reduction, and we found several Mexican smelters in operation during our wanderings. We came across a Hibernian lady, the mistress of a grocery store, who had been living in that isolated place for thirty or forty years. She and her husband went there when young. The latter died and she was left with children who grew up and became Mexicanized, and identified with the country, and so she felt as though she could never get away. She had not forgotten the English tongue in all these years, though rarely ever coming in contact with English speaking people.

NINTH DAY.—We had expected to leave at night as usual, but the head muleteer got drunk, and it was 5 A. M., before we got started. This was the hardest day of all for my fellow traveler and myself, and the outlook was anything but cheering. Don Benigno wanted more cotton to haul, and he informed us that he wanted the cart we had been riding in for that purpose. There was another empty cart besides, and during the previous day the cotton bales of one loaded team were distributed among the others, and thus three carts were left for taking on more cotton. We were informed that if we proceeded further we would have to ride on top of the cotton bales. This was not according to our understanding and agreement. We felt it an outrage, but there was nothing to do but submit. Choosing, each of us, the team upon which we would ride, we clambered 20 feet up in the air and suffered ourselves to be lashed to the cotton bales to avoid the accident of being thrown off. It was a moment of humiliation for us, for we did not expect anything of the kind. We had had the promise of traveling with some little degree of comfort, but up to the present time we had seen nothing but hardship, and the prospect of greater hardship seemed evident. The train separated and moved on, the laden carts in one direction and the empty ones in another, for they were to go to a place called Lerdo for their cotton. We were to proceed to La Loma, and there wait for them to overtake us. The sun was hot but the breeze was cool, and after awhile I rather began to enjoy my position. The scenery was fine, and if I had had a shade over my head to protect me from the sun it would not have been a bad exchange. The muleteer, who was kindly disposed, said that if it should be definitely determined that I must ride in that way (for there was some doubt as to Don Benigno's getting cotton to haul) he would rig me up a seat and a shade to protect me from the sun. For thirteen hours we rode thus. The men lost their way, and made a longer journey than was necessary to the hacienda of La Loma—the prettiest place we had yet seen. I was terribly sun-burnt and covered with dust, and my companion in distress suffered even more than I did, and he resolved that he would not proceed another day in that way, but would go to Lerdo and there take his chances for finding transportation for the south. After repairing to a small stream of water and making our ablutions we retired to rest.

TENTH DAY.—At 6:30 A. M., we again mounted to our lofty perches and started on. We passed through long avenues of trees on our way to the Nazas river which had to be crossed by fording, but before reaching it we encountered great difficulty in the way of sand beds, requiring all the mules of all the teams to draw each cart over separately. This was finally accomplished. The river was forded without accident, and at 9 A. M., we arrived at La Loma where we were to wait the arrival of Don Benigno. La Loma is a very large hacienda and, like all of the kind, is owned by one person. Being in the valley of a river the land is moist, and fertile, and for foliage and scenery was the most attractive place we had yet seen. And now I will tell what I have found out about haciendas. A *sitio* of land contains over 4,200 of our acres—a tract that would satisfy the average ambition of any farmer in the United States, but not so here. An hacienda comprises from 10 to 20 and 100 *sitios* oftentimes. Immense corrals are constructed of stones or adobes, and houses for employes are also built. Sometimes these employes or *peones* number up into the hundreds and are but a little better off than slaves. They are paid from 12½ to 50 cents daily, and are obliged to take their pay in store goods—articles of the greatest necessity for which they are charged exorbitant prices. They get into debt deeper and deeper, as their wages are not sufficient to satisfy their most ordinary necessities. They cannot get away and so they are in bondage almost as hopeless as the slaves of the South used to be. I saw and conversed with men far advanced in years who had thus been held from youth up. They chafe under the yoke but have no remedy. In this particular, Mexico seems more like a despotism than a republic. The heat at La Loma was intense, but shade trees were plentiful and we rested long and well beneath their sheltering branches. Toward evening Don Benigno came with his three carts empty, and secretly we rejoiced at his bad luck. The cotton bales were re-distributed among the several teams and at 10 o'clock the same evening we started on our way. We had a terrible night of it. The roads were rough, and we were threshed about so violently that rest or sleep were impossible.

(To be continued.)

HEBREW MANUSCRIPTS.

A Description of Those Recently Discovered in Russia—Curious Story of How They Were Found.

A Correspondent of the London Times writes from St. Petersburg an account of the results of Dr. Harkavy's examination of the newly found Hebrew manuscripts of several books of the Old Testament. This account is drawn from the proof-sheets of Dr. Harkavy's report which has now been communicated to the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences. The first chapter of the report explains how the discovery was made.

In September last year, Dr. Harkavy received several fragments of these parchment rolls from a member of a Jewish society in south Russia, whose acquaintance he had made during a visit to Tiflis two years earlier. A letter accompanying them stated, that they belonged to two fellow-townsmen of the sender, and that one of the owners had also sent another fragment to the editor of a Jewish paper in St. Petersburg. Upon Dr. Harkavy undertaking to examine the manuscripts the Jewish editor referred to was requested to hand over to him the other fragment; but owing to the absence of the editor abroad some little delay ensued. In the meantime, Dr. Harkavy found the examination of the four fragments sent to him direct extremely difficult, and several circumstances combined to rouse his suspicions. These suspicions, however, were gradually removed. He received the other fragment from the Jewish editor, which contained the second half of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah," with the writing much more distinct, and subsequently many more fragments in various hand-writings and different states of preservation were sent to him from the south. The following account is from one of the owners, written to Dr. Harkavy in Hebrew: In the month of May, 1883, the owner Z— entered a wine cellar or restaurant in his native town, a south Russian seaport, and there fell in with a sailor who spoke to him in Hebrew. The sailor invited Z— on board his vessel, and showed him some fragments of the manuscripts in question. These old scrolls seemed to be regarded by the seaman as possessing some lucky charm, but after some bargaining he was induced to part with a couple of frag-

ments in exchange for an oil painting. The sailor soon left for another port in the Black sea, and Z—, who was eager to acquire the whole collection of parchments, followed him up, and succeeded in obtaining nine more fragments. Ultimately, on the telegraphic advice of Dr. Harkavy, Z— again sought out the man on his return to the port and purchased the remaining thirty rolls. There are altogether fifty-one pieces of these parchments in the hands of Dr. Harkavy. With regard to the history of these manuscripts, the sailor stated that about thirty years ago the rolls were found by his father at Rhodes, in the island of that name, after a destructive fire which occurred there. This fire may very probably have been the result of the great powder explosion in the Johanniter-schloss, in 1856. The sailor knew very little more concerning the origin of the documents. He was unable to say whether they had belonged to a synagogue or a private person; whether those in his possession formed the whole collection, or whether they had been discovered on the same spot. His father was dead, and at the time the parchments were found he was only ten years of age.

The second chapter of the treatise is devoted to a description of the fifty-one rolls.

Some of them are well, and others badly, prepared skins of parchment, or leather written on one side only. The characters are written with some peculiar fluid, which has now turned a faint color with a reddish or brownish tint. Many of the fragments are badly damaged, while others are in a good state of preservation, and have a comparatively fresh appearance. The writing, however, has suffered severely. On some of the skins it is perceptible only when they are held up to the light, and on others it is obscured by a kind of mildew. Some of the skins are greased through so as considerably to hinder their perusal. It is very possible that the employment of strong re-agents would render legible much of the text which at present can not be deciphered, but the Professor has refrained from having recourse to any of these means, through fear of injuring the parchments. Dr. Harkavy thinks the date and origin of the manuscripts may, perhaps, be determined by their condition and the writing fluid employed. This question, however, he leaves experts to decide. A few of the skins have punctured edges, showing that they were bound together.

As to the pallographical characteristics, or peculiar forms of Hebrew letters:

Dr. Harkavy refers to letters of a similar formation, in Egyptian, Phœnician, Etruscan, old Grecian, and other ancient Alphabets, and suggests comparison in order that experts may, perhaps, arrive at the origin of the obsolete lettering in these manuscripts. Some of the letters are undoubtedly of a very ancient form, while others are of a form which Dr. Harkavy considers to be wholly unknown. The old shape of some of the letters, and the original forms of others, point to the conclusion that the alphabet of the manuscripts must have sprung from the primitive Semitic stem, and early separating from it, have gone on its own way prior to the complete development of the square Hebrew characters. It must, also, therefore, have belonged to Jews—who were living in isolation, and who developed an alphabet of their own. Religious and traditional considerations also lead to this conclusion. Many of the peculiarities of the letters may be traceable to the influence of some foreign alphabet used by a people among whom these Jews lived; and an investigation of this fact by experts, may possibly help to determine the date and origin of the Harkavy parchments.

For criticism of the text or the history of the Hebrew text of several of the Old Testament books, the manuscript will not be without interest and importance. Two examples only are for the present given by Dr. Harkavy, to show the differences between the accepted rendering of the manuscripts. In Esther, chapter ii, verse 21, and in Lamentations of Jeremiah, chapter ii, verses 3, 4, and 6.

The Lamentations are followed by a new biblical elegy on the downfall of Jerusalem, written in another hand with different ink. The author's name, Jacob ben Isaac, is given in acrostics. Unfortunately the greater part of the poem is quite illegible. The Professor has been enabled to decipher only nine lines. As far as he can learn, this elegy is not found in any known collection. The language is pure Hebrew, and the expressions are, for the most part borrowed from the preceding lamentations. As it is in rhyme and the name of the author is acrostically given, a manner of signing which, the Professor states is first found in the new Hebrew poetry of Jannai, the teacher of Eliezer Kalir, about the second half of the eighth or the beginning of the ninth century, the author, in all probability, lived somewhat later.

The third chapter of the treatise deals with the question of the genuineness of the manuscripts.

Dr. Harkavy does not consider himself as competent to arrive at a definite decision in the matter, as a varied technical knowledge is requisite for this purpose. He is desirous merely of placing the *pro* and *con* of the question impartially before his critics, and he hopes that some explanation may thereby be found for a certain amount of doubt which still lingers in his mind. He admits that, with all the facts at present to hand, there still remains much that is very doubtful, if not suspicious, in the circumstances. He, therefore, in the first place, points out what is strange and remarkable in the circumstances of the discovery, and then endeavors to find an explanation for the inner difficulties of the manuscripts. The following considerations then suggest themselves: First, the sailor's story of the father having found the MSS. during a fire is rather romantic, and inclines one to suspect an intentional design to remove all control over the facts. 2: It is incomprehensible why the sailor, according to his own account, kept the matter secret for nearly thirty years, and only disclosed it last year, and that in south Russia, and not in his own country. 3. The discovery of the manuscripts on the island of Rhodes, in the city of the same name, gives rise to the reflection that this island is by no means a remote, out-of-the-way retreat; and therefore the existence there of any hitherto unknown orthographical art is very improbable. Besides this, the Jews of this island, which has been known as a Jewish colony from early down to the most modern times, do not belong to any exclusive or lost tribes or families who would be likely to possess anything unforseen by or unknown to scholars.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

Dr. T. G. COMSTOCK, Physician of Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(METUCHEN, N. J.)

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers,
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted towers.

That city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warden, keeps the key
That opens those gates eternal.

But sometimes when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Streams brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

—Nancy Amelia Priest.

How rich the other world is growing from the losses of this! Day by day, hour by hour, many a beautiful spirit drops its encumbering garment of clay, and dons its royal robe for the better life. With wood distilled from essences of matter and warp of spiritual emanations, it is clothed for that life where all things are of a corresponding degree of refinement—the world of causes—the wondrous Summer-Land.

It is wondrous to us here, but we are assured by intuition and analogy, that it is perfectly natural in all its parts, and is governed by the same unchanging laws that govern us to-day. Justice and truth and love and beauty are the same here and hereafter. There cannot be two sets of laws; the same find their application through both matter and spirit.

Therefore, they who have obeyed the deepest attractions of their natures, who have been true to truth, who have loved goodness and tried to become a centre of pure influences—who have been patient and benevolent and loving and merciful—can there be any thing but happiness remaining as the portion of such? Must they not continue to progress in all true wisdom, to grow in grace and the knowledge of Deity, through all the cycles of eternity?

It is well, sometimes, to think of our beloved, who have gone within the veil, as happy learners of heavenly lore, as well as their watchfulness over us. What stupendous fields of research and exploration lie before them! What opportunities to benefit the unprogressed; what incentives to outgrow their own defects; what explorations into divine principles!

But we may be certain that all this learning, all the researches of the ages, will not permit them to outgrow the truth, understood by the simplest child of earth, that Love is the life of all things, the inspirer of all that lives and breathes. He who loves most, exhibits the most God-like qualities, if it be wisely manifested. And they who are translated to the world of causes lose none the less, but more. As they are nearer the source of Love and Life, they receive more directly the rays of that effulgent centre which men gleefully name with the irreverence of ignorance, God.

GONE BEFORE.

Among those who have been translated within a short time, is Mary Howitt Watts of London, the second daughter of Mary and William Howitt. She was always of a most sensitive, refined and retiring disposition, and inherited much of the literary talent of both parents. Her first book, "Art Studies in Munich," is the best description written of life in that German town. Another book, "A Winter in Stockholm," is a charming account of some months spent with Frederika Bremer in Sweden, giving insight into domestic and social life in that quaint country. Mary Howitt had translated Miss Bremer's novels, thus bringing the Scandinavian writer into close relations with the pleasant English authoress and her family.

Mrs. Watts's last work, published in the London *Psychical Magazine*, is entitled, "The Mystical Death." It is informed with a remarkably sweet and elevated spiritual tone, seeming, indeed, to emanate, as it has proved, from one on the border of the heavenly world. The chief narrative is concerned with the passing away of her father, William Howitt, and contained an account of his mystic and prophetic utterances. They show the sensitiveness of the family to influences from the sphere of spirit and their deeply religious natures. Mrs. Watts developed as a medium in the privacy of family life against the prejudices and opposition of her father, which were eventually overcome by the beautiful messages which she received from his translated friends. Mrs. Watts was too finely organized to permit of a long life here. She has rejoined her father, leaving a mother aged and almost alone, since her sons reside in Australia, but consoled by a philosophy which has neither weakness nor doubts.

Mary Clemmer, formerly known as Mrs. Ames, was greatly admired by a host of friends who never looked upon her face. For a long series of years she was the Washington correspondent of the *Independent*, and as such she wielded a most trenchant and fascinating pen. Her word-pictures have seldom been equalled, and many of us think of a multitude of public men only as she described them. Her work upon the press helped to purify, uplift and dignify American journalism, as, be it said to their honor, the work of women has almost always done. Mrs. Clemmer was eloquent, poetic and witty by turns, and had marvellous power in the use of words. Her "Ten years in Washington," a subscription book, is widely popular, though not her best work, and a number of novels, show a good analysis of character. She wrote excellent verse, and not long since published a volume, but she was pre-eminently a journalist. With industry and economy, Mrs. Clemmer amassed a competence, besides supporting her parents in their old age. Her home in Washington was a literary centre and its mistress will long be missed.

JANE SWISSELM.

The recent death of Mrs. Swisshelm, recalls the vigorous and picturesque personality of one who was the first woman correspondent of a daily paper known to this or any country. Mrs. Swisshelm was fond of tracing her pedigree back to Lady Jane Grey who was behead-

ed three centuries ago. She was an ardent abolitionist, when abolitionism meant ostracism and sometimes danger. She edited two or three newspapers in Minneapolis and Pittsburgh, and her trenchant, vigorous pen made its daily thrusts at many shams for a long number of years. Her autobiography is a rare piece of writing. Mrs. Swisshelm could work better alone than with others, and her characteristics were those of a free lance.

Almira Lincoln Phelps, who recently passed from earth on her 91st birthday, in Baltimore, Md., was one of two sisters remarkable for energy and literary and business ability. Emma, the elder, became noted as Mrs. Willard, the principal of a girl's school at Troy, N. Y., the first of its kind in this country. Mrs. Lincoln was associated with her sister in the school at Troy, during which time she published "Lincoln's Botany," which was for many years a leading text book on that subject. She also wrote works on geology, history and ethics. At the age of eighty-five, she wrote a paper on the Infidel Tendencies of modern Science, which was read and discussed before the American Scientific Association. For many years Mrs. Phelps was principal of the Patapsco Female Institute of Ellicott City, Md. She possessed great dignity and culture, and was widely esteemed at a time when such women were rarely known. A diary kept by her, from the age of sixteen till nearly the day of her death, will be extracted from and published, by some of her descendants. It is said, making a transcript of the times of much interest. Mrs. Phelps is an example of the fact that a love of science and literature is preservative of the faculties. All her life she had been an enthusiastic student, and almost to the last was as keen, eager and interested as a person in the flush of youth. The soul which is in close and wholesome contact with the best thought of the age, best keeps the freshness of the body unimpaired. The bright eye, the elastic step, belongs to her who lives in the lives of others, and in the communion with the noble and the wise.

Evolution in Prayer.

BY DEBT STEWART.

"Prayer," says Novallis, "is in religion what thought is in philosophy. The religious sense prays as the reason thinks."

Perhaps the least deceptive standard by which to measure man's idea of divinity is prayer. Whatever a man may tell us of his ideas of Deity, we never feel so assured as when we hear him address that Deity in supplication. The essence of his religious views will be revealed in his prayer. The evolution of man's conception of Deity could, therefore, be traced from the crudest conceptions of animism to the sublimest ideal of a developed theology by studying the corresponding evolution in prayer. Without attempting anything so systematic as this, I have jotted down from time to time some authentic prayers of savage tribes as I have met with in books, illustrative of that idea.

Primitive prayers are solely for temporal good. Oldendorf says of the negroes of the Caribbean Islands: "Their concerns which they lay before God in their prayers, even on their knees, have reference only to the body, to health, to fine weather, a good harvest, destruction of their enemies, and increase of their tribe." This is true of the prayers of all peoples in the first dawning of the religious sense. It is the gradual spiritualization of prayer that marks religious growth. What an immeasurable interval between the Zulu "song-prayer" and the "Father, forgive them," of Jesus. In the Dori's Prayer are seven petitions, only one of which is for temporal good, and this is the very least we could ask for, "our daily bread." Compare the religious development signified by that prayer with that marked by the prayer of the Nootka Indian preparing for war: "Great Quahootze let me live, not be sick, find the enemy, not fear him, find him asleep, and kill a great many of him."

Rev. Mr. Callaway gives a specimen of the lowest type of prayer, which is little more than an incantation, or an attempt to conjure the gods. There are various forms of incantation used for different things. He says: "In their song-prayer or incantation used in bringing rain, the Zulu chief, in a most modest voice begins: 'I ya wu; a wu; o ye; i ye; a ye; when the tribe, bowing their heads, sing in response, 'I ya woo; ya he; ya wo; ya hi.' These words mean nothing in the language of the people using them. But they seem to be as productive of good as the prayer of the Hebrew prophet, for the Zulus affirm this song invariably brings rain."

The Aht prays to the moon with a simple "teech, teech," or health, health; and it is said the savages of Brazil had prayers as rudimentary as these. In a certain African tribe, the men go each morning to the river and splashing the water in their faces, whisper softly the word "Eksuvias," then pray, "Give me to-day rice and yams, gold and aggr-y-heads, slaves, riches and health, make me active and strong." The cry for bread is universal. The Bushman in a low, imploring tone, prays: "O Cagu, Cagu, are we not your children? Do you not see our hunger? Give us food; give us both hands full." The Khonds pray that their "herds may be so numerous they cannot be housed, and children so numerous that many hands must care for them"; or "that swine shall be so plentiful that their rooting snouts shall plow the land." In a Zulu village, at the sacrifice of a bullock to the spirits of their ancestors, the priest was heard to pray "for cattle that they may fill this pen. I pray for corn that many people may come to this village and make a noise and gratify you. I also ask for children that the village may have a large population, and that your name may never come to an end." The last clause, suggestive of the commercial relationship between gods and men, calls to mind the prayer in *Ezekiel's* "Seven against Thebes," where Eteokles implores Zeus, the earth and the tutelary deities to protect Thebes, and as a motive for compliance, adds, "And I trust that what I say is for our common advantage, since a prosperous city honors the gods!" In the morning twilight of religious concepts, the gods are considered amenable to such influences as affect man himself. Prayers abound with appeals to the pride, honor, gratitude, pity, passions of the deities implored. Promises of remuneration are held forth as special inducement to the granting of a favor. Instance the bargain Jacob offered Jehovah (Gen. xxviii, 20-22), the conditions being that if God would give him food and clothing and see him safely home, in return he would build him a house and give him one-tenth of all he had. A singular mental state prompted the prayer of the Huron Indian, overheard by Brebeck in 1636: "Oki, thou who dwellest in this spot, I offer thee tobacco! Help us, save us from shipwreck, defend us from our enemies, give us a good trade, bring us back safe and sound to our wigwams and I will give thee much tobacco!" In 1670 Father Allouez penetrated the forests to an Algonquin village never before visited

by a white man. Startled by his pale face and long black gown, the natives took him to be a divinity. The old men gathered in a circle around him, and one with a double handful of tobacco advanced and addressed him thus: "This, indeed, is well, Blackrobe, that thou dost visit us. Have mercy upon us. Thou art a Manitou. We give thee to smoke. The Naudowessies and Iroquois are devouring us. Have mercy upon us. We are often sick; our children die; we are hungry. Have mercy upon us. Hear us, O Manitou, I give thee to smoke. Let the earth yield us corn, the rivers give us fish, sickness not slay us, nor hunger so torment us. Hear us, O Manitou, I give thee to smoke." Is there not something touching in this sad cry of oppression? Prayer is a confession of our weakness made to one from whom we hope for aid.

The Polynesian missionary, Turner, says: "The Samoans offer this prayer the same as we say grace at meal time. In taking their evening cup of ava, the eldest one present lifts a well-filled cup aloft and says, 'Here is ava for you, O gods! Look kindly toward this family, let it prosper and increase, and let us all be kept in health. Let our plantations be productive, let fruit grow, don't blast it, but let there be an abundance of food for us your creatures. Here is ava for you, O sailing gods (storm gods). Do not come on shore at this place; but be pleased to depart along the ocean to some other land.' Star and Covenant.

The Gospel of True Manhood.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

The human soul is ever in motion. Unlike the pulpit Divinity, who labors six days and then takes "a day off" for rest, the divine human soul never seeks repose. We find but two modes of motion, but two methods of manifesting the activity and individuality of the soul. One is its action upon and through matter. The scientist tells us that the reasoning power is the result of motion amongst the molecules of the human brain. Yes; but the player upon that superb instrument, he who although invisible has his fingers on every key, is the individualized human soul.

There is a universe of ideas just as there is a universe of matter. The thinker suddenly encounters an idea that is new to him; and manhood's energy starts into new life. The brain moves; that is thought, and just to the extent of the power of that brain will the human soul add thought to thought till reason is evolved. As an ultimate we see the proud, cold scientist of to-day, who rejoices in the fact that he is the embodiment of human reason. This is the action of the human soul upon matter and through reason. It may and will grow more out-reaching and powerful as its instrument grows more refined, but will always be limited to the expression possible through matter. So the first and prominent manifestation of soul to soul in this mortal life is through reason. But there is a second mode of motion that adheres to the human soul. The soul can reach its desired end and grasp an existing fact by other means than the moving of molecules of matter in the mortal brain. We call it "intuition" or the "psychometric faculty," which is but another name for soul-power. To reason it is unexplainable; to reason it is folly, but with life, as a race course, it will bear you to the goal ere reason has laboriously gathered its atoms for the start.

How easy it is to become one-sided. The budding intellect of a child would expand in every direction were it not spoiled by a false training like the small foot of a Chinese lady. To the Materialist all is matter, whilst to the Spiritualist all is spirit; on the one hand a rejection of every idea that cannot be elaborated thought by thought through matter; that is scientific Materialism. On the other hand, there is an almost contemptuous disregard of matter and its conditions, with a loud cry for exhibition of spirit power, which is the position taken by the zealous Spiritualist of to-day.

My position is that man comprehends and compasses the boundless whole. Not one scientific thought, investigation or discovery can I afford to forego; but if I would advance toward full manhood, right wing, left wing, and centre must all be kept within striking distance of the common enemy, "Ignorance."

To use but one arm is to grow weak with the other, and that is the tendency of man on earth. It is either all matter or all spirit with him.

The scientist of to-day knows that instead of a Bible-Aldem, moulded to perfection by the clay-soiled fingers of an almighty God, man's powers of body and of mind have evolved slowly and surely, demanding ages for each step of real advance. But manhood is intelligence peeping out through matter, under conditions which are subject to law, and the thought we have to grasp, is that "law" is as absolute on the invisible side of life as it is with the material form we see and handle.

My object in these articles is to try and trace the operation of laws that directly concern man, in the realm of the invisible. Whilst I claim for the soul of man its own inherent divinity and an existence to which time past, time present, and time to come can set no limit, I point you to the co-existent fact that the soul is dependent upon matter for its power to manifest itself to another soul. Whether that matter be in the crude and evanescent molecules of this life, or sublimated for the use of one who has climbed the arch-angelic throne, it is yet matter; and it colors every ray of intelligence just as the sun's white ray is tinted to the bluish upon a maiden's cheek.

Matter is alive with the universal life, but the soul breathes upon its divine individuality; yet ever remember that the matter of which the soul would make use, has received and registered an eternity of impressions. No writing upon unwritten paper is possible to the human soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Making Peace with her Maker.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

One of the supremest evidences of human weakness and folly, grows out of a belief in an implacable, revengeful God. It shuts the soul from the joys of attainable peace and happiness in the present, in gloomy forebodings of evil in the possible future. This thought was especially pressed upon my mind a few days ago, from the remark of a friend in regard to the recent death of his wife. Said he, after speaking in the saddest tones of his great loss, in parting from a wife who had been so good as she had been: "But I feel greatly consoled by the assurance that at last she made peace with her Maker."

What greater absurdity can we conceive

than this? What sort of a supreme being does this set up the Maker to be? An infinite being imbued with revengeful feelings against so weak a creature as one of his own finite creations! Nay, more, a being who has himself placed it on record in his inspired page, that he is the same to-day, yesterday and forever, without shadow of turning, permitting himself to be swayed by the passion of anger, and again changed to feelings of mercy for the appeal of a few uttered words; and this towards a creature so weak that he can make and unmake, in and out of existence, at a breath!

In our finite dealings with each other, it is ever accounted both unmanly and mean to harbor feelings of revenge, while Jesus of Nazareth taught the grand doctrine of universal good will contained in the command, that we should love our enemies, and when smitten on one cheek, meekly turn the other in quest of peace rather than resent our injuries in revengeful strife. Are we to suppose that the heavenly Father of Jesus is less loving than the son he especially sent into the world to teach his laws for our guidance? But the absurdity of this foolishness does not end here. For what reason is it necessary that this weak woman, after three years of suffering, bringing her to the agony of parting from husband and children, in her thirtieth year, when all should be full of buoyant happiness, should find it necessary to make peace with her Maker? Was she confronted, in that supreme hour of torture, when all she held dear were fading forever from her sight, with an infinite being, angry and ailing, bent on consigning her to eternal perdition unless—what?—she acknowledged her manifold sinfulness in being born with soul and body too weak to withstand the temptations and trials by which he had surrounded her, and begged to be forgiven? Are we to suppose that the poor terrified creature cried: "Oh! Father, because Adam and Eve so many thousands of years ago were not strong enough to withstand the serpent, thou didst let loose upon them, I am a great sinner, and need to appease thy wrath?"

Can the human mind conceive any more pitiful drive? I write this in all reverence for the beliefs of others, but with feelings of indignation against the torture of poor suffering creatures in the agony of death, caused by such terrifying superstition. But look a moment farther into this absurdity. Granting that the infinite father can descend to the finite weakness of anger and revenge, against a woman for sins committed in her short span of life, by what process was she, at the last moment, to wipe out her transgressions and attain peace with her God? Not in all the inspired page is there anything more positively set forth, than the immutable law of Jehovah, that no sin shall go unpunished; that we must be judged and pay the penalty for every deed done in the body. Every sin committed is a wrong against some one.

How could she, in her dying hours, helpless and weak to dissolution, make reparation to those she might have wronged by any mere appeal to her Maker? If in reality she was confronted by the vision of an angry Maker, demanding the appeasement of his wrath, might she not well have exclaimed, as she saw her loved ones clustered in grief about her dying bed: "I came into the world without my own knowledge or consent, weighted with such weaknesses of body and spirit as I inherited from my parents; if I have not been strong enough to do thy will, who is to blame? Everything seems very dark to me, and I do not feel as if I have either reason to feel thankful that I was born, or glad at the thought that I am leaving all I love behind."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF THE RAILWAY, or Stories of the Locomotive in Every Land. By Wm. Sloane Kennedy. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., 1884.

The author, under the heading "Beginnings in Europe," "The First American Railroad," "The Railroad of the Continent," "The Locomotive in Slippers," "A Mosaic of Travel," "A Handful of Curiosities," "Mountain Railways," "A Vertical Railway," "The Lightning Harnessed," "The Functions of the Railway in War," "The Luxury of Travel," "The Locomotive and its Master," "The Track and the Train," gives an interesting account of the beginning, progress, peculiarities, etc., etc., of the railway. The work is profusely illustrated and is very interesting throughout. Speaking of a "Handful of Curiosities" the author says:

"The inventive genius of mechanics has exercised itself in the excoigation of a good many fantastic and daring plans for railroads and locomotives. There have been not only railroads under the ground and in the air, but railroads in the clouds, railroads among the tree-tops, and railroads on the ice, and the models of even a submarine railway have been constructed and exhibited. And there have been flying locomotives, locomotives with sails, locomotives on sled-runners, and bicycle locomotives."

The work is really an encyclopedia of facts with reference to railroads, and will be read with more interest than an ordinary novel.

The following from John W. Lloyd & Co., New York: SOCIAL PROBLEMS, By Henry George. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

LIFE OF GROVER CLEVELAND with a Sketch of Life of Thomas Andrews Hendricks. By Deahler Welch. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA. By John Harrison and Margaret Compton. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

Our Newspapers.

According to Edwin Alden & Bro's (Cincinnati O.), American Newspaper Catalogue for 1884, there are 14,867 newspapers and magazines published in the United States and the British Provinces. Total in the United States, 14,176; in the British Provinces, 691; divided as follows: Dailies, 1,237; Tri-weeklies, 71; Semi-weeklies, 164; Sundays, 255; Weeklies, 10,975; Bi-weeklies, 39; Monthlies, 1,502; Bi-monthlies, 26; Quarterlies, 33; showing an increase over the publications of 1883 of 1,594. The greatest increase has been among the weekly newspapers of a political character (?) while it has been least among the class publications. The book is very handsomely gotten up and contains some 850 pages, printed on heavy book paper, elegantly bound in cloth. It will be sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
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1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON—A STRANGE POPULAR ERROR.

O. For the faith to read the signs aright,
And from the angle of a perfect sight,
See truth's white banner floating on before;
And the good cause, despite of venal friends,
And base expedients, move to noble ends."

In the winter of 1867-8 I spent some months in Washington, on business connected with the reduction of internal revenue taxation; was there for the same purpose the next season, and have made several shorter visits to the capital city. Many who ought to know better, speak of the Congressman as of course corrupt, and his price known or found out by some lobbyist; that the knaves outside and inside may agree, and the bills those knaves get pay for become laws. If this be true a free government is a failure and we had best go back to kingly rule; for one despot is better than a horde of knaves or fools. But it is not true. Such things sometimes occur, for men in public, as in private life, are of all grades in morals, but a republic is better than a monarchy; more legislation in Congress and elsewhere is effected by fair means than by foul, and there are many men in such bodies whom no knaves dare approach.

We must bear in mind that governments in which the people are the source of power, are purer and better than constitutional monarchies or despotisms. Evils and perils we have, iniquity in high places can be found, but greater evils and perils, and more flagrant iniquities are in the courts of kings and the assemblies of titled aristocrats. This senseless talk about all legislators being open to bribes, and all who approach them bearing gifts, is demoralizing, and tends to destroy all faith and hope in free republics. That faith we must hold firm, and strengthen it by wise legislation, making our freedom still more impartial.

As to efforts to affect congressional action from outside, or to inform members of Congress, there are of two kinds:

1. Men of character and ability want some legislation, which they think right, and for the public good, on which members want information, and for which they rely only on fair means. They send a delegation to Washington to give facts and reasons for the action they ask for, using no bribes and appealing to no corrupt motives.

2. A company of men want some legislation which would be largely for their private gain, and perhaps in some small degree for the public good. They send shrewd men, with large promises and full purses, to Washington, who gravitate toward their like, are lavish in promises, fling away more money outside of Congress than inside, pull wires everywhere, and so sometimes gain their ends. The first kind of effort wins respect and influence, valuable information is given to the best men in Congress, and much important and useful legislation is effected, with no stain on the character of men acting in this way.

The second kind of effort makes up what may properly be called "the lobby."—the numbers and influence of which are exaggerated, while the plain truth is bad enough. Sometimes they succeed, oftener they fail. A known lobbyist has small influence with leading Congressmen—the mark of Cain is on him. As a matter of policy, saying nothing of principle, I would sooner send one honest man to Washington than a score of these notorious persons. "Honesty is the best policy," as the old saying goes; but, as some one has wittily said, "It needs honesty to find that out." One great Congressional measure will illustrate the first kind of effort. After the close of the civil war a time came when it was best to reduce the heavy internal revenue taxes. All parties wished the reduction, but the method was not so easy. A large National Convention of business men, manufacturers and others, met in Cleveland, Ohio, in Dec. 1867. Other meetings followed in the East, and it was decided to start a strong move for tax-reduction, to be accomplished in such way as not to injure the government and to make the decrease fair on all branches of industry; not relieving one at the expense of another, but using great care to recognize their interdependence and to grade the proposed relief to the needs of each and all. A committee of eight persons, each representing some large industry which he understood practically, was chosen to visit Washington and state their views to the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate. These men could not stay there and it was seen that daily information might be wanted. So a secretary was chosen to remain, to send for the Committee members when necessary, and to forward the matter and give information which Congress might need. I was made the Secretary, spent all the session in Washington, and also a large part of the next until the matter was decided. The smaller branches of industry all over the land, sent their statements to me; almost daily. I had some such paper to hand in to the Ways and Means Committee, often with brief verbal explanation. Occasionally a member of the Committee or a delegation, would come. For instance, I well remember a week's stay of a highly intelligent company of Massachusetts boot and shoe manufacturers, who gave facts much wanted, and whose company I greatly enjoyed. Without such information, carefully gained from all sections and occupations, Congress could not have been just to the many interests involved; with it they passed an Act wisely framed. In March, 1869, the Senate vote (the house having passed the bill previously) abolished over \$60,000,000 of the yearly internal revenue taxes, and this great step was followed by further reductions.

Most of the newspapers mentioned this with but little comment; for it is the mean work and the knavish efforts that are noised abroad, while the fair work goes on quietly and with small recognition. One of the worst prevalent evils is the giving in sensational detail the crime and depravity of public and private life by many of our journals, while acts of honor and kindness are recorded briefly, if at all. This miserable practice stimulates a morbid appetite, which "grows by what it feeds on."

With great respect and pleasure I keep in mind men in Congress, and other official places, whose friendship I enjoyed in Washington. Others I knew who had crawled up like snakes to high places, from whence they could hiss on nobler men beneath.

In Congressional legislation, as in all human affairs, the limitations and frailties of humanity are to be guarded against, but this thoughtless repetition of the cry of demagogues, that Congressmen and other officials are corrupt and for sale, and that only paid knaves, bought themselves that they may buy others, visit Washington on Congressional business is a degrading absurdity.

To spend a season in Washington, mingling

in its society where one meets noted persons from all over the land, is both pleasant and instructive. One evening I was at a literary reunion at the house of Horatio King, Assistant Post Master General in 1866, and Grace Greenwood was reading Lowell's witty poem on the Mexican war. Gen. Grant, before his Presidential days, came in late and found a seat in his quiet way, the reader glancing up to see who it was, but going on with her verse. She had reached the lines—

"As for war, I call it murder,
There you have it, plain and flat,
And you needn't go no further,
Than your Testament, for that—"

when the great commander sat down. I watched him and could see a cheery twinkle in his eye at these words.

This calls to mind an interview in his first Presidential term. Sojourner Truth came to the city, and I called to see her. She said: "Well child, de Lord sent you, I think. I want to see de President and you can get me there." I answered that I would try, and in a week or so went with her to the White House, my wife and her father with us. Sending in our names to the office, word came back to the sitting room in a half hour that we could be admitted. Following the messenger we found the President sitting at the end of a long table in the centre of the room, and just parting with some business visitors. I introduced Sojourner and the rest, and for a moment it was a little stiff and cool. She had met President Lincoln in that same room and his hearty ways and familiarity with southern life had led him to call her "auntie" with warm and cordial feeling. The quiet reticence of Grant was unlike Lincoln, and she felt it. Fortunately she thought of some Act of Congress signed by the President just before and inspired by a sense of justice to the colored people. For this she thanked him and the thin ice was broken. In the kindest and simplest manner he said he was glad to do it, and then followed ten minutes of easy and pleasant talk. She said: "I have a little book here which I call my book of life. Some good men and women have put their names in it. Here is a spot, just under Abraham Lincoln's name, I have kept for you. Here, too, is my photograph which I want you to have. I shall be glad to think that you have it." He cheerfully signed his name, selected a picture, passed her five dollars— not asked for—and as we left rose from his seat to take her hand with an air of respect and sincerity pleasant to see. It is almost needless to say that in the brief interview some words of hers were full of weight and wisdom.

Soon after I took her to the capitol and to the Senate reception room in the north-eastern part of the great building near the Senate chamber. She stood in the middle of the room and looked around on its walls, beautifully painted and gilded, and up to its vaulted ceiling with its wealth of color and artistic designs, and was silent for a brief time, taking in the whole in her usual indescribable way. Then she said: "Well, child, this is like what dey read in de book, about de painted chambers of de New Jerusalem." She then stepped to the window, and could see in the distance some wretched huts where the poor freedmen stayed. With that depth of meaning which sometimes gave her words strange significance she said, pointing to the huts: "But dey don't have them over there!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal,
FROM DENVER, COL., TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Overland and Return.

SECOND DAY.—We were off before day break. We had clambered into a nondescript vehicle in the darkness, and it was not until the gray of dawn, that we could view our surroundings. We found ourselves in a huge two-wheeled cart covered with gunny-sacking. It was a clumsy, awkward thing, half-filled with sacks of corn, trunks and boxes; the prospect before us was anything, but cheering, though somewhat spiced with novelty. Besides Barton and myself, there was an old gentleman and lady who were to accompany us for a hundred miles or so; Don Manuel, a young man who had been in Chihuahua for six years, and was returning to see the "old folks at home." In one of the Southern States of the Republic, and Don Jacinto, nephew of the owner of the train, who was doing duty as mayor domo or overseer. At about nine o'clock (and at about the same hour every day thereafter) the train halted for breakfast and for feeding the animals. Several of the muleteers had their wives along with them, who immediately on stopping, lighted fires and cooked all the meals. Those who had no wives boarded with those who did have. Barton and I had a pretty rough time of it as to grub all the way. We counted on getting food at our stopping places, but found this to be a mistake. We could have messed with the muleteers on tortillas and questionable dishes of meat, but from first to last we stood aloof from all such allurements. Our day's ride was a tedious one over rough and dusty roads, but a few hours of sleep in the jolting cart helped to shorten the journey somewhat, and at four P. M. we arrived at a hacienda called *La Reforma*. An "hacienda" is a large tract of country owned by one person, and the peones or employes on the estate are provided with adobe dwellings at a central point where there are corrals for cattle and other necessities for community living. The most of our halts were made at such places—some larger and some smaller, some richer and some poorer. *La Reforma* was not a very inviting place. The carts were drawn up into a circle forming an enclosure to confine the mules, who were provided with portable eating troughs stretched along through the center, made of gunny sacks. Their fodder was chopped straw and corn mixed. As darkness came on we spread our blankets on the ground beside the cart. The mules tramped, and munched, and snorted the night through, and to make it still worse the wind blew towards us from the animals and the stench was horrible, and so we passed the second night without sleep.

THIRD DAY.—We were up and away at three A. M., but before doing so I boiled some coffee in the darkness by one of the camp fires. It was coffee of American preparation that I happened to have among my effects, and I found the draught refreshing. We had a cold, disagreeable morning ride, and at eight A. M. we reached a small hacienda where some cows were being milked. We bought for a trifle a good quantity of the lactical fluid, and crumbling some dry bread into it we had a most sumptuous repast. Moving on we arrived at eleven A. M. at an hacienda known as Cordero, where we laid up for the rest of the day. Here there was an abundance of good water, and here the owner of the train, Don Benigno Navarro, overtook us. We left him at Santa Rosalia with his mother, sister-in-law and a little girl eight years of age, who were all bound for their old home in Guadalajara. Several years ago the Navarro brothers, two or three in number, went to Chihuahua to seek their fortune,

much as people from the East of the United States used to go West for the same purpose. In course of time they became well off and brought their mother to their new home; and now she had set out on a journey of from thirty to thirty-five days to revisit her native city—a great undertaking for an old lady. At this place we had cleaner ground to sleep on and sweeter air to breathe, and yet I could not sleep. I could not rid myself of my timidity, nor get used to the noises of the restless animals.

FOURTH DAY.—At three o'clock in the morning we were en route, for a long day's journey was before us, and the mules travel faster in the cool of the day. They average about one league or three Spanish miles per hour. A Spanish league is a trifle more than two and six-tenths or 2.636 English miles. Toward eleven o'clock the sun poured down with great fierceness, but a smart breeze tempered the heat considerably, and it was four P. M. before we reached *La Canya*, our stopping place, and the worst one we had yet seen. Water was scarce and impure. Here we procured some milk, strangely enough, for the Mexicans make a practice of milking only in the morning, and we were up and away before milking time. The name of Don Benigno's sister-in-law is Benita. The little girl is her adopted daughter, whose name is Margarita. They all rode in an ambulance wagon and slept in it at night—that is, the female portion of the family did. The whole family were Spiritists of the Allan Kardec School, and long controversies were at intervals held on the subject. Margarita had been learning to read English in Chihuahua, and having her book along with her she daily wished to show me her proficiency in reading. I had with me a small book of Evangelical hymns, such as are sung in Protestant Churches in the United States. These hymns were translations from the English and adapted to American and English tunes. On this evening I undertook the task of teaching the party some of these tunes, and before we reached our journey's end they could sing them very nicely. We all retired early, and I got my first night's good sleep. Tired nature yielded at last.

FIFTH DAY.—On the march again at three P. M., and at ten o'clock we reached the hacienda known as Remedios, where we halted and passed the rest of the day. The trains make it a point to stop where there is water, and so some of the *jornadas* or days' journeys are shorter than others. At this place water is abundant, but so strongly impregnated with soda that people do not drink it. The poor, thirsty animals can do no better. Water for domestic purposes is brought many miles, and therefore scarce. There is a soda-hot spring in the vicinity, which is a resort for bathing purposes, and is supposed to have healing properties. The day was oppressively warm, and although the whole of our swarthy and grimy crowd betook themselves beneath a scorching sun to its limpid waters, we did not venture until toward evening, when making our way over fields whitened with soda, and half way up a steep hill, we came upon a deep cavern at the bottom of which was the healing pool. With some difficulty we descended to it, disrobed ourselves and entered the water, which at first we found so hot as to be almost unbearable, but becoming accustomed by degrees we had a most luxurious bath, that left us several degrees whiter than when we entered it. We made the mistake of taking soap along, and tried to shampoo our heads. The effect was to stick our hair together so firmly that we could not get our combs through it for a week after. The Mexicans told us that they used the soda around the edge of the spring for washing their heads, but the information came too late. The bath was refreshing. We rested well all day—retired early and slept profoundly.

SIXTH DAY.—The mules were hitched into the carts at one o'clock this morning and the train was set in motion. The air was cool, and we slept well as we rode along. Before noon a hot, driving wind sprang up, and at one P. M., we arrived in Jarral, a very large and flourishing hacienda. Here we found good water, but it was a desolate place without a particle of shade. The wind blew a hurricane all the rest of the day, and the dust was stifling. We were obliged to confine ourselves to the cart for shelter, and the only thing we saw of interest was a party of American surveyors in the employ of the Mexican Central Railroad Company.

SEVENTH DAY.—Left at midnight. Slept a little on the road, and at noon we arrived at Jarral Chico, a much better camping place than that of the day before. Water in abundance and less wind and dust. Dona Benita sent us a nice breakfast from her larder, which was highly appreciated. We left this place at eleven P. M. The old lady and gentleman who started out with us left us at the end of the second day, and up to the present only three of us had been occupants of the cart, which gave us room to stretch out and ride in more comfortable misery; but our company was to be henceforth re-enforced by a big, fat Mexican, who up to that time had been riding in the ambulance with the Navarro family. Barton, who couldn't understand a word of Spanish, stretched himself out regardless of anybody's comfort, and growl as the Mexicans might be, he was oblivious to it all. Somebody had to keep up the reputation for American courtesy, as well as hogghishness, and so I sat bolt upright nearly every night to "give the boys a chance" to sleep.

EIGHTH DAY.—Towards morning, the weather which had been very warm grew cooler. The traveling had been growing abominably rough, and we had been shaken and jolted without mercy for hours. We had been riding to a higher altitude and at about eleven o'clock A. M., we drew in sight of the town of Mapiim. The scenery for some hours had been growing better and we now passed along through clumps of trees and greenery of different kinds. This was very noticeable, for the whole region that we had traversed, was a howling wilderness—the very "abomination of desolation." At about noon we entered the village. It was Sunday and the church bells were ringing. But very few Americans had ever been seen in the place, and we two were objects of great curiosity to the inhabitants. We took a stroll over the town and procured the first good square meal we had had for a week. An American company had recently purchased a mine in the vicinity and erected smelting works. There were evidences all about of great activity in former days in mining and in reduction, and we found several Mexican smelters in operation during our wanderings. We came across a Hibernian lady, the mistress of a grocery store, who had been living in that isolated place for thirty or forty years. She and her husband went there when young. The latter died and she was left with children who grew up and became Mexicanized, and identified with the country, and so she felt as though she could never get away. She had not forgotten the English tongue in all these years, though rarely ever coming in contact with English speaking people.

NINTH DAY.—We had expected to leave at night as usual, but the head muleteer got drunk, and it was 5 A. M., before we got started. This was the hardest day of all for my fellow traveler and myself, and the outlook was anything but cheering. Don Benigno wanted more cotton to haul, and he informed us that he wanted the cart we had been riding in for that purpose. There was another empty cart besides, and during the previous day the cotton bales of one loaded team were distributed among the others, and thus three carts were left for taking on more cotton. We were informed that if we proceeded further we would have to ride on top of the cotton bales. This was not according to our understanding and agreement. We felt it an outrage, but there was nothing to do but submit. Choosing, each of us, the team upon which we would ride, we clambered 20 feet up in the air and suffered ourselves to be lashed to the cotton bales to avoid the accident of being thrown off. It was a moment of humiliation for us, for we did not expect anything of the kind. We had had the promise of traveling with some little degree of comfort, but up to the present time we had seen nothing but hardship, and the prospect of greater hardship seemed evident. The train separated and moved on, the laden carts in one direction and the empty ones in another, for they were to go to a place called Lerdo for their cotton. We were to proceed to La Loma, and there wait for them to overtake us. The sun was hot but the breeze was cool, and after awhile I rather began to enjoy my position. The scenery was fine, and if I had had a shade over my head to protect me from the sun it would not have been a bad exchange. The muleteer, who was kindly disposed, said that if it should be definitely determined that I must ride in that way (for there was some doubt as to Don Benigno's getting cotton to haul) he would rig me up a seat and a shade to protect me from the sun. For thirteen hours we rode thus. The men lost their way, and made a longer journey than was necessary to the hacienda of La Loma—the prettiest place we had yet seen. I was terribly sun-burnt and covered with dust, and my companion in distress suffered even more than I did, and he resolved that he would not proceed another day in that way, but would go to Lerdo and there take his chances for finding transportation for the south. After repairing to a small stream of water and making our ablutions we retired to rest.

TENTH DAY.—At 6:30 A. M., we again mounted to our lofty perches and started on. We passed through long avenues of trees on our way to the Nazas river which had to be crossed by fording, but before reaching it we encountered great difficulty in the way of sand beds, requiring all the mules of all the teams to draw each cart over separately. This was finally accomplished. The river was forded without accident, and at 9 A. M., we arrived at La Loma where we were to wait the arrival of Don Benigno. La Loma is a very large hacienda and, like all of the kind, is owned by one person. Being in the valley of a river the land is moist, and fertile, and for foliage and scenery was the most attractive place we had yet seen. And now I will tell what I have found out about haciendas. A *sitio* of land contains over 4,200 of our acres—a tract that would satisfy the average ambition of any farmer in the United States, but not so here. An hacienda comprises from 10 to 20 and 100 *sitios* oftentimes. Immense corrals are constructed of stones or adobes, and houses for employes are also built. Sometimes these employes or *peones* number up into the hundreds and are but a little better off than slaves. They are paid from 12½ to 50 cents daily, and are obliged to take their pay in store goods—articles of the greatest necessity for which they are charged exorbitant prices. They get into debt deeper and deeper, as their wages are not sufficient to satisfy their most ordinary necessities. They cannot get away and so they are in bondage almost as hopeless as the slaves of the South used to be. I saw and conversed with men far advanced in years who had thus been held from youth up. They chafe under the yoke but have no remedy. In this particular, Mexico seems more like a despotism than a republic. The heat at La Loma was intense, but shade trees were plentiful and we rested long and well beneath their sheltering branches. Toward evening Don Benigno came with his three carts empty, and secretly we rejoiced at his bad luck. The cotton bales were re-distributed among the several teams and at 10 o'clock the same evening we started on our way. We had a terrible night of it. The roads were rough, and we were threshed about so violently that rest or sleep were impossible.

(To be continued.)

HEBREW MANUSCRIPTS.

A Description of Those Recently Discovered in Russia—Curious Story of How They Were Found.

A Correspondent of the London Times writes from St. Petersburg an account of the results of Dr. Harkavy's examination of the newly found Hebrew manuscripts of several books of the Old Testament. This account is drawn from the proof-sheets of Dr. Harkavy's report which has now been communicated to the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences. The first chapter of the report explains how the discovery was made.

In September last year, Dr. Harkavy received several fragments of these parchment rolls from a member of a Jewish society in south Russia, whose acquaintance he had made during a visit to Tiflis two years earlier. A letter accompanying them stated, that they belonged to two fellow-townsmen of the sender, and that one of the owners had also sent another fragment to the editor of a Jewish paper in St. Petersburg. Upon Dr. Harkavy undertaking to examine the manuscripts the Jewish editor referred to was requested to hand over to him the other fragment; but owing to the absence of the editor abroad some little delay ensued. In the meantime, Dr. Harkavy found the examination of the four fragments sent to him direct extremely difficult, and several circumstances combined to rouse his suspicions. These suspicions, however, were gradually removed. He received the other fragment from the Jewish editor, which contained the second half of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah," with the writing much more distinct, and subsequently many more fragments in various hand-writings and different states of preservation were sent to him from the south. The following account is from one of the owners, written to Dr. Harkavy in Hebrew: In the month of May, 1883, the owner Z— entered a wine cellar or restaurant in his native town, a south Russian seaport, and there fell in with a sailor who spoke to him in Hebrew. The sailor invited Z— on board his vessel, and showed him some fragments of the manuscripts in question. These old scrolls seemed to be regarded by the seaman as possessing some lucky charm, but after some bargaining he was induced to part with a couple of frag-

ments in exchange for an oil painting. The sailor soon left for another port in the Black sea, and Z—, who was eager to acquire the whole collection of parchments, followed him up, and succeeded in obtaining nine more fragments. Ultimately, on the telegraphic advice of Dr. Harkavy, Z— again sought out the man on his return to the port and purchased the remaining thirty rolls. There are altogether fifty-one pieces of these parchments in the hands of Dr. Harkavy. With regard to the history of these manuscripts, the sailor stated that about thirty years ago the rolls were found by his father at Rhodes, in the island of that name, after a destructive fire which occurred there. This fire may very probably have been the result of the great powder explosion in the Johanniter-schloss, in 1856. The sailor knew very little more concerning the origin of the documents. He was unable to say whether they had belonged to a synagogue or a private person; whether those in his possession formed the whole collection, or whether they had been discovered on the same spot. His father was dead, and at the time the parchments were found he was only ten years of age.

The second chapter of the treatise is devoted to a description of the fifty-one rolls.

Some of them are well, and others badly, prepared skins of parchment, or leather written on one side only. The characters are written with some peculiar fluid, which has now turned a faint color with a reddish or brownish tint. Many of the fragments are badly damaged, while others are in a good state of preservation, and have a comparatively fresh appearance. The writing, however, has suffered severely. On some of the skins it is perceptible only when they are held up to the light, and on others it is obscured by a kind of mildew. Some of the skins are greased through so as considerably to hinder their perusal. It is very possible that the employment of strong re-agents would render legible much of the text which at present can not be deciphered, but the Professor has refrained from having recourse to any of these means, through fear of injuring the parchments. Dr. Harkavy thinks the date and origin of the manuscripts may, perhaps, be determined by their condition and the writing fluid employed. This question, however, he leaves experts to decide. A few of the skins have punctured edges, showing that they were bound together.

As to the pallographical characteristics, or peculiar forms of Hebrew letters:

Dr. Harkavy refers to letters of a similar formation, in Egyptian, Phœnician, Etruscan, old Grecian, and other ancient Alphabets, and suggests comparison in order that experts may, perhaps, arrive at the origin of the obsolete lettering in these manuscripts. Some of the letters are undoubtedly of a very ancient form, while others are of a form which Dr. Harkavy considers to be wholly unknown. The old shape of some of the letters, and the original forms of others, point to the conclusion that the alphabet of the manuscripts must have sprung from the primitive Semitic stem, and early separating from it, have gone on its own way prior to the complete development of the square Hebrew characters. It must, also, therefore, have belonged to Jews who were living in isolation, and who developed an alphabet of their own. Religious and traditional considerations also lead to this conclusion. Many of the peculiarities of the letters may be traceable to the influence of some foreign alphabet used by a people among whom these Jews lived; and an investigation of this fact by experts, may possibly help to determine the date and origin of the Harkavy parchments.

For criticism of the text or the history of the Hebrew text of several of the Old Testament books, the manuscript will not be without interest and importance. Two examples only are for the present given by Dr. Harkavy, to show the differences between the accepted rendering of the manuscripts. In Esther, chapter ii, verse 21, and in Lamentations of Jeremiah, chapter ii, verses 3, 4, and 6.

The Lamentations are followed by a new biblical elegy on the downfall of Jerusalem, written in another hand with different ink. The author's name, Jacob ben Isaac, is given in acrostics. Unfortunately the greater part of the poem is quite illegible. The Professor has been enabled to decipher only nine lines. As far as he can learn, this elegy is not found in any known collection. The language is pure Hebrew, and the expressions are, for the most part borrowed from the preceding lamentations. As it is in rhyme and the name of the author is acrostically given, a manner of signing which, the Professor states is first found in the new Hebrew poetry of Jannai, the teacher of Eliezer Kalir, about the second half of the eighth or the beginning of the ninth century, the author, in all probability, lived somewhat later.

The third chapter of the treatise deals with the question of the genuineness of the manuscripts.

Dr. Harkavy does not consider himself as competent to arrive at a definite decision in the matter, as a varied technical knowledge is requisite for this purpose. He is desirous merely of placing the *pro* and *con* of the question impartially before his critics, and he hopes that some explanation may thereby be found for a certain amount of doubt which still lingers in his mind. He admits that, with all the facts at present to hand, there still remains much that is very doubtful, if not suspicious, in the circumstances. He, therefore, in the first place, points out what is strange and remarkable in the circumstances of the discovery, and then endeavors to find an explanation for the inner difficulties of the manuscripts. The following considerations then suggest themselves: First, the sailor's story of the father having found the MSS. during a fire is rather romantic, and inclines one to suspect an intentional design to remove all control over the facts. 2: It is incomprehensible why the sailor, according to his own account, kept the matter secret for nearly thirty years, and only disclosed it last year, and that in south Russia, and not in his own country. 3. The discovery of the manuscripts on the island of Rhodes, in the city of the same name, gives rise to the reflection that this island is by no means a remote, out-of-the-way retreat; and therefore the existence there of any hitherto unknown orthographical art is very improbable. Besides this, the Jews of this island, which has been known as a Jewish colony from early down to the most modern times, do not belong to any exclusive or lost tribes or families who would be likely to possess anything unforseen by or unknown to scholars.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

DR. T. G. COMSTOCK, Physician of Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(METUCHEN, N. J.)

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers,
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted towers.

That city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warden, keeps the key
That opens those gates eternal.

But sometimes when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Streams brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

—Nancy Amelia Priest.

How rich the other world is growing from the losses of this! Day by day, hour by hour, many a beautiful spirit drops its encumbering garment of clay, and dons its royal robe for the better life. With wood distilled from essences of matter and warp of spiritual emanations, it is clothed for that life where all things are of a corresponding degree of refinement—the world of causes—the wondrous Summer-Land.

It is wondrous to us here, but we are assured by intuition and analogy, that it is perfectly natural in all its parts, and is governed by the same unchanging laws that govern us to-day. Justice and truth and love and beauty are the same here and hereafter. There cannot be two sets of laws; the same find their application through both matter and spirit.

Therefore, they who have obeyed the deepest attractions of their natures, who have been true to truth, who have loved goodness and tried to become a centre of pure influences—who have been patient and benevolent and loving and merciful—can there be any thing but happiness remaining as the portion of such? Must they not continue to progress in all true wisdom, to grow in grace and the knowledge of Deity, through all the cycles of eternity?

It is well, sometimes, to think of our beloved, who have gone within the veil, as happy learners of heavenly lore, as well as their watchfulness over us. What stupendous fields of research and exploration lie before them! What opportunities to benefit the unprogressed; what incentives to outgrow their own defects; what explorations into divine principles!

But we may be certain that all this learning, all the researches of the ages, will not permit them to outgrow the truth, understood by the simplest child of earth, that Love is the life of all things, the inspirer of all that lives and breathes. He who loves most, exhibits the most God-like qualities, if it be wisely manifested. And they who are translated to the world of causes lose none the less, but more. As they are nearer the source of Love and Life, they receive more directly the rays of that effulgent centre which men gleefully name with the irreverence of ignorance, God.

GONE BEFORE.

Among those who have been translated within a short time, is Mary Howitt Watts of London, the second daughter of Mary and William Howitt. She was always of a most sensitive, refined and retiring disposition, and inherited much of the literary talent of both parents. Her first book, "Art Studies in Munich," is the best description written of life in that German town. Another book, "A Winter in Stockholm," is a charming account of some months spent with Frederika Bremer in Sweden, giving insight into domestic and social life in that quaint country. Mary Howitt had translated Miss Bremer's novels, thus bringing the Scandinavian writer into close relations with the pleasant English authoress and her family.

Mrs. Watts's last work, published in the London *Psychical Magazine*, is entitled, "The Mystical Death." It is informed with a remarkably sweet and elevated spiritual tone, seeming, indeed, to emanate, as it has proved, from one on the border of the heavenly world. The chief narrative is concerned with the passing away of her father, William Howitt, and contained an account of his mystic and prophetic utterances. They show the sensitiveness of the family to influences from the sphere of spirit and their deeply religious natures. Mrs. Watts developed as a medium in the privacy of family life against the prejudices and opposition of her father, which were eventually overcome by the beautiful messages which she received from his translated friends. Mrs. Watts was too finely organized to permit of a long life here. She has rejoined her father, leaving a mother aged and almost alone, since her sons reside in Australia, but consoled by a philosophy which has neither weakness nor doubts.

Mary Clemmer, formerly known as Mrs. Ames, was greatly admired by a host of friends who never looked upon her face. For a long series of years she was the Washington correspondent of the *Independent*, and as such she wielded a most trenchant and fascinating pen. Her word-pictures have seldom been equalled, and many of us think of a multitude of public men only as she described them. Her work upon the press helped to purify, uplift and dignify American journalism, as, be it said to their honor, the work of women has almost always done. Mrs. Clemmer was eloquent, poetic and witty by turns, and had marvellous power in the use of words. Her "Ten years in Washington," a subscription book, is widely popular, though not her best work, and a number of novels show a good analysis of character. She wrote excellent verse, and not long since published a volume, but she was pre-eminently a journalist. With industry and economy, Mrs. Clemmer amassed a competence, besides supporting her parents in their old age. Her home in Washington was a literary centre and its mistress will long be missed.

JANE SWISSELM.

The recent death of Mrs. Swisselm, recalls the vigorous and picturesque personality of one who was the first woman correspondent of a daily paper known to this or any country. Mrs. Swisselm was fond of tracing her pedigree back to Lady Jane Grey who was behead-

ed three centuries ago. She was an ardent abolitionist, when abolitionism meant ostracism and sometimes danger. She edited two or three newspapers in Minneapolis and Pittsburgh, and her trenchant, vigorous pen made its daily thrusts at many shams for a long number of years. Her autobiography is a rare piece of writing. Mrs. Swisselm could work better alone than with others, and her characteristics were those of a free lance.

Almira Lincoln Phelps, who recently passed from earth on her 91st birthday, in Baltimore, Md., was one of two sisters remarkable for energy and literary and business ability. Emma, the elder, became noted as Mrs. Willard, the principal of a girl's school at Troy, N. Y., the first of its kind in this country. Mrs. Lincoln was associated with her sister in the school at Troy, during which time she published "Lincoln's Botany," which was for many years a leading text book on that subject. She also wrote works on geology, history and ethics. At the age of eighty-five, she wrote a paper on the Infidel Tendencies of modern Science, which was read and discussed before the American Scientific Association. For many years Mrs. Phelps was principal of the Patapsco Female Institute of Ellicott City, Md. She possessed great dignity and culture, and was widely esteemed at a time when such women were rarely known. A diary kept by her, from the age of sixteen till nearly the day of her death, will be extracted from and published, by some of her descendants. It is said, making a transcript of the times of much interest. Mrs. Phelps is an example of the fact that a love of science and literature is preservative of the faculties. All her life she had been an enthusiastic student, and almost to the last was as keen, eager and interested as a person in the flush of youth. The soul which is in close and wholesome contact with the best thought of the age, best keeps the freshness of the body unimpaired. The bright eye, the elastic step, belongs to her who lives in the lives of others, and in the communion with the noble and the wise.

Evolution in Prayer.

BY DEBT STEWART.

"Prayer," says Novallis, "is in religion what thought is in philosophy. The religious sense prays as the reason thinks."

Perhaps the least deceptive standard by which to measure man's idea of divinity is prayer. Whatever a man may tell us of his ideas of Deity, we never feel so assured as when we hear him address that Deity in supplication. The essence of his religious views will be revealed in his prayer. The evolution of man's conception of Deity could, therefore, be traced from the crudest conceptions of animism to the sublimest ideal of a developed theology by studying the corresponding evolution in prayer. Without attempting anything so systematic as this, I have jotted down from time to time some authentic prayers of savage tribes as I have met with in books, illustrative of that idea.

Primitive prayers are solely for temporal good. Oldendorf says of the negroes of the Caribbean Islands: "Their concerns which they lay before God in their prayers, even on their knees, have reference only to the body, to health, to fine weather, a good harvest, destruction of their enemies, and increase of their tribe." This is true of the prayers of all peoples in the first dawning of the religious sense. It is the gradual spiritualization of prayer that marks religious growth. What an immeasurable interval between the Zulu "song-prayer" and the "Father, forgive them," of Jesus. In the Dori's Prayer are seven petitions, only one of which is for temporal good, and this is the very least we could ask for, "our daily bread." Compare the religious development signified by that prayer with that marked by the prayer of the Nootka Indian preparing for war: "Great Quahootze let me live, not be sick, find the enemy, not fear him, find him asleep, and kill a great many of him."

Rev. Mr. Callaway gives a specimen of the lowest type of prayer, which is little more than an incantation, or an attempt to conjure the gods. There are various forms of incantation used for different things. He says: "In their song-prayer or incantation used in bringing rain, the Zulu chief, in a most modest voice begins: 'I ya wu; a wu; o ye; i ye; a ye; when the tribe, bowing their heads, sing in response, 'I ya woo; ya he; ya wo; ya hi.' These words mean nothing in the language of the people using them. But they seem to be as productive of good as the prayer of the Hebrew prophet, for the Zulus affirm this song invariably brings rain."

The Aht prays to the moon with a simple "teech, teech," or health, health; and it is said the savages of Brazil had prayers as rudimentary as these. In a certain African tribe, the men go each morning to the river and splashing the water in their faces, whisper softly the word "Eksuvias," then pray, "Give me to-day rice and yams, gold and aggr-y-heads, slaves, riches and health, make me active and strong." The cry for bread is universal. The Bushman in a low, imploring tone, prays: "O Cagu, Cagu, are we not your children? Do you not see our hunger? Give us food; give us both hands full." The Khonds pray that their "herds may be so numerous they cannot be housed, and children so numerous that many hands must care for them"; or "that swine shall be so plentiful that their rooting snouts shall plow the land." In a Zulu village, at the sacrifice of a bullock to the spirits of their ancestors, the priest was heard to pray "for cattle that they may fill this pen. I pray for corn that many people may come to this village and make a noise and gratify you. I also ask for children that the village may have a large population, and that your name may never come to an end." The last clause, suggestive of the commercial relationship between gods and men, calls to mind the prayer in *Ezekiel's* "Seven against Thebes," where Eteokles implores Zeus, the earth and the tutelary deities to protect Thebes, and as a motive for compliance, adds, "And I trust that what I say is for our common advantage, since a prosperous city honors the gods!" In the morning twilight of religious concepts, the gods are considered amenable to such influences as affect man himself. Prayers abound with appeals to the pride, honor, gratitude, pity, passions of the deities implored. Promises of remuneration are held forth as special inducement to the granting of a favor. Instance the bargain Jacob offered Jehovah (Gen. xxviii, 20-22), the conditions being that if God would give him food and clothing and see him safely home, in return he would build him a house and give him one-tenth of all he had. A singular mental state prompted the prayer of the Huron Indian, overheard by Brebeck in 1636: "Oki, thou who dwellest in this spot, I offer thee tobacco! Help us, save us from shipwreck, defend us from our enemies, give us a good trade, bring us back safe and sound to our wigwams and I will give thee much tobacco!" In 1670 Father Allouez penetrated the forests to an Algonquin village never before visited

by a white man. Startled by his pale face and long black gown, the natives took him to be a divinity. The old men gathered in a circle around him, and one with a double handful of tobacco advanced and addressed him thus: "This, indeed, is well, Blackrobe, that thou dost visit us. Have mercy upon us. Thou art a Manitou. We give thee to smoke. The Naudowessies and Iroquois are devouring us. Have mercy upon us. We are often sick; our children die; we are hungry. Have mercy upon us. Hear us, O Manitou, I give thee to smoke. Let the earth yield us corn, the rivers give us fish, sickness not slay us, nor hunger so torment us. Hear us, O Manitou, I give thee to smoke." Is there not something touching in this sad cry of oppression? Prayer is a confession of our weakness made to one from whom we hope for aid.

The Polynesian missionary, Turner, says: "The Samoans offer this prayer the same as we say grace at meal time. In taking their evening cup of ava, the eldest one present lifts a well-filled cup aloft and says, 'Here is ava for you, O gods! Look kindly toward this family, let it prosper and increase, and let us all be kept in health. Let our plantations be productive, let fruit grow, don't blast it, but let there be an abundance of food for us your creatures. Here is ava for you, O sailing gods (storm gods). Do not come on shore at this place; but be pleased to depart along the ocean to some other land.' Star and Covenant.

The Gospel of True Manhood.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

No. 2.

The human soul is ever in motion. Unlike the pulpit Divinity, who labors six days and then takes "a day off" for rest, the divine human soul never seeks repose. We find but two modes of motion, but two methods of manifesting the activity and individuality of the soul. One is its action upon and through matter. The scientist tells us that the reasoning power is the result of motion amongst the molecules of the human brain. Yes; but the player upon that superb instrument, he who although invisible has his fingers on every key, is the individualized human soul.

There is a universe of ideas just as there is a universe of matter. The thinker suddenly encounters an idea that is new to him; and manhood's energy starts into new life. The brain moves; that is thought, and just to the extent of the power of that brain will the human soul add thought to thought till reason is evolved. As an ultimate we see the proud, cold scientist of to-day, who rejoices in the fact that he is the embodiment of human reason. This is the action of the human soul upon matter and through reason. It may and will grow more out-reaching and powerful as its instrument grows more refined, but will always be limited to the expression possible through matter. So the first and prominent manifestation of soul to soul in this mortal life is through reason. But there is a second mode of motion that adheres to the human soul. The soul can reach its desired end and grasp an existing fact by other means than the moving of molecules of matter in the mortal brain. We call it "intuition" or the "psychometric faculty," which is but another name for soul-power. To reason it is unexplainable; to reason it is folly, but with life, as a race course, it will bear you to the goal ere reason has laboriously gathered its atoms for the start.

How easy it is to become one-sided. The budding intellect of a child would expand in every direction were it not spoiled by a false training like the small foot of a Chinese lady. To the Materialist all is matter, whilst to the Spiritualist all is spirit; on the one hand a rejection of every idea that cannot be elaborated thought by thought through matter; that is scientific Materialism. On the other hand, there is an almost contemptuous disregard of matter and its conditions, with a loud cry for exhibition of spirit power, which is the position taken by the zealous Spiritualist of to-day.

My position is that man comprehends and compasses the boundless whole. Not one scientific thought, investigation or discovery can I afford to forego; but if I would advance toward full manhood, right wing, left wing, and centre must all be kept within striking distance of the common enemy, "Ignorance."

To use but one arm is to grow weak with the other, and that is the tendency of man on earth. It is either all matter or all spirit with him.

The scientist of to-day knows that instead of a Bible-Aldem, moulded to perfection by the clay-soiled fingers of an almighty God, man's powers of body and of mind have evolved slowly and surely, demanding ages for each step of real advance. But manhood is intelligence peeping out through matter, under conditions which are subject to law, and the thought we have to grasp, is that "law" is as absolute on the invisible side of life as it is with the material form we see and handle.

My object in these articles is to try and trace the operation of laws that directly concern man, in the realm of the invisible. Whilst I claim for the soul of man its own inherent divinity and an existence to which time past, time present, and time to come can set no limit, I point you to the co-existent fact that the soul is dependent upon matter for its power to manifest itself to another soul. Whether that matter be in the crude and evanescent molecules of this life, or sublimated for the use of one who has climbed the arch-angelic throne, it is yet matter; and it colors every ray of intelligence just as the sun's white ray is tinted to the bluish upon a maiden's cheek.

Matter is alive with the universal life, but the soul breathes upon its divine individuality; yet ever remember that the matter of which the soul would make use, has received and registered an eternity of impressions. No writing upon unwritten paper is possible to the human soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Making Peace with her Maker.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

One of the supremest evidences of human weakness and folly, grows out of a belief in an implacable, revengeful God. It shuts the soul from the joys of attainable peace and happiness in the present, in gloomy forebodings of evil in the possible future. This thought was especially pressed upon my mind a few days ago, from the remark of a friend in regard to the recent death of his wife. Said he, after speaking in the saddest tones of his great loss, in parting from a wife who had been so good as she had been: "But I feel greatly consoled by the assurance that at last she made peace with her Maker."

What greater absurdity can we conceive

than this? What sort of a supreme being does this set up the Maker to be? An infinite being imbued with revengeful feelings against so weak a creature as one of his own finite creations! Nay, more, a being who has himself placed it on record in his inspired page, that he is the same to-day, yesterday and forever, without shadow of turning, permitting himself to be swayed by the passion of anger, and again changed to feelings of mercy for the appeal of a few uttered words; and this towards a creature so weak that he can make and unmake, in and out of existence, at a breath!

In our finite dealings with each other, it is ever accounted both unmanly and mean to harbor feelings of revenge, while Jesus of Nazareth taught the grand doctrine of universal good will contained in the command, that we should love our enemies, and when smitten on one cheek, meekly turn the other in quest of peace rather than resent our injuries in revengeful strife. Are we to suppose that the heavenly Father of Jesus is less loving than the son he especially sent into the world to teach his laws for our guidance? But the absurdity of this foolishness does not end here. For what reason is it necessary that this weak woman, after three years of suffering, bringing her to the agony of parting from husband and children, in her thirtieth year, when all should be full of buoyant happiness, should find it necessary to make peace with her Maker? Was she confronted, in that supreme hour of torture, when all she held dear were fading forever from her sight, with an infinite being, angry and ailing, bent on consigning her to eternal perdition unless—what?—she acknowledged her manifold sinfulness in being born with soul and body too weak to withstand the temptations and trials by which he had surrounded her, and begged to be forgiven? Are we to suppose that the poor terrified creature cried: "Oh! Father, because Adam and Eve so many thousands of years ago were not strong enough to withstand the serpent, thou didst let loose upon them, I am a great sinner, and need to appease thy wrath?"

Can the human mind conceive any more pitiful drive? I write this in all reverence for the beliefs of others, but with feelings of indignation against the torture of poor suffering creatures in the agony of death, caused by such terrifying superstition. But look a moment farther into this absurdity. Granting that the infinite father can descend to the finite weakness of anger and revenge, against a woman for sins committed in her short span of life, by what process was she, at the last moment, to wipe out her transgressions and attain peace with her God? Not in all the inspired page is there anything more positively set forth, than the immutable law of Jehovah, that no sin shall go unpunished; that we must be judged and pay the penalty for every deed done in the body. Every sin committed is a wrong against some one.

How could she, in her dying hours, helpless and weak to dissolution, make reparation to those she might have wronged by any mere appeal to her Maker? If in reality she was confronted by the vision of an angry Maker, demanding the appeasement of his wrath, might she not well have exclaimed, as she saw her loved ones clustered in grief about her dying bed: "I came into the world without my own knowledge or consent, weighted with such weaknesses of body and spirit as I inherited from my parents; if I have not been strong enough to do thy will, who is to blame? Everything seems very dark to me, and I do not feel as if I have either reason to feel thankful that I was born, or glad at the thought that I am leaving all I love behind."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF THE RAILWAY, or Stories of the Locomotive in Every Land. By Wm. Sloane Kennedy. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., 1884.

The author, under the heading "Beginnings in Europe," "The First American Railroad," "The Railroad of the Continent," "The Locomotive in Slippers," "A Mosaic of Travel," "A Handful of Curiosities," "Mountain Railways," "A Vertical Railway," "The Lightning Harnessed," "The Functions of the Railway in War," "The Luxury of Travel," "The Locomotive and its Master," "The Track and the Train," gives an interesting account of the beginning, progress, peculiarities, etc., etc., of the railway. The work is profusely illustrated and is very interesting throughout. Speaking of a "Handful of Curiosities" the author says:

"The inventive genius of mechanics has exercised itself in the excoigation of a good many fantastic and daring plans for railroads and locomotives. There have been not only railroads under the ground and in the air, but railroads in the clouds, railroads among the tree-tops, and railroads on the ice, and the models of even a submarine railway have been constructed and exhibited. And there have been flying locomotives, locomotives with sails, locomotives on sled-runners, and bicycle locomotives."

The work is really an encyclopedia of facts with reference to railroads, and will be read with more interest than an ordinary novel.

The following from John W. Lloyd & Co., New York: SOCIAL PROBLEMS, By Henry George. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

LIFE OF GROVER CLEVELAND with a Sketch of Life of Thomas Andrews Hendricks. By Densler Welch. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA. By John Harrison and Margaret Compton. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

Our Newspapers.

According to Edwin Alden & Bro's (Cincinnati O.) American Newspaper Catalogue for 1884, there are 14,867 newspapers and magazines published in the United States and the British Provinces. Total in the United States, 14,176; in the British Provinces, 691; divided as follows: Dailies, 1,237; Tri-weeklies, 71; Semi-weeklies, 164; Sundays, 255; Weeklies, 10,975; Bi-weeklies, 39; Monthlies, 1,502; Bi-monthlies, 26; Quarterlies, 33; showing an increase over the publications of 1883 of 1,594. The greatest increase has been among the weekly newspapers of a political character (?) while it has been least among the class publications. The book is very handsomely gotten up and contains some 850 pages, printed on heavy book paper, elegantly bound in cloth. It will be sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 20, 1884.

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Summer Campaign.

To all who are not now and never have been subscribers, the JOURNAL will be sent twelve weeks, on trial, for fifty cents. At the expiration of the trial subscription the paper will be stopped unless previously renewed.

The rapid increase of interest in Spiritualism among the educated, both inside and outside the various religious denominations, makes the need of an unsectarian, independent, fearless, candid and high-class paper a greater desideratum than ever before. The JOURNAL will be kept up to the highest standard possible with the facilities of the publisher and editor, and he hopes for the hearty and continuous patronage of the better and more intelligent class of the great public, both within and without the Spiritualist ranks.

The Carrier Dove Makes a Just Criticism.

In the JOURNAL of the 16th ult., appeared an alleged spirit message purporting to come from spirit John B. Felton, formerly of Oakland, California. At the time of its publication the editor and proprietor of the JOURNAL was a thousand miles away from his office, and he never knew such a message had been published until his attention was called to it by a two-column editorial in the Oakland Carrier Dove, a neat little Spiritualist monthly. The Carrier Dove speaks of the communication as the "pretended message" and criticizes it justly and none too severely.

The JOURNAL agrees with its Pacific contemporary in considering the "message" (1) spurious, to the extent of not coming from Felton; (2) that it "contains statements so contrary to the established truths of Spiritualism, so liable to mislead with false hopes, such an encouragement to wrong-doing, and so contrary to the nature of itself, that we deem it wrong for any Spiritualist journal to publish it without contradiction." The following characteristic passage from the "message" sustains the criticism:

"I know exactly all that took place around me at the time that I separated from my body. I saw weeping and sorrowing friends and heard the remarks of many, such as: 'He was an able man; might have been the first man in the State if he had not killed himself with brandy.' 'He was a big joker and a mighty drinker.' Well, I did like a nice glass of brandy, a good dinner and a jolly time generally. Can't say that I am any the worse for it now, though. This I do know, that it cut my earthly life short. This tempest-house body of mine could not stand the strain I put it to, and the spirit died to this place, shaking off the body in disgust. It is free now from its lusts and appetites, and mine were all rather strong, and I gratified them to the fullest extent of my craving. I put no restraint on them, and in my language, 'they killed me,' and I am glad they did, for the earth is rather an insignificant affair compared to this boundless universe through which I am roaming, contented and happy, exclaiming, 'Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?'"

The one thing of all others which the philosophy of Spiritualism teaches is, that such a man would not be "roaming through this boundless universe contented and happy," on the contrary, it teaches that he must suffer the natural penalty for his vices; that no vicarious atonement and no death-bed repentance can make him "contented and happy"; that he must work out his own salvation and be purified by suffering and anguish. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten and other mediums have described the sufferings of such spirits, as seen and heard by them, in language as chilling and terrible as anything ever portrayed.

Continuity of life beyond the grave is not more certain than is the persistence of personal responsibility and the impossibility of escape from the unchanging laws of the universe. "As a man sows, so shall he reap," is sound Spiritualist doctrine. No amount of vicarious atonement can mitigate one iota the sufferings of a Felton. A brandy-soaked debauchee is the same man the day after he ceases to poison the air with his foul breath as he was before; he has moulded his spirit so that God himself cannot suddenly change its constitution.

Unfortunately for Spiritualism as an *ism*, too many whilom church members who while believing church dogmas strove to conform to the letter of the law in order to gain a harp and crown and escape everlasting torment, have allowed the "old Adam" full sway when they found out the error of their minister's teachings and came into a superficial knowledge of spirit communion. All the evils with which the Spiritualist cause is handicapped may be traced directly to the errors and falsehoods of "old theology." Could the Spiritualist movement be relieved of the mass of superstition, crasse ignorance and immoral tendencies which a portion of its adherents have brought with them from their several churches, it would indeed be a happy day for the Cause. And that day is coming too! So sure as the law of evolution exists, just so sure will the true philosophy of Spiritualism clear the Movement of all that militates against its perfect purity and efficiency. Probably not in this generation, possibly not in the next, but in good time the spiritual forces underlying and inspiring what is now called Spiritualism will work the regeneration of the world. Modern Spiritualism as a distinctive public movement may pass away in time, but the eternal, ever-active forces behind it will still persist in all their strength; and under their resistless, never ceasing impulse each succeeding generation will mark a degree higher than its predecessor on the moral and spiritual register.

It may be asked by casual readers of the JOURNAL, "According to your philosophy is there to be no assistance given to the Feltons when they pass from mortal life; must they unaided grope their way through ages of darkness before a ray of hope shall warm their hearts and encourage them to strive on." By no means! But before a bright, pure spirit can approach them, before sweet words of sympathy can reach their ears, or soft angelic hands touch their furrowed brows, they must pass through mental anguish and suffering, have reached a point in their career where contrition for the past and an earnest desire to grow better in the future shall have full possession; then will some dear angelic friend be able to approach with words of solace and love; then will the sufferer be led by slow steps toward the point at which he might at first have entered spirit life had he striven for the pure and good while a mortal. "How about heredity," says one, "must a spirit suffer for the manifestation on earth of traits inherited from vicious parents, and for vices and crimes he was irresistibly impelled to by inheritance?" Most emphatically, yes! Is the child born blind or deformed, guilty of any offense against nature that should entail such a life of darkness or suffering? No, but he must endure it, there is no escape until death brings release. By mistake a mother gives a deadly drug to the child whose life she would gladly give her own to save; will the poignancy of her grief, or willingness to die for her dear one, stay the fatal effects? No, the child must suffer the penalty. Spiritualism, the philosophy of life, according to the JOURNAL's understanding, teaches that the same principle which underlies the law of the natural world, obtains with undiminished force in the realms of the moral and spiritual.

The editor of the Carrier Dove has read the JOURNAL to little purpose, if she does not know its unswerving stand for good morals, and right living as a necessary preparation for spirit life. So uncompromising has it been in this direction, so intolerant of persistent laxity in morals and continuous defections from the strict line of integrity, that it has incurred the vindictive hatred of a class of adventurers and the ill-will of their dupes, together with the active antagonism of some well-meaning, but illogical and superstitious disciples of Spiritualism. We thank the Dove for calling our attention to the Felton message, and for its timely criticism. May the Carrier Dove in its desire to be pacific, never shrink from using its quill in defense of true Spiritualism, which includes good morals; may it spread its wings each month and carry messages of comfort and instruction from continent to continent; may it live long and lead thousands from the Golden Gate on the Pacific to the Golden Gate of the Spirit-world, and through the shining panels give them a glimpse of the ineffable glories beyond.

An Iowa correspondent says he has seen a statement to the effect that the editor of the JOURNAL was arrested at Lake Pleasant on complaint of a Philadelphia crank, and inquires if it is true. No! it is not true. The editor was not arrested, either at the instigation of the aforesaid general disturbance or any body else.

A philanthropic London lady has bought land in Manitoba of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is to establish a colony of deaf mutes. She will provide an instructor in farming, and is to expend a considerable sum of money in that experiment.

A Christian's Suicide.

On one of the finest streets of the handsome city of Cleveland lived J. R. Shipperd, in a \$30,000 house filled with all that fine taste and lavish expenditure could supply to render it beautiful. Shipperd had charge of the millinery department of E. M. McGillion & Co.'s large establishment, and was very popular with the lady patrons. He was also a devout Christian. A zealous member of Plymouth Congregational Church, he was generally regarded as an exemplar of piety. About three months ago, McGillion & Co. began to suspect a leak in their finances, and putting a detective on the job, Shipperd was found to be the culprit. He would, it is claimed, sell goods and mark the sales ticket less than the amount received and pocket the difference. He was arrested, confessed his guilt, and received a sentence of \$100.00 fine and ten days in the workhouse, but his lawyers secured a stay of execution. He then settled with his employers and prepared to open business on his own account. Matters stood thus when one morning last week he arose from his bed, went into the garret of his house and hanged himself. The disgrace of being caught in crime was too much for him to endure.

Had this episode occurred in any one of the several prominent Cleveland families who are Spiritualists, what a howl against Spiritualism would have been raised in the churches, their publications and numerous secular papers. Spiritualism and its "diabolical teachings" would have been held responsible for the downfall of the man. The "baneful" influence of what Dr. Bush and other priests call "that wretched delusion," would have been heralded as the cause of the disgrace and suicide of a man who but for this would have lived and died an ornament to society and the Christian religion.

Shipperd believed Jesus died for him and that the Blood of the Lamb would wash away all his sins.

Shipperd believed he could repent at the eleventh hour and be saved from the penalty naturally following a criminal life.

Shipperd believed that "in the twinkling of an eye" he could be transformed from a thief to a pure and holy angel worthy to sit on the right hand of the throne. All his life he had heard repeated the consoling words which Jesus is alleged to have spoken to the repentant thief dying beside him on the cross: "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Accepting all these things as Shipperd did, was he not justified in differentiating morals from religion and in believing that he might at the last moment succeed in escaping punishment when he should meet his God?

According to the Christian plan of salvation did he not have a sure thing, provided he could escape detection while living and have only a moment to repent before passing in his final account?

Having failed to conceal his crime, and in the failure having brought upon himself such disgrace as made this life no longer worth living, what is there inconsistent with sound orthodoxy in asserting that in the few moments of consciousness intervening between the time he kicked the support from under his feet and the stopping of his breath by the tightening of the bed cord about his neck, he fully repented, and after a few spasmodic struggles of his body, at once took his seat in Paradise and forthwith began to wave his palm and play his harp as one of the redeemed?

These questions are soberly put and require serious consideration. The JOURNAL asks its intelligent readers among church people, and it has some, to compare the philosophy of Spiritualism with that of the man-made system of Christianity which passes current in the world. See which philosophy is best calculated to fit men to live upright lives here, and to enter upon the life hereafter.

Shipperd will be denounced by many Christians and some who do not profess Christ, as a hypocrite; they will say he was not religious. Against these charges of hypocrisy and non-religion, the JOURNAL in all charity asks suspension of judgment. The JOURNAL fully believes the man may have been thoroughly honest in his religious professions, and yet have been devoid of moral sense. He had long been taught that a perfectly moral, upright life counted for naught unless he believed the dogmas of the church; that the moral man if not a Christian was more dangerous than the immoral, and more hated by God. He apparently believed with many other professing Christians, that religion is one thing and business another, and they never should be mixed.

It appears that the murder of police officer Fowler in Washington, D. C., lately, by a negro rough in the chalmers, has reminded some superstitious people of the curse of Gulteau. Police officer Fowler was one of the three mounted men who guarded the assassin's van in his trips from the jail to the court house throughout the trial. Gulteau, the night the verdict was brought in, in the dark court room dimly lighted by candles, glaring like a wild beast, invoked a curse upon all who had been connected with the trial. There have been a number of deaths of persons who were so connected, including in their number jurors, doctors, detectives, jailers, police men and attorneys. Within two weeks two covered by Gulteau's curse have died—Dr. Woodward of the army, one of Garfield's surgeons, and now officer Fowler.

Rev. N. R. Quackenbush of Benton Harbor, Mich., favored us with a call last week. He had been spending a few days at the meeting at Vicksburg, Mich.

Dr. S. B. Brittan on Alleged Fraudulent Mediums.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Permit me to give you a communication which I have lately received from our earnest and faithful friend of old, Dr. S. B. Brittan. He writes me through an automatic medium of whose accuracy I have had years of proof, as follows:

"My Friend—I am feeling most earnestly the heavy drag on our cause that comes from the trickery of many of our mediums, or their guides; on our cause—I might say our beloved cause—for the advancement of which the best years of my earthly life were given."

The truthfulness of our mediums has always been an important factor in the progress of our principles; for what truth is there that will not surely be hindered by falsehood? But now, and in the future, as this Philosophy begins to fasten the attention of the more learned and scientific minds, it is of the utmost importance that nothing false should be presented. At present, the mediums or their guides—the mediums on our side—will, too many will, create phantoms when they think they cannot be had they will drop all deception, and consequently what powers they have will have increased strength. This end will not be reached until the more intelligent among the Spiritualists demand that there shall be no fraud, or suggestion of fraud, on the part of mediums.

I feel this with deep conviction, and trust I may make the impression on your mind that I desire.

Yours most fervently,

S. B. BRITTAN."

On reading this I remarked in reply that I felt as he did about it, but my difficulty was to see how the evil could be effectively checked. I had thought of going to some mediums who seemed sometimes to be conscious of trickery, or allowed themselves to be the instruments of it, and trying to show them of what a monstrous wrong they were guilty. Dr. B. rejoined:

"The thing cannot be done in a quiet way. The inquiry is wide-spread, and must be attacked in a manly, steadfast, public way. No reasoning with a medium would be of use, when he or she found the dollars coming in just as fast. The stand that must be taken is just this: What is without doubt genuine shall be enjoyed and patronized, but any medium who is known to be a fraud shall be entirely alone by those in high positions until he is willing to come into truth."

I inquired if something could not be done on his side toward suppressing fraudulent mediums by obstructing their deceitful controls. He replied: "Their controls are very powerful, and we cannot do your work for you."

Dr. Brittan has been touched on a point of vital importance to the progress of our truths in the world. If the frauds are "wide-spread," as he says, who of us can be indifferent to such a peril? No more damaging foe to Spiritualism can exist than falsehood and fraud within its own ranks. Outside, all unfairness and misrepresentation would play only a constant losing game, if there were no deception and knavery to be fought against—among those who profess to represent our cause. It is this abominable treachery to the truth within our ranks that all lovers of truth have a common interest in suppressing by every legitimate means within their reach.

In the honest purpose to do this, the Banner of Light—whatever representations may be made by any other true Spiritualist, as I believe, as any other true Spiritualist. What conceivable inducement has it to cover known fraud? What could be gained by this ultimately but reproach and disaster? Its charitable judgment is of course due as much to mediums as to all our other fellow-creatures. But in its warfare on known frauds I know of no reason to think it behind any other journal or individual. It feels on this point as deeply as Dr. Brittan himself.

So I wish to take occasion of this communication of the Doctor to invite to a consideration of the great evil which so distresses him—of its magnitude and the best means of suppressing it. Our friends all over the world are evidently alive to it, as their representative press shows.

Especially would I call attention to Dr. Brittan's position as stated by himself: "What is without doubt genuine shall be enjoyed and patronized." "Any medium who is reasonably suspected of fraud shall be left entirely alone." Are these positions sound, and is it of course the duty of all Spiritualists to take them?

By "reasonably suspected" the Doctor of course does not mean "convicted," nor even suspected to such an extent as to cause a general belief of their fraudulence; but only is the suspicion, of course, not of the outside world, ignorant largely of the facts and principles of Spiritualism, but of faithful and experienced students of the subject, who are also of candid disposition.

Some definite ground on this matter must be soon taken, one that can be clearly stated and practically applied. Yours faithfully, JOSEPH D. HULL.

3 Copeland Place, Boston.

The Banner of Light has always been ready to denounce and has denounced willful deception and proven fraud wherever found. Mere personal doubts of the opinions of inexperienced and sometimes prejudiced theorists it has ever refused to receive as evidence. It has always insisted, and will continue so to do, that owing to the intricate conditions surrounding mediums—conditions quite as often produced by the latter himself as by any other cause—the true course to be pursued, whether by private investigator or public writer, is to give the medium the benefit of the doubt in mooted cases: The medium must be regarded innocent until proven guilty. This course is pursued in all jury trials. Those brought up for breaking even the merely material laws of the land; how much more should such leniency be exercised toward the passive and sensitive medium for spirit-communion, who is often wrought upon at the same time, both by spirits clothed in the flesh and those outside the domain of physical life.

We would not for a moment be considered as being willing to countenance trickery in mediumship, but we have ever counseled caution in speaking against these instruments; the broadest charity should be exercised where a doubtful case arises, since some after-developed fact or experience may show the suspected party to have been really innocent. Thousands of newspaper columns are open, on the instant, throughout the United States, to denounce the Spiritualist mediums unheard; but the Banner of Light, established by spirit-intelligence, intends that while it goes out to the Spiritualists of America, it shall be found, first, last and always, speaking the best words at its command in defense of the medium-agents of the invisible world, without whose presence among men Spiritualism itself would be a philosophical nullity.—Banner of Light, August 30th.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL republishes the above in its entirety, for the reason that the matter broached by Dr. Brittan transcends in importance at this time all other questions in Spiritualism. Continuous readers of the JOURNAL will readily recognize Dr. Brittan's views as identical with those it has strenuously and aggressively advocated year after year. From the Spirit-world Dr. Brittan now publicly proclaims what he privately believed to a great degree before he passed from mortal life; what he would have as boldly published but for circumstances which need not here be detailed.

Will the Banner jog the memory of its readers by naming instances where it has denounced "willful deception and proven fraud"? Even a single instance would be refreshing. True, it has made occasional ado about several performers who have travelled the country exhibiting in theatres and public halls, but it is not this class to whom Dr. Brittan or the JOURNAL refers, and no one knows this better than the Banner. "Proven fraud" indeed! there is no possible way of proving fraud to the Banner. The evidence

of honorable men and women, whose veracity is above suspicion, supplemented with the masks, maslin, glass diamonds, and tinsel taken from the tricky mediums, goes for naught with the Banner. Aye, more! even the confession of the offender is not credited in the Banner's court. If, perchance, the Banner be forced, through fear, to publish on very rare occasions, communications from veracious and competent correspondents detailing the facts of an exposure, that sheet forthwith assumes the attitude of attorney for the criminal, and by special pleading, sly methods and tricks of mental legerdemain, attempts to blind its constituency, and begot the case. The warmest devotion of the Banner is secured by women whose reputation for unchastity is notorious, extending in some cases over two continents; it will commend men known to be liars, swindlers, bigamists and free-lovers. All that seems essential is a claim to mediumship, whether well-founded or not isn't important. If Mr. J. D. Hull, who succeeded in getting Dr. Brittan's views and his own before the Banner's readers, thinks the foregoing a too severe indictment, we shall be most happy to have him turn to the Banner's files for proof that we have not overdrawn the charge or exaggerated the specifications. We promise to sustain each and every assertion before any competent referee or commissioner who shall be jointly agreed upon by Mr. Joseph D. Hull, Dr. Eugene Crowell and Mr. Giles B. Stebbins.

The JOURNAL recognizes the difficulties to be met in dealing with occult forces; it is ready to befriend the ignorant sensitive who may become the unconscious victim of his own ignorance. The intricate and complex nature of the problems in Spiritualism are fully realized, but the JOURNAL does not propose to use these things as a cloak for the vicious and depraved. Neither does it propose to stand with folded hands and despairingly declare there is no way out of the woods.

One well equipped Psychological Research Institution would do more in three years to settle moot questions, elucidate spiritual laws, and place sensitives and mediums in a position of safety and respectability, than all that has been accomplished since the Rochester knockings. Unless Spiritualists speedily take up the matter which furnishes the text of Dr. Brittan's message and regulate it themselves—and they are the only ones competent to supervise the work—it will be done by the State. And in the hands of legislators ignorant of what they are dealing with, it goes without saying, the results will be oppressive to the innocent and temporarily disastrous to the promulgation of truth. It is worse than folly to be dazed by difficulties or to hesitate because a cut and dried specific for the evil is not ready to hand and fully understood by all. Let co-operative effort be begun at once in the direction indicated, and gradually all the difficulties will fade away, the good will dominate and the evil become so insignificant as to be harmless in the presence of the accumulated knowledge of the subject and the increased intelligence of the public.

GENERAL NOTES.

Wm. Nicol lectured at Pacific Junction, Sept. 9th.

The Ramsdell sisters desire us to say that they start for Denver, Col., this week.

O. P. Kellogg of Ohio, will speak at Columbus, Warren Co., Pa., Sunday, Sept. 21st.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at Eddyville, N. Y., Sept. 21st, and in Springfield, Mass., during October.

Will Mrs. Maud Lord give us her permanent address? We have inquires often, and cannot give the information needed.

C. Fannie Allyn lectured in Portland, Me., Sept. 7th and 13th. She will speak in E. Braintree, Oct. 12th and 19th; in Haverhill, Oct. 29th and Nov. 2nd; in Newburyport, Nov. 9th and 23rd; in Cleveland, O., during Dec. Spiritual and Liberal societies, West, desiring her services after December, will please address her soon at Stoneham, Mass.

The list of modern books which are not allowed in the reading rooms and public libraries of Russia, includes translations of works by Agassiz, Bagehot, Huxley, Zola, Lasalle, Lubbock, Leck, Louis Blanc, Lewes, Lyall, Marx, Mill, Reclus, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, and Theory of Moral Sentiments, and Herbert Spencer's works.

C. Fannie Allyn writes as follows with reference to the Neshaminy Falls camp meeting: "There was a large attendance; the last Sunday, the newspapers reported 10,000 as being present. I took the children in charge, and with the aid of the band I gave two entertainments, which led to the resolve on the officers' part, that the future would see them alive to the interests of the children."

The Michigan Association of Spiritualists has issued a very neat Certificate of Ordination, which will be used in ordaining any acceptable person, as a "Minister, Missionary and Teacher," authorizing him or her "to perform the marriage ceremony, bury the dead, organize Spiritualist associations, and to perform other and fully all the duties and rites usually devolving upon a minister of the Gospel as recognized by law."

August Leroy, a young man living at Springfield, Ill., and a machinist by trade, called at the office last week to tell the JOURNAL of his development as a medium. Mr. Leroy appears to be an honest, sensible man, and with friends he is investigating and developing his mediumship. He gets strong manifestations in the light, and our advice to him is, never sit in the dark; he may have a subdued or colored light, however, if he finds it better.

Sanford B. Perry.

Friday, the 12th, was a perfect September day; now and then clouds obscured the bright sun, but they ever showed a silver lining; finally came a glorious autumn sunset bathing in rays rich and warm vast fields of ripened corn and spraying heavy laden orchards with royal sheen. At this propitious hour Sanford B. Perry was leaving his nobly formed mortal frame, in the autumn of his life. Ripened spirit as he was, he had no further use for the body that had served him so long and well. On Thursday evening he appeared in usual health and sang old hymns and ballads with his wife and younger son. Retiring early, he was seized before midnight with an illness, resulting in paralysis of the heart and dissolution before the next evening.

Mr. Perry was a lawyer by profession and had practiced in this city some twenty-seven years, coming here from Massachusetts. No member of the Chicago Bar was more respected by his associates for sterling integrity; he was an honest as well as an able lawyer. Always liberal in his religious views and a member of Rev. John Pierpont's society in his early manhood, he identified himself with different Unitarian societies during his life in Chicago. A few years ago he and Mrs. Perry came into a knowledge of the phenomena of Spiritualism, since which time both have been devoted, outspoken advocates of the spiritual philosophy. During the past eight years we have known him intimately; he has been our staunch friend in hours of trial, and no one outside his family will miss his splendid form and cheery voice more than will the editor of the JOURNAL and his household. Mr. Perry was a terse, vigorous and convincing writer; some of the clearest articles ever published in the JOURNAL, were over his signature.

During the past year his spiritual growth had been very marked and he was well prepared for the great change, which to him was neither dreaded nor unexpected. A wife and three noble sons remain to represent his name and cherish his memory. On Sunday, the family, assisted by Dr. H. W. Thomas and a few invited friends, paid their last respects to the earthly tenement of the husband, father and friend, and then composedly and helpfully laid the body to rest in Oakwood Cemetery, knowing full well that their beloved was not sleeping; but undoubtedly present as an interested witness of the tender respect and loving ceremony.

Farewell as a mortal, friend Perry. All hail as a grand and aspiring spirit with eternal progress before you. May the loving sisters whom a dear one saw float in at your window but a few evenings before your departure, minister to your wants; may your old friend Pierpont early greet you with words of cheer and proffers of guidance and advice.

Dr. J. K. Bailey was at Queen City Park, Vt., Camp Meeting. He spoke there Sept. 6th, with marked success, and excellent satisfaction was manifested.

Mr. Chas. Dawbarn, writing the 12th of September, says: "I go to Hillsville, L. I. to speak on Sunday. The week after I speak at Everett, Hall, Brooklyn, and the following Sunday in Williamsburg."

Several Spiritualists in this city, who are deeply interested in the healing art, are about to establish a monthly magazine, to be called *The Mind Cure*. A. J. Swarts, we understand, is to be the editor. His theory, however, of the mind cure is entirely different from that entertained by Mrs. Eddy, one of its prominent exponents in the East. He attributes the success of the so-called mind cure to spirit influence.

Under the head of "Nemesis, or the Coming of the Kingdom," W. M. Connolly is publishing a monthly magazine at 144 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. He says: "It will be devoted to the exposure of the falsehood and wickedness of Christianity, and to pointing out the predictions of its end, and of the setting up of the Kingdom of God on earth. It hopes to be a light in a dark place—an anchor of hope to many—a magazine true to God and humanity." It is furnished at ten cents per number, or \$1 per year.

Three months ago, Abraham Cuddeback of Damascus, Pa., was struck with paralysis and was rendered entirely helpless in consequence. Later a terrific thunder storm prevailed in the vicinity of his house and the lightning struck near by. The electric fluid came in at the open window, striking him and throwing him violently from his chair. When his wife restored him to consciousness she was delighted to discover that he had regained the use of his limbs, and could talk and walk as naturally as ever.

Sept. 4th, Secretary Folger passed to spirit life at his home in Geneva, N. Y. The only persons present were Mrs. Hart, his deceased wife's sister, Dr. Knapp, law associate; his family physician, Dr. A. B. Smith, and his colored servant James. Dr. Smith and Capt. J. S. Lewis had left him but a few minutes previously. On the 9th, his funeral took place. The President, Secretaries Frelinghuysen, Chandler, and Teller, the Postmaster General, Gov. Cleveland, and other prominent men were present. Flags floated everywhere at half-mast, and black goods were draped from fronts of business blocks and private residences, and grief at his untimely departure was everywhere manifested.

The Japan Weekly Mail says the favorite pass of a rich noble lady was lately borne to its last home in a snow-white coffin covered with a gorgeous white silk pall, while its inconsolable mourners followed the remains. Priests chanting a solemn litany met the bier, and escorted it to its grave. Another defunct feline is commemorated by a handsome monument at the gate of the cemetery just outside Tokio.

AN AWFUL LESSON.

A Minister of the Gospel Returns to Earth to Confess his Hypocrisy.

(Our knowledge of the writer justifies us in commending the following narrative to the JOURNAL'S readers as undoubtedly truthful.—Ed. JOURNAL.)

To the sad facts which constitute this lesson the writer desires to premise a few words: Many persons, and perhaps I should say especially Christian ministers, express their dislike and fear of Spiritualism as an enemy to morality. Some go so far as to denounce it unparaphrasingly as such; as "corrupting, debasing, unprincipled, godless," and so on through a catalogue of opprobrious epithets, for even in these I have not reached the foul aspersions of an eminent professor of theology at Andover. To such calumnies on a great body of respectable people for the sins of a few, it is enough to say that "orthodoxy" is as justly exposed as Spiritualism, if one chooses to use such weapons.

There are, however, fairer-minded persons, who would scorn to fling slanders, who yet think they see in some of the pronounced teachings of Spiritualism views that must of necessity weaken the great motives that hold men to morality; and they instance, especially, its "weak doctrine" as compared with that of orthodoxy, on our condition in the future world. In dispelling the beliefs of our fathers respecting heaven and hell, and the reward of perfect bliss on the one hand, and the punishment of perfect misery on the other, and both absolutely unending, they charge it with removing the grand incentives to a good life.

One is tempted here into a wide field of argument. But let one or two suggestions suffice. And, first, it is not Spiritualism that is chiefly responsible for the decadence of the old beliefs. They were bound to go any way with the growing intelligence and moral elevation of the people. They are dead in circles where Spiritualism has no recognized influence as in those which it pervades. It is in the most cultivated minds as a class, that they are the most hopelessly dead, whatever view be taken by such of Spiritualism. Never again will they affect the hopes and fears of men in the future as they have done in the past; not even though the revelations of Spiritualism could all be exploded.

But more than this. In the present state of widely prevailing thought, Spiritualism steps in as positively a conservative influence. In place of the old and nearly powerless doctrines, awakening only contempt and derision, if ever by chance they are preached, and in the midst of widely prevailing unbelief in any retributions of a future life, Spiritualism has something very clear and positive to say. It plainly presents and powerfully indicates the most rational and soul moving views—and it vindicates these not so much by elaborate reasonings, after the manner of the theologians, as by facts the most impressive and undeniable. Whether its doctrine be a "weak" one, the facts, as in great numbers attested, must show.

One thing is certain. Its testimony to the value of a virtuous life here in its bearing upon our next condition is strong, uniform and unqualified. Unlike orthodoxy, it does not neutralize this grand lesson by insisting on the far greater importance of difficult dogmatic beliefs, "the insufficiency of good works," the "filthy rags of our own righteousness" and the supreme value of another's, when "imputed" to us.

Is it strange that men trained to this way of thinking and talking should be not infrequently "weak" in virtue—sometimes grossly so? But it is strange that such should plume themselves on "Orthodoxy" as the grand defense of morality.

The story I am about to relate in illustration of what has now been said, is no fiction. I cannot, of course, publish to the world the name of its unhappy subject; and as even my own would probably lead to his identification that, too, must be withheld; but as a guarantee of good faith it has been given in confidence to the Editor of this journal, with my assurance that my narrative is literally true in every detail.

The Rev. Dr. A. B. C. (not his true initials) was in his youth, fifty years ago, my college classmate, and for a time my intimate personal friend and room-mate. He was a young man of good talents, rather handsome person and captivating manners. In a "revival of religion" during his sophomore year he was "converted," and for a short time appeared to be, indeed, a changed man. After his graduation and a brief course of theological study—during which he was thought by many not to adorn highly his religious profession—he was ordained pastor of an orthodox church in a flourishing manufacturing village in Massachusetts. From this he rose through increasingly conspicuous positions till he reached that of pastor of one of our apparently richest and most fashionable metropolitan congregations. After some years of service, during which no scandal, so far as I know, was connected with his name, he died in office. And at his funeral the once handsome earthly body which he had in secret so foully dishonored was borne by venerable and saintly men—at least, so they seemed—into the stately edifice that had been commonly called by his name, and thence, after solemn song and prayer interspersed with undesired and unbecoming eulogy, borne out again, amid a reverent throng, to be consigned to the tomb.

For many years I had known very little about him. Our early friendship had been transient. But the worst that I should have thought of him during his later career was that his work in "the sacred office" must have been to a great degree merely perfunctory. I was not prepared for the revelation that was to follow.

Sitting one evening recently with a writing medium, a lady in private life only, but of fine gifts and the highest personal character, I presently observed in her appearance manifestations of great distress. These continued for some minutes before her hand was controlled to write the name of my former friend: "C. . . Humiliation and suffering. Pray for me."

Of course I was most painfully startled and shocked. The whole truth flashed upon me. This man had gone to a hypocrite's reward; was spiritually in hell. I responded kindly, and awaited his further words. But so painful was his influence upon the medium that she could not bear it, and rose and walked about in the effort to throw it off. After a while she succeeded; and another spirit—a dear young friend often with her—took control and wrote: "He did not wish to let go. He is not nice looking. But some one says his has been a strange experience, and that he desires to tell you himself, when he gains more power; not only for the lesson to be learned from it, but because it will take a load off from him."

On resuming our sitting the next evening the same distressing condition of the medium re-appeared and continued during the writing of the following terrible self arraignment.

THE MINISTER'S CONFESSION.

"I have a confession to make before I can

rise higher, and I will force myself to it. Never can I get away from earth till I make it. My earthly life was a prolonged gratification of the senses. My ambition satisfied by the position attained, I sought not to lift my people into higher and broader thoughts, but allowed their minds to sleep while I encouraged their easy lives of light social duties. My church was not a working one, hardly a live one; and rather than lose my place among them by raising intellectual thoughts and desires I could not gratify, I starved them. So I allowed myself to settle into easy habits of thought, and self-indulgence as to my body. My early inclinations I did not subdue; they grew upon me. The only restraint I put upon them was to be quite sure they should be secret, knowing open association with women and the gaming table would not be allowed by my exceedingly proper people. So hypocrisy of outward life grew upon me. And as this was kept up successfully for many years I came to feel that I was safe even from a righteous Judge; since, if there were one, he would not let me escape punishment so entirely.

"Thus grew up intellectual and moral hypocrisy. When finally the death of the body came, and I, after some time, roused up from the lethargy resulting from my peculiar disease, I desired to rush back to the old habits, not realizing I was out of the body. So I wandered forlorn on earth, tasting the old joys, but finding them hollow, *hollow*, *hollow*. Then came a little light into the depths of misery and vice into which I had sunk, and a sense of the awful penalties inflicted by God's righteous laws on all transgressors. Pray, pray, pray."

This was written rapidly, and with much apparent agitation and anguish of feeling. And the medium was greatly distressed and exhausted by it, so as to be, perhaps, a half-hour in recovering far enough to be used again. Then a spirit friend, of very elevated character and always in her approaches bringing a calm, sustaining influence, was able to pencil the following:

"It must seem strange to you that such poor souls should need to make earthly confession in order to progress. But where one is drawn closely to earth, many of the old feelings remain, and as this sufferer had a life-long secret, and wishes now to drop it, he must do what would be a very trying thing, confess to an old friend, and spot the fair fame he had sought to leave on earth."

And presently another—the young spirit friend before mentioned—added:

"It was a peculiar trial for this bad one to come to you; for he always felt you knew something of his life. And now to come and say you were right in what you knew, only you did not know much, was very hard. He was all bowed down when he left, but some bright one came to him; one, a young girl that he hurt in life."

Remembering a story reported in his youth of his breaking a promise of marriage, I asked if that was the "hurt." "More than that," was the response. And the injured one was not any friend of his youth, but "a young girl" now.

All reflections of my own upon such a communication as this seem to me, I confess, inadequate. I will add, however, the words of another. He, too, was the friend and college classmate of the unhappy man, but now enjoys the reward of a good life in the universal respect paid to his legal acquirements and his eminent virtues. On reading the foregoing messages he wrote me:

"That communication from C— is marvelous. I always thought him a man of no genuine piety, but did not suppose he was rotten in his life. But what a lesson! Could all the preaching of hell fire that was ever uttered from a pulpit equal such a sermon as this? And yet orthodox people think Spiritualism is eliminating hell out of theology. What more terrible hell can there be? Though it is true there is at least the opportunity for final deliverance."

Yes, very true. The element of absolute hopelessness for eternity is wanting; an element which no finite mind can conceive; much less, truly believe. Nothing so impossible as this is needed to add horror to the picture. What ages of "humiliation and suffering," of struggle for the recovery of lost sensibilities and aspirations, for the unwinding of the heavy chains of habit, for the establishment of principles and affections entirely unknown to the soul's experience, may be required, we cannot tell. The man who in addition to these plain prospects, requires the incentive of an everlasting, hopeless hell—will any theology ever move him to a virtuous life?

In effect perhaps no preaching is really weaker than this, which some think so necessary.

To most readers of this story it may seem specially addressed to "false priests" or faithless ministers. Perhaps so; yet hardly less pointedly, is it to every hypocrite, in any degree, in any station. Would that its warning might penetrate every false heart with a conviction it could never escape, that there can be no disguise of our true character when we have passed into the spirit life, and no escape from its legitimate consequences.

VERITAS.

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The Hon. Julius H. Seelye is preparing an article on "Moral Character in Politics," to appear in the next issue of the *North American Review*.

Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

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SPIRITUAL CAMP MEETING IN CALIFORNIA.

The first Annual Camp Meeting of California with convalescence in the large Pavilion on Long Branch bathing grounds, Alameda, Cal., October 1st, to continue twelve days. Good speakers and mediums will be present, and the public is cordially invited. Long Branch is only a few minutes ride from San Francisco by boat and narrow gauge railroad, which passes through the most beautiful scenery in the State. Tickets for the large arch gateway where you will be admitted to each session for 10 cents, or \$1.00 for season ticket. Hotels will be open for the guests. Bakers and waiters are not a few from the grounds. Some undoubtedly will bring their families, as October is usually a very pleasant season of the year on this coast. A pecuniary season is anticipated.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements: Mrs. Dr. Schaffman, Editor *Carrier News*, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. F. A. Logan, Treasurer and Reader, Long Branch, Alameda, Cal.; Mrs. M. Miller, text medium and speaker, 116 7th street, San Francisco, Cal.

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MEDIUMSHIP.

By MRS. MARY E. EYRE.

This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the author's own experience. It explains the religious experience of the Christian in connection with spiritual laws and the Christian's duty. It is written in an all embracing and to the Christian, the reader will know the true philosophy of a "mediumship." It is written in a language so simple and so plain that it can be read by all.

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BY A. T. LANPHERE.

—
Mediums.

—

**The Best and Purest Element of
Spiritualism.**

It is reported that Lieutenant Melville will command another arctic expedition, to be a private enterprise. Members of the New York Yacht Club are expected to furnish the funds.

There is an old fellow in Hamilton County, who is nearly a hundred and two years of age. He has been chewing tobacco for the last five or six years. Nothing less than strychnine will stop him.

Telegraphy.

Spirits Seeing Matter.

Death of the Founder of the Science of American.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

For the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*

Crankles.

Athens.

Admission

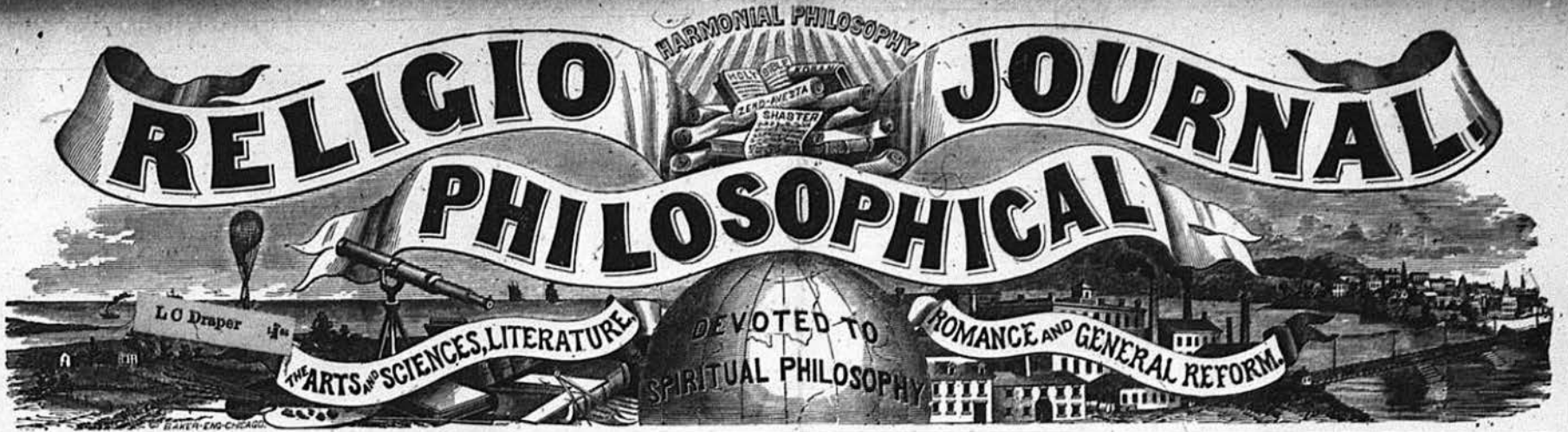
Agamemnon and Andromache are the names of the two children in the family of Dr. Schlenker, veridical of Greek history. The learned doctor's wife and children are passing the summer in many. Their new residence, Athens is also the best modern house in the city. It is an immense mansion of the best Pentellic marble, adorned with marble statues of the whole Olympus in groups of two and three. The front has a portico set into each story, while the plain between the two stories contains in large groups the inscription, "Ilion Melathron." The consists of lofty, spacious rooms with marble and ceilings frescoed richly with illustrations of the Grecian mythology. Part of the collection of antiquities exhumed at Troy is within the mansion, the remainder being in Germany.

Professor Tundell, one of the most noted of sch-

Twenty-five years ago the 28th of August last, petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania. The oil had been used for centuries in Persia and Arabia, but it was unknown in this country.

tract of western Ohio had been put under the hills. From the Indian lands, crude petroleum, known as "oil," had existed in the vicinity. In quantities floating on Oil Creek had been given for medicinal purposes. From 1854 to 1858, spring operations of a crude nature were carried on. Trenches were dug into which oil oozed, and afterward pumped into rails. The Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was formed and Colonel S. M. Rock was engaged to sink a well of the Augustus price. Work was commenced in 1859, and the first gush of oil was struck Aug. 28, at a depth of nine and one-half feet.

For a wholesale and retail by the HILLMAN-PHILIPSON
CO. CHICAGO, ILL.



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

Report of the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting held on the Grounds of the New England Spiritualists Camp Meeting Association at Lake Pleasant Camp, Montague, Mass., August 21st, 22nd and 23rd, 1884.

In pursuance of a call issued by Hon. John G. Jackson of Hockessin, Del., President of the American Spiritualist Association, the annual meeting opened Thursday morning, Aug. 21st, at Lake Pleasant Camp, Montague, Mass. After a song by the Amphion Glee Club of Troy, N. Y., Dr. Jos. Beals, President of the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, introduced Mr. Jackson by saying: "Many of you are aware that this morning and Friday and Saturday mornings have been set apart for the meetings of the American Spiritualist Association. The President of this Association is Mr. J. G. Jackson of Hockessin, Del., a gentleman who early came from the Quakers into the Spiritualist ranks, and has been a Spiritualist more than thirty years. He is an able writer, and his articles, published far and wide, have proved of great interest. It is not to form an association that we have come here, but to continue and perfect the one organized last year. I have the pleasure of introducing to the audience Hon. J. G. Jackson of Hockessin, Del."

MR. JACKSON.—I am happy to appear before you, but propose to say very little. My only object shall be to make a brief statement, for the benefit of those not already informed, of the initiatory steps taken in inaugurating the American Spiritualist Association. Many have thought that it is of entirely an ephemeral character, originating at Sturgis, Mich., about a year ago; but it had its inception before that. Though the need of organization was widely felt, the immediate impulse of the present movement may be said to have been occasioned by an able address by Dr. A. B. Spinnay of Detroit, Mich., published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal of December 17th, 1881, on "Constructive and Destructive Spiritualism," which resulted in April, 1882, in the issuing of the Call which I will read:

THE CALL.

We the undersigned, believers in a spiritual philosophy and lovers of truth and progress, deem that the time has come to make an effort to organize upon a scientific, philosophical, rational, moral and pure social basis. For the purpose of furthering said object, if feasible, we would advise the calling of a National Convention, either at Cleveland or Detroit, May 30th and 31st, 1882.

I will also quote a part of what Dr. Spinnay published in connection with this Call, as it will aid in an understanding of the motives of those who co-operated in the subsequent proceedings:

Will all spiritual papers and journals throughout the United States, please publish this Call, and either criticize or commend the same as they see fit; also all persons interested in Spiritualism please do the same?

The time may not have come for Spiritualists to organize, but the time has arrived to make an effort, for before us in the future is a consciousness of all that is grand, true and elevating in Spiritualism, in organic work by its believers; or their absorption by the churches of the day, which are slowly expanding and receiving our ideas. Friends, will you rally, act and save your souls and redeem your beautiful philosophy from all that selfishness and ignorance have placed around it? Protect mediumship, but

make fraud a crime. On the one hand we have eclecticism, dogmatism, and church power, on the other, cheerless, cold, Godless materialism, leading down, but leading no new temple where man's religious, spiritual and social nature can be fed. The time has come to build a highway for ourselves and others to walk in, and thus through progress attract the good and spiritual minded to us.

The final result of this Call was a National Conference at Detroit, October 27-29th, 1882, at which a respectable number of representative Spiritualists from different sections of the country, were in attendance. A larger number who could not attend, sent letters of encouragement with promises of co-operation in future work. Among the other work of a standing committee with instructions to call a National Convention in May, 1883, or about that time, to meet at such place as said committee should select. This committee selected Sturgis, Michigan, as the place, and June 15th, 16th and 17th, 1883, as the time for holding the Conference, and it was held accordingly. At this

NATIONAL CONFERENCE IN STURGIS a permanent national organization was formed and named American Spiritualist Association. A Declaration of Principles, Constitution and By-laws were adopted, and officers elected.

It has been the endeavor of its officers and members to make the aims of the Association as well known as possible; but still they are not as well known as they ought to be, or as they will be in another year. The quite extensive correspondence which I have carried on, has been encouraging and indicates a rapidly growing desire on the part of Spiritualists for general organization. Let us hope, although the fruit may not thus far appear magnificent, that seed has been sown which will bear good fruit. Time will show that the character of this Association is not ephemeral, and that organization will strengthen and purify Spiritualism and render it a lasting power for good. Owing to my somewhat delicate health I will invite Mr. Newman Weeks, of Vermont, and an officer of the A. S. A., to read the Constitution and Declaration of Principles.

Mr. John C. Bundy moved that in the absence of the secretary and treasurer, Mr. David Jones of Utica, N. Y., editor and publisher of the Olive Branch, be appointed secretary pro tem and Dr. E. M. Ripley of Unionville, Conn., treasurer pro tem. The motion was seconded by Dr. Beals and unanimously carried.

Mr. Weeks then read the Constitution and Declaration of Principles.

Mr. Bundy then referred to the discussion of the subject of Organization at Lake Pleasant last year and the desire then manifested to affiliate with the association formed at Sturgis. He spoke of the need of increasing the membership of the organization by a judicious solicitation of desirable persons to join, and to better effect this, he moved that a committee on membership be appointed and offered the following names: Mrs. David Jones, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Killingly, Conn.; Mrs. Maud E. Lord, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. M. H. Fletcher, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Sue B. Fales, Boston, Mass.; Mr. W. W. Currier, Haverhill, Mass.; Mr. Chas. T. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. W. B. Mills, Saratoga, N. Y.; Dr. Jos. H. Beals, Denver, Col., and Mr. John Winslow, Bristol, Conn. The motion was adopted.

Owing to the temporary ill health of President Jackson and at his request, Mr. Newman Weeks of Rutland, Vt., now took the chair in his stead. Mr. Weeks stated briefly the objects of the meeting and called upon Hon. A. H. Dalley of Brooklyn.

JUDGE DALLEY regarded the subject of the work of the Association as one requiring mature thought. He did not feel prepared to talk upon the matter satisfactorily to himself, and hoped that what he might say would not be taken as his best thought. The object of the Association was to get hold of something from which something else was to grow. All things have small beginnings, all things must take some definite form and shape, must have organization; but organization in Spiritualism has been opposed by some. They say, "As soon as we acknowledge organization, we hamper the movement." It is idle for us to avoid trying to do anything for fear we shall hamper the work. We shall yet see that along the line of organization lies greater freedom than we have to-day; advantages and facilities which cannot be had to-day. He had often been solicited for information concerning mediums, etc., which he was unable to supply. One aim of organization was to furnish this information. He would like to find out the exact situation of the Spiritualist movement in various parts of the country, and correspondence should be instituted by this Association, as an aid in obtaining such information. He desired that honest mediums should be protected without trespassing upon the rights of any person whatever. At first this might seem a matter of grave difficulty; but to him it seemed easy and simple. It could be accomplished by the general and cordial co-operation of honest mediums.

INVITED TO THE PLATFORM.

The acting chairman invited Dr. J. E. Bailey, Mr. Chas. Dawbarn of New York, Mr. John Winslow of Connecticut, Mr. W. W. Currier, Mrs. Sue B. Fales, Mrs. L. B. Sayles, and Miss A. M. Beecher of Brooklyn, to come upon the platform and take part in the discussion. Mr. Dawbarn requested to be excused for the present, as he was there as a learner; but would be happy to speak later on.

MRS. SUE B. FALES.

Mrs. Sue B. Fales of Boston, upon being introduced said that she was interested in the work, and had been sent as a delegate to this Association from the Southern Association, formed at Lookout Mountain; that she was, as most present already knew, a medium and an active worker in the Spiritualist cause, and found no work too hard, no place too far to visit, if she might thereby accomplish a good work. She referred to the condition of the movement in the South as "a field ripe for the harvest, but the laborers were few." She was ready to do all that she could as a ready worker, a sharp critic, and on the spiritual side of the question.

Mrs. Fales asked, "Is Organization a Necessity?" and then proceeded to give her views somewhat at length, as follows:

Organization is a necessity in all civilized communities, and there is something grand in the idea of the earnest workers and well wishers of the cause of Spiritualism associating themselves together in large and powerful organizations—uniting themselves in a harmonious body for the progress and development of more perfect phases of mediumship and spirituality. It strengthens the bond of human brotherhood by uniting all hearts in one common cause. All who have a deep and abiding interest in the growth and advancement of the human family, should join heart and soul in any and all measures which tend toward a higher state of morality or a broader and more perfectly developed state of intelligence.

Organization is one of the best, if not the highest means within the grasp of men to unfold and concentrate their intellectual powers, and advance their spiritual growth. Organization gives protection to the weak and places them behind the shelter of Law and Order. Until this is done, we as a people can not hope to hold our own with the churches which band themselves together in powerful associations. The churches spread out strong arms of protection over the weak and aged, and by the help of well organized institutions and charitable funds, they care tenderly for all, who by sickness and other misfortunes are rendered unfit for duty as teachers and helpers in their great work of human improvement.

The Spiritualists of America should learn by the example of the churches, that there is strength in well organized associations; that just and generous laws are required by us; and every association should reach out in all directions, and gather in their most reliable mediumistic forces, and after testing them thoroughly, give them power to go forth and promulgate the truth.

There should be a fund set apart for the sole purpose of sustaining those who are workers; that their best efforts may not be cramped and hindered through fear of want, as is often the case with some of our best and most reliable mediums. There is certainly a growing need for more benevolent organizations among the Spiritualists of our country. If we are clear-headed enough to understand what we need and desire to receive through progression and "divine revelation," we ought to see as clearly what is needed to aid us in searching out and fully developing all forms and phases of revelation. Only by well established organizations can we permanently increase in numbers and strength. Every State in the Union should have its organization, and by associated effort, the different organizations should join in practical efforts to spread the light of immortality throughout the world, co-operating with the angel-world in its mighty endeavor to uplift and purify humanity.

Let the leaders in our cause teach the people that there is power in co-operating numbers; and work earnestly not only to develop mediumistic forces, but to build up needed institutions that adequate knowledge and higher phases of spirituality may be placed within the reach of all.

We must have institutions where mediums can go themselves and send their children to be educated. This can only be done effectively by banding ourselves together, and by furnishing ample means for the employment of talented and reliable persons as our public mediums; men and women who are empowered by high and holy inspirations from angels and fitted by pure and honest lives to do the work of Reformers. We want mediums who possess cheerful, amiable and sympathetic dispositions, with courage to tell the whole truth regardless of public opinion. Mediums and all public workers are often fettered in their work and ministrations by lack of means. Organization would, we believe, furnish a fund by which needed help could be furnished to all deserving ones. This would do more toward advancing our cause, than years spent in uttering high sounding philosophy. I believe in a practical, simple organization. I believe in sending out good, trustworthy test mediums to awaken interest in the hearts of the people; such mediums will break the ground, and our eloquent philosophers and speakers may go after them, and educate and cultivate as much as possible.

Many of our most earnest men and women, amongst intelligent Spiritualists, refuse to come out and join us till we do organize in some practical manner by which law and order may become controlling forces. They stay in the churches rather than be subjected to influences which must ever control an unorganized mass, such as the Spiritualist movement now is.

Pride is an obstacle in the way of spiritual progression. Thousands will join us when they find that we are really intelligent people,

with power, reason and judgment to defend ourselves and our faith.

I trust this organization, called the American Spiritualist Association, will stand firm upon its constitution and declared principles, and growing rapidly, may it reach out its sheltering arms, sheltering all the weak and weary ones, and giving light and hope to those who walk in darkness. In time all true and order-loving Spiritualists will join us in this work of human brotherhood; they will also unite with us in asking the divine blessing upon our organization.

MISS A. M. BEECHER, OF BROOKLYN.

Miss A. M. Beecher, the next speaker, thought the opposition to organization was the old story of a burnt child who has felt of fire; but because one child has felt pain, is that any reason for abolishing the law of calorific? Because one careless boy has been hurt by a falling stone, should we abolish the law of gravitation? Because the abuse of organization has worked evils, is that a reason for abolishing organization? This organization should not only involve a State but should embrace the United States. It cannot stop, it must go on, and on, until it involves the universe and angels become members. I am glad the platform of the A. S. A. is flexible enough to include what we think right to-day and what seems more nearly right to-morrow; that is progressive; we should press onward and upward forever.

MR. JOHN WINSLOW, OF CONNECTICUT.

Mr. Winslow said that he came to the Camp for the purpose of learning as much as possible of the attempt to extend the influence and work of the Association. He was deeply interested, but did not expect to be asked to say a word. While still imperfectly understanding the philosophy of Spiritualism, the more he got of it, the more he felt in love with it. He agreed with Miss Beecher that there was no need of discussing the necessity for organization—that was a foregone conclusion. That many abuses had grown out of organization in the past, he admitted, but this was no reason why Spiritualists should not organize. Spiritualists recognize as no other people do, the claims of science coming from all quarters of the globe. We recognize the fact that organization is a law of nature; how, then, can we consistently say we are exceptions to this law? We see hosts of people now members of different organizations longing for some more congenial place; the proposition is to give them such a place. We can have the benefit of their experience and avoid their errors. The trouble has not been in organization per se, but in the abuse of its principles. The speaker asked each and every one present to consider the Declaration of Principles of the A. S. A. and see if they could discover there a thought with which they were not in full sympathy. Organization is not to restrict, but to extend a helping hand to every little town where the people desire to come together for spiritual work. To maintain our present enjoyment given to us through our mediums, mediums must be protected and encouraged. He looked upon mediums as holding a sacred trust. He referred at some length to the laws which had been passed in some States against healers, and the difficulty Spiritualists had in seeking relief through legislation; and asserted that this is because there is no organized effort among them. Organizations, said the speaker, can accomplish much that is impossible to individuals.

NEWMAN WEEKS, OF VERMONT.

The acting Chairman, Mr. Weeks said that for more than thirty years he had been a Spiritualist, and all that time he had favored organization, not only for the purpose of propaganda, but also to compel the world to recognize us and have some respect for us. The reason why so many speakers and pioneers have left the field and gone into other societies and occupations is that we lack the cohesion and power that comes of organization. Many of our best speakers are employed in the service of other organizations, in many of which the majority of the members are Spiritualists.

J. CLEGG WRIGHT, OF ENGLAND.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright of England was in favor of organization. Everywhere you look, everywhere you turn in nature organization is seen. There is no necessity to argue the question of the utility of organization in Spiritualism, it is obvious. There are open questions in Spiritualism; there are abstract questions with which as a body we have nothing to do. But there are certain facts we call Spiritualism, which always will be Spiritualism. These inner truths and facts are points upon which we can unite. The speaker then referred to an organization with which he had been connected in England, in early life, and said that Spiritualism needed some such organization. A national organization would be of assistance to the weak societies until they were strong enough to act for themselves. The A. S. A. could not create mediumship, neither could it destroy it. He thought we could learn from the Roman Catholics at least the value of schools for educating the young in the truths which we wish to promulgate. Spiritualism accomplishes very little in removing the evils of the world because of no organization to lend a helping hand.

The speaker mentioned a society he had established at Belper, near Manchester, Eng., in 1876. At first he lectured to only thirteen persons, now the society is one of the largest in England. He attributed the success to the fact that he could speak for the society, when first started, at no additional expense. As it was started on his way to other engagements, it was estimated that the lectures, in that instance,

cost only about \$1.00 each. He thought there should be some organized effort to aid weak societies; that all their available funds should not go to pay the railroad fare of the lecturer.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter was invited to close the meeting with a song; but before singing, to make some remarks. He acceded to the request for the music, but declined to speak, saying: "I am not prepared to say anything on this subject just now. The need of organization is apparent to every one; the how is what we want, and I am not prepared to speak on the how." He then sang, "Beautiful Land of Light."

On motion, the following persons were selected to act as a business committee: Mr. John Winslow, Bristol, Conn.; Hon. A. H. Dalley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Killingly, Conn.

LETTER FROM DR. A. B. SPINNEY, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The following letter was received during the first day's session and placed on file to be published with the proceedings:

HON. J. G. JACKSON.—Dear Brother: I regret very much that I cannot be with you at the first annual meeting of the American Spiritualist Association, but this is impossible as it occurs upon the same days that I have my office-days; yet of one thing be assured: that my interest and devotion to the cause and efforts of organization are not lessened, but daily increasing. I have read all the articles for and against organization since the first step was made toward this movement. I have failed to lift my pen because I felt I could add nothing to what I had already said. I deeply regret that the mass of Spiritualists apparently do not, or will not, think upon this important question; yet I rejoice that the numbers are daily increasing who feel and know that this important work is the salvation of true Spiritualism.

Only those who love the truth for its own sake will at first battle, toil and sacrifice to push forward in this direction. Order, system and organic action upon a philosophic and religious basis, means death to fraud, charlatanism, hypocrisy and a depraved use of mediumship. It means discipline, mental, moral and social. It means the recognition of phenomena as proofs of Spiritualism, but demands reason, education and conscience in relation to mediums and spirits. I am well aware of our camps, like those of our orthodox friends, are filled to overflowing with poltroons, cringing, time-serving sycophants and slaves to vanity, avarice, passion and selfishness. All such, whether on the rostrum, in the lecture room or wielding the editorial pen, will oppose this effort at order and reform. Yet on the other hand I have hope that organization will come. Whether it comes in your life or mine I cannot tell, but come it surely will; because in every age there have been those that have loved truth, purity and the highest good of future generations more than they have loved present success, fame or wealth; such will rise up, assisted by those in spirit life akin in thought, to toll and faint not; to pity yet condemn not; to pray, battle and wait until the spiritual senses of the mass of Spiritualists open to the importance of this work.

Speak boldly yet kindly, criticize sharply all error and wrong, yet shield the lance with charity. May the Infinite Father of Love and the angels of truth be with you.

Yours Fraternally,
A. B. SPINNEY.

Detroit, August 15th, 1884.

SECOND DAY'S SESSION.

Friday morning the 22nd, the meeting of the Association opened with singing by the Glee Club, Mr. Newman Weeks, presiding. Mr. Bundy opened the discussion.

MR. JOHN C. BUNDY.

This subject of Organization, Mr. Bundy said, was one in which he had been interested for many years; but the methods by which we should get at it and the time at which it should be begun, had not been clear to his mind, until during the last year. Many enterprises having good and useful ends, tending to elevate humanity, often failed from the inopportune timing of their beginning; and hence he had in the past, felt like moving cautiously in this work. The constant inquiries as to how we should work, suggested to him that this was a proper time for a brief exposition of his views of

HOW TO BUILD.

1. Furnish material for the foundation of a grand spiritual home; a foundation so broad, expansive and enduring that its limits shall only be circumscribed by the circumference of the globe. Such a foundation the American Spiritualist Association proposes to supply in its Declaration of Principles. If its present Declaration shall in the future be found inadequate for the purpose, it contains within itself the power of expansion and modification, as the exigencies of the time may demand.

2. On this broad and safe foundation let Spiritualists in every city, town, village and hamlet build a superstructure, in the form of a local society; such societies to be varied and modified to suit the several localities and, differing as they may in non-essentials, all will have the quality of unification and permanency, for all will rest upon the same basic support.

3. The American Spiritualist Association should be a parent body with a membership in every State and Territory; and machinery for aiding local work in every section. With a strong membership, will come ample resources, wherewith to expand its usefulness and add to its activities.

4. The Association now needs, at least, Continued on Eighth Page.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STUBBINS.

CHAPTER V.

EBER J. WARD.
"Cheer on the way of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre,
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike! with every blow is given,
Freer earth and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven,
Looks with wondering eye!"—Whittier.

I had been in Michigan several times and knew many people there. In 1863 I went to Detroit, spoke in a Union Club Meeting, saw Eber B. Ward, who was its president, and spent much time for a year or more in speaking in the State on the great issues involved in the civil war then going on, having his help in this work. At that time, there were thousands of Confederate soldier prisoners of war in Chicago, Johnson's Island and other places. One day Mr. Ward asked me to call at his office, and said to me: "I've been thinking of a way to do these men some good. They are on the wrong side, but there are a good many good men among them. In their prison life they have little to occupy their time and will be willing to hear a man talk to them in a friendly way. If you could get to them, and tell them of the benefits of free labor, of education, of employment at fair pay, and that, while we don't claim to be perfect, our ways are the best, it would be a good move. You can make them feel that we have no ill-will toward them; yet we are determined that the rebellion shall be put down, and slavery, its cause ended, so that we can all be on good terms and have lasting peace, and real union. Will you try it if I can open the way?" I said I would. "Well," said he, "I'll write the Secretary of War and we shall soon find out." As he was well known personally by Secretary Stanton and Abraham Lincoln, I had little doubt of the result, but some fussiness of "red tape" stood in the way, the plan was given up, and I lost what would have been an interesting experience.

My acquaintance with Mr. Ward grew gradually. I liked him from the first, but he was greatly occupied. It is not well to encroach needlessly on the time of a business man, for such annoyances defeat all good will. I had seen men try to get into the good graces of the rich enough to know that such efforts destroyed all self-respect and independence, and that the wise way was to let matters shape themselves. He asked me to his house, and I went for a night. He said to me in the morning: "When you are in the city, come here without invitation. We have room enough, and if it happens not to be best for you to stay I will say so." After that I would step into the office and say: "Shall I go to your house?" and the answer was usually yes—sometimes no—with a reason given if he had time, if not none was given or needed. This frankness made all easy. I enjoyed it and often wish there was more of it. So we became life-long friends.

During these years, from 1864 to 1874, he had a leading interest in an iron furnace and a rolling mill at Wyandotte, ten miles below Detroit, on the river, and in still larger furnaces and mills for rolling iron and steel rails in Chicago and Milwaukee. The Wyandotte mill was the first built beyond Pittsburgh and Cincinnati—a great risk, his friends thought, but his foresight was correct. He also had large saw-mills at Ludington, on Lake Michigan, in the western part of the State—the terminus of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railway, of which he was projector and president. These and other enterprises employed some six thousand men, and the calls on his time and thought were innumerable, while the care of getting and paying out millions yearly was also constant. These great organizers of industry have work to do such as no common man could carry through. Once in a month or two he would start from home, visit the Chicago and Milwaukee mills, cross the lake to Ludington and thence home again. Journeys East were also frequent, and when at home the business callers at his office were many, the correspondence large. He had the faculty of getting at the core and real worth of a man's errand, as well as of the man himself, in a brief time; and of coming to a prompt decision in most cases—weighing deliberately more important matters. Plain in manners, kindly and unpretending, giving ready hearing, yet deciding with a certain weight that closed the case, he was able to accomplish a great deal. Nothing seemed to worry him; ordinary perplexities, over which a weak man would fret and waste his poor powers, he was too strong to be vexed by. To those in his employ, and near his person, he was cordial and friendly. As one of them said to me: "If you do your duty he's the best man in the world. If there's some mistake he'll always hear you explain it, but if you are lazy or crooked, you 'walk the plank,' and no more said about you." He left details to his helpers without petty interference, so that they felt at ease and independent, and therefore did more and better. He trusted cashiers, Mr. Bronson, once told me that in the fifteen years of holding that place, never an unpleasant word passed between them. He was ready to help those who had ability to help themselves. A good friend to honest men, he would even help them in trouble and wait for his dues; but let a man try to cheat and he followed him like an Indian.

At an early day he had large steamboat interests on the lakes, running sixteen steamers at one time and owning several. He once sent for the owner of an opposition steamboat line, on a route he had established up Detroit river and Lake Huron, and said to him: "I don't want to hurt you. I like to have you prosper, but not at my cost. There's plenty of room for us both. Take another route (which he pointed out) and I'll put business into your boats and guarantee you a fixed income—you to have all you can make, but be sure of that. But this route I started, and want to keep. There's no room on it for two. It must be either myself or you, and I can't be driven off. Opposition is a game in which the longest purse wins. I give you fair offer and fair warning, for I don't want to take a dollar out of you. If you try to keep this route, I must run you out of your last dollar, and I've sent for you to avoid doing it, if possible." The man persisted until his means failed. It was hard for him, but the timely offer and warning were like Mr. Ward, and unlike many men in the same situation.

Late one autumn a steam barge on Lake Superior had two boats in tow, laden with iron ore for him. Off the Pictured Rocks a snow storm struck them, and all sunk, and eight lives were lost. He found the men were single, save the Captain, and that his family were in the city. His trusted sister Emily was asked to see them, and she reported that they could get along if the mortgage of five hundred dollars was lifted from the house. He drew a check for six hundred dollars, his sister took it, paid the mortgage and gave the

rest to the wife to start on. But few knew of this good act or of many others.

One day a lame soldier came to the office for help, and showed me his testimonials. His face was his best proof of manliness. Mr. Ward was very busy writing, but said: "I'll see him." As we entered the room his busy occupant looked up from his work, pushed his chair near the desk and said: "Sit down." The soldier seated himself and handed out his book of pledges, which was looked over for a moment, then came a kindly but searching glance at the man, a dive of the left hand fingers into his vest pocket, and a five dollar bill was laid on the book and handed to its owner, without a word. To his cordial thanks the response was a nod and a smile that seemed to say: "All right, but I'm very busy." As we came out the good-hearted soldier said to me: "I am glad of this help, for I need it, but I like that man better than the money; his looks meant more than a good man's talk."

In the garden back of his ample and solid home were large glass houses—a thousand feet in total length—where were raised tons of choice grapes, freely given away in fruit season, and kept fresh all winter in a fruit house. Every morning for some weeks he would bring a basket of fine black Hamburg and white grapes to the office, go from one desk to another and lay out a luscious bunch or two, and set the basket in a corner by his chair to eat and hand out to others through the day.

He once said to me: "I understand how workmen feel on this wages question. I am glad that I was once poor, for it helps me to know what poor people think. But I can't see what I can do better for these men than to hire them, and deal with them as we fairly agree. I must make money, or they would not have work. If I should hand over all the iron mills to them to-morrow, they would run them to ruin in a year or two. Co-operation is the only wise thing; if wages don't answer, I see no way to that. Strikes are folly; labor unions, when used to protect their members from injustice, are right; but when they dictate on what wages outsiders shall work they are wrong and tyrannical. No vote of labor unions can decide wages, for the laws of trade are stronger than all such votes."

The four hundred Wyandotte mill men once struck, and sent a committee to him, asking higher pay. He said to them: "You remember that not long ago your wages were raised a little. I claim no credit for it, but the market was upward and I thought it fair and safe to do it. Now you want higher wages when prices are falling. That is impossible. Here is the price-current, and you will see by it that I am right. Go home and tell the men that I always try to do the best I can, in justice to myself and the other owners and to them, but this I cannot and shall not do." All this was said kindly, but with a decision solid as a rock. They went home, made due report, and the next day all went cheerfully back to their work. Born in Chautauque county in South-western New York, coming to this State a half century or more ago, with his father and the family, settling at Newport, (now Marine City) on the river fifty miles above Detroit, toiling and striving as poor boys do, working on a farm, tending store for his uncle Samuel Ward, sailing on the lakes and working the way up by persistent thoroughness and bold sagacity, he reached an eminence unsurpassed and rarely equalled among the organizers of industry and the openers of the resources of the West. His solid person, deep chest, plain face, and large head showed power of physical endurance and strong character. Such men may not usually do more work than others, but they have a reserve of vital force, and in case of need can put a month's work into a week and hardly feel it. This reserved power, unused ordinarily, gives ease and lightness to labors, which weigh on others. Broad shoulders carry large loads, and large brains place those loads where they will do the most good. Some men get rich by selfish greed, tramping others down as they go up; or by some stroke of stock gambling, that adds nothing to the welfare of others, and creates no value. Mr. Ward's business success came by dauntless courage, executive force, and immense will-power guided by rare sagacity and foresight. His best enjoyment was to develop natural resources; to add to the common wealth as well as to his own by utilizing forests and mines and farms, to employ labor and skill, and open the way to comfort and competence, and a better life for others. He enjoyed success, but that enjoyment was illumined and humanized by a fine enthusiasm for the common weal, which banished narrow selfishness. If he was wealthy, others must be lifted up meanwhile, and the whole land made fairer to dwell in.

His conceptions and views were broad, his sagacity and foresight clear as intuition. He foresaw profit in steamboats, and gained it in season. He foresaw the value of pine lands and bought 100,000 acres at government price. He foresaw that steamboats must yield to railroads, and changed his investments from one to the other in season. He foresaw that railroads must have rails made near at hand, and built the first rail mills beyond the lakes. He foresaw that iron rails must give place to steel, and the first Bessemer steel rails rolled in this country were finished at the North Chicago Rolling Mill—in which he had a leading interest—May 24th, 1865, from ingots made at his Wyandotte mill, near Detroit. He foresaw that iron ships must navigate the lakes, and encouraged the Wyandotte ship yard, from which the genius of Kirby has launched iron steamboats staunch and beautiful. This foresight harmed no one, but helped him that he might help others. Two problems—how to win wealth fairly and how to employ it usefully—he solved well in his way. I sketch his character and aims in his business career because he was a noble type of a class more numerous than many suppose—men of executive and organizing power who would work for the common good, as well as for their own. Possibly some of these in the light of his labors, can do better than he did.

His ability to put aside cares and turn to social enjoyment and mental culture showed health and strength, and helped greatly to preserve them, for change of action is rest. At his tea table he was full of social warmth, in the evening ready to look at some new book or talk of some new topic in so fresh and easy a way that one would not dream he had any large affairs to carry along each day. With early schooling in books limited to a few months of the crudest kind he found time to gain large and varied information on the events of the day, and on the latest research and the best thought. Many knew his business capacity, few knew that he was one of the best informed men, and one of the best judges of books in the State—books with thought and purpose that is; merely fine writing or dilettantism he cared little for. He would carry home a fresh work, look at its title and contents, turn over its pages and stop to read the main points and put it aside in an hour. I would manage to ask about it

and find that the scope and gist of the writer were grasped and held clearly. That was all he wanted—details he would master, or not, as seemed best. It was a constant surprise to note how he kept up to the best thought on a wide range of topics, and how alive he was to the great movements of the age, all the while keeping in steady motion a hundred engines in many mills and studying metallurgy and engineering to that end.

No liquors or wines were ever kept or used as beverages in that house, no tobacco in any form. Hearty eating of healthy and simple food, regular habits, "early to bed and early to rise" made up his household ways. Thoughtful kindness to family and friends, patient bearing of trials and hopeful cheerfulness were notable. It may be asked: Were there no faults? Certainly there were faults, strong and marked as the man himself, but the nobler virtues and high qualities towered above and cast them in the shade, so that when he passed away a leading daily newspaper but uttered the feeling of the people in saying: "No death since that of Abraham Lincoln has caused such deep feeling and sincere regret."

What largeness of personal presence he had! One evening at a social gathering where he was present a lady remarked: "We had a pleasant time from the first, but when Mr. Ward came, the room was full." In Washington, at a thronged reception at the home of Schuyler Colfax, then speaker of the house, E. B. Ward and Benjamin F. Wade—the two plainest men in dress and manners, in that brilliant company—were the centre of attraction.

In early life he was a skeptic in religious matters, having small faith in dogmas and tending toward materialism; at a later time he became a Spiritualist, facts he witnessed quickening his thoughts and changing his views. He once said to me: "I am only a common-sense man, and this is a common-sense religion; I like it." He was a contributor to the fund for the *Index* newspaper, and for a time a vice-president of the Free Religious Association and also a supporter of Unitarianism, but the spiritual movement interested him most in his later years. He gave away hundreds of books on that and kindred religious and reform topics.

One evening, at the house, I told him of a plan long in my mind of compiling a work to be made up of chapters from the Sacred Books and best ideas of different religions and peoples, including our own time and country, to show the spiritual fraternity of man, the essential unity of religious ideas, Pagan or Christian, the inspirations of many seers and prophets, ancient and modern. After a few inquiries he said: "I like that. Suppose you go to the *Post* and *Tribune* and see what it will cost to get it out." I found the cost would be over two thousand dollars, and that some valuable books would also be needed. He told me to get duplicate copies of all books wanted and he would pay for all and keep a copy of each, and see the work published. The offer was unexpected as well as generous. I set about my welcome but arduous task, and within two years (in 1874) an edition of two thousand copies was out, he advancing the money for a part of it, which he took and gave away, and giving me time to pay for the rest from the sales. Several later editions have gone out, and the "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages" has been a help to many. Its contents not being mine I can commend their value.

To be satisfied that anything was right and just was to support it frankly, and so woman-suffrage won his support. Twenty-five years ago Wendell Phillips was to speak in Detroit on anti-slavery. The streets were full of threats, and the trustees of Young Men's Hall dared not open their doors lest the threatened property should be destroyed. Mr. Ward went to them saying: "Open the Hall, I insure it, go on without fear." They did so, and a large audience heard the lecture quietly, the brave and strong will of one man keeping the peace. When the civil war came his advice and help were prized in Washington and at home. At its close he went South and met leading men there in friendly spirit, to urge on them the importance of varying their industry and building up manufactures, and to give his views in favor of a protective tariff policy.

In 1871 he bought a spacious corner lot, on Fort and Shelby streets, near the City Hall, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, and planned to erect a large building on it, with a free hall, where lectures on industrial science and like topics could be given, and which should be open for reforms, for liberal religion as well as orthodox, and for Spiritualism. Reading and lecture rooms and a temperance restaurant were also to be in the building, the whole to be somewhat on the plan of Cooper Institute in New York, but with more especial intent to have a place where there should be liberty of speech for all decent people. His intent was to spend some \$300,000 in this enterprise; the plans for building were begun, but the panic of 1873 came and he said all must be put aside, for his first aim was to keep all his thousands of men employed if possible, that they might be saved from distress.

He was a terse and vigorous writer, something of the weight and power of the man permeating his words; but he seldom wrote for publication, and only as a necessity, or on topics in which his interest was strong.

He was seldom induced to speak in public and had no eloquence of voice or manner, yet had marked power and weight of speech in an emergency. In 1868 he gave an address at the Wisconsin State Agricultural Fair at Madison, and its closing words show his spirit: "I do not feel like a stranger among you. Coming to this western country forty years ago, in my boyhood and youth I shared the toils and privations of our pioneer life. I have rolled and burnt logs, and ploughed and planted, and hoed and harvested amidst stumps and girdled trees, with the forest all around the little clearing. I have sailed along the wild shores of your then new territory, landing at Milwaukee when a few poor cabins were the pitiful beginnings of what is now a large and beautiful city. I landed flour in a small boat lying off the mouth of Chicago river, where there was only a few houses, a ruinous warehouse, an old fort, and a miserable so-called hotel on the open prairie, where now stands another great city. I have always been glad of these toils and trials, for they earned me the privilege of appreciating the labors of the pioneer. My efforts have been with yours in this broad western field. Much has been done and much remains to be done. Let us go on, and build up a future in your State and in our country in which labor shall be free and respected, genius and skill find scope in many ways, and farmer and manufacturer work out, in fraternal spirit, the great problem of industrial independence."

Protection to home industry as opposed to the British free-trade policy, he advocated and helped, with steady persistence, and in a large way that made him felt and known all over the land; his advocacy based on a deep conviction that a fairly protective tariff policy was best for the people. Many thousands of tracts of his own writing, he sent

out over the West. For years he was president of the American Iron and Steel Association and visited its Philadelphia headquarters when necessary. Often urged to be a candidate for political office he always refused—save in the Presidential campaign of 1868, when he was a State elector on the Republican ticket.

In January 1874 came the swift and fatal stroke of apoplexy—an instant change from vigorous life to bodily death on the sidewalk—and so closed a life on earth full of large labors, such as no man seldom performs.

(To be continued.)

FROM DENVER, COL., TO THE CITY OF MEXICO

Overland and Return

As one glides along over the Mexican Central railroad to-day from El Paso del Norte to the city of Mexico, in sixty or seventy hours, he avoids all the hardships of travel, but loses all the romance of Mexican life as it is. Twenty-five days from Chihuahua to the capital city has always been regarded as a speedy trip hitherto. By public diligence the journey used to be made in somewhat less time. The well-to-do usually went by private conveyances, but the customary mode of travel was by mule trains, such as I have been describing. These trains make periodical trips, taking produce of different sorts to market, and bringing back such merchandise as merchants require for their trade, and when people desired to go to the Southern country they sought passage on these trains. They were slow but sure, and cheap. This journal serves only to show the method of travel as practiced from time immemorial up to the completion of the railroad, and we now proceed to finish the description of our overland trip:

ELEVENTH DAY.—All night long we were pounded and jolted over the terrible roads, and it was past noon when we reached the hacienda of Pedrisena. The heat was fearful and the train stopped half a mile away from the water. We had been without this necessary fluid for many long hours, and both men and beasts were parched with thirst. The mules knew where the water was, for they had been there before, and as soon as released from their tacklings made a bee-line for the water tanks. We followed close after them and found that all the water used on the hacienda was drawn from a deep well by mule power. An adobe building covered the well, and on entering it we found it so cool that we passed the remainder of the day there. Pedrisena is an hacienda in a greatly dilapidated condition. Immense walls and arches show that it was of some importance half a century ago, when silver in vast quantities was here produced from ores obtained in the immediate vicinity. A son of the former proprietor still resides here, who is over seventy years of age. He is thrifty and in a beastly state of intoxication more than half of the time, from the free use of the execrable liquors of the country. Some Americans were negotiating to get possession of the place, but with what success I have never learned. From all we could learn it would prove a paying investment. A young Mexican of considerable intelligence was in charge of the water works which once supplied the needs of the reduction plant, but which now furnish water for passing travelers and for domestic purposes to the few hundred inhabitants of the place. Nor is it furnished free—every drop that is used has to be paid for. Our Mexican looked up a woman who prepared us a meal of beans, tortillas and stale meat, with poor bread and coffee, and although we were half famished for nourishment, we had no relish for the fare. I suffered with a headache all day. Cold, heat, hunger, dirt and a good deal of etc., were doing their work on us. Weary and worn we retired early. The ingots were always cool, and we slept well.

TWELFTH DAY.—We were early on the road in the morning, and at noon we arrived at Estancia, another hacienda, which simply means a tank. Here was a large, artificial pond, made to catch and hold the water that falls during the rainy season. The little motion given it by the wind keeps the water from becoming stagnant. This was a large place giving employment to a good many people. Women brought us cooked food on our arrival, but of a very inferior quality. Dona Benita sent me a plate of something from her store which was very acceptable. We sought the shade of some fig trees growing along the side of the pond, and endeavored to pass the rest of the day as comfortably as possible. The rather novel spectacle presented itself of a well-dressed Mexican, reading and expounding the Bible to an eagerly listening group. We took him to be a Protestant Evangelist, but were mistaken, for he denounced the Protestants with a heartiness worthy of a Priest. He had been to El Paso, and some one had given him a copy of the Bible. It was unmistakably a Protestant version, for it had the imprint of the American Bible Society. He was on his way to Durango, his place of residence, and the team in which he was traveling overtook us during the morning hours. This evening we retired at night-fall, with the birds.

THIRTEENTH DAY.—After a few restless hours we arose at 2 A. M., and climbed into the cart. During the night a large number of bags of corn had been purchased and stowed away in it, and it was with difficulty that we could find room to stow ourselves, and we found our condition more uncomfortable than it had ever been before. In our cramped position sleep during the morning hours was impossible, and to add to our misery the weather came off cold, and it seemed as though we should freeze—our feet fairly aching with the cold. By daylight the landscape had changed and it began to look very much like that of Colorado and New Mexico. There was an abundance of buffalo grass and splendid grazing everywhere, in pleasing contrast to the desolate wilderness through which we had for days been passing. We had seen an abundance of evergreen brush every day as we journeyed along in infinite variety, but intermingled there were just as many other varieties, apparently dead and lifeless. But this was the dry season. When the rainy season commences this deciduous brush springs into life and becomes green like the rest. At 12:30 we arrived at a large castle hacienda, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane. The name of the place was *Cerro de Santiago*. We entered one of the dwellings and were served with some fried mutton, tortillas and coffee, and here we remained the rest of the day to avoid the wind and dust. The making of tortillas falls to the lot of the Mexican woman, and the greater part of their existence seems to be employed in that laborious task. At whatever place we stopped, as we meandered along the streets and lanes of a settlement, we heard the busy pit-pat, pit-pat, which for a long time we did not understand the meaning of. But at length, the mystery was solved when we saw women squatted upon the ground grinding corn, moulding it into flat cakes and baking them

upon a large earthen plate under which a slow fire is kept burning. In every place there are families who make them not only for their own use, but for sale at so much a dozen. The corn is first soaked in water until it becomes entirely soft, and then it is mashed rather than ground upon a small table made of lava-rock with a cylindrical stone made for the purpose and called a *metate*. At first we would not touch the tortillas, but by degrees we began to like them. By degrees you become accustomed to the filthy cooks and the filthy surroundings. Hunger starves you out of your squeamishness. But if every man has a peck of dirt to eat before he dies, he gets the necessary quantity in Mexico quicker than in any other portion of God's domain. Our surroundings to-day were only a little worse than usual, and we grew sick at heart to see how some portions of humanity lived. Hens and hogs were allowed in the same living-rooms with the human hogs, and were fed there. The muleteer of our cart was quite a character and a good deal of a trader. He brought along with him some American calicoes which he sold to the women wherever we stopped. He had procured his calico in El Paso, smuggled it across the river, and sold it off at twenty-five cents per vara. It had cost him five cents a yard, and a vara is one inch shorter than an American yard. He made good sales at this stopping place.

FOURTEENTH DAY.—"Formal forms" were the first words we heard this morning, uttered in a low, firm, deep bass voice by the head muleteer to the mules—in fact this was the military command that we heard every morning in the darkness, and at first we wondered what it could mean. But we soon learned that the mules are so well trained that at the sound of "forma" they all fall into line, side by side, in order to be harnessed. In the small hours of the morning we were on the road, the wind still blowing violently and cold. We were in a heavy woolen blanket and a rubber one besides, I slept a little in the cart, curled up all in a heap. At 10 A. M., we arrived at the hacienda of Chupaderos. For the first time I was obliged to confess to being sick and weary of the journey. We spent the morning of the day in the cart, as the weather was too disagreeable outside. The Nazarene family invited us to take supper with them. I have before mentioned that they were all Spiritualists of the French school from the old mother down. This evening they tried hard and long to convert their fat Mexican traveling companion to their way of belief, but he was invincible. They tried to show him the absurdity of the Romish faith and practices which they had long ago abandoned, but he said he was satisfied with it, and that if it was an error he was willing to die in it as his fathers had done before him. There was little sleep for us before midnight.

FIFTEENTH DAY.—We started on our journey, the wind still blowing hard. The rest of the dark morning hours were passed cramped, cold and crowded in doubly-regged wretchedness, but at the early hour of 5 A. M., we arrived at San José de la Honda. For several days we had been traveling in the State of Durango, and on the morrow we expected to be in the State of Zacatecas. San José we found to be the freshest, more prosperous hacienda we had seen. The population is large and looks quite village-like. The buildings and corrals are all in excellent repair and look new. We talked with some of the *peones* who conversed with much intelligence. They feel themselves in bondage and see no way out of it. The owner of the estate lives in the City of Mexico. He is having built for himself a very fine house of stone, and when it and the rail road are completed, he will spend more of his time here, whereas he now comes only once in a year or two. The lay of the country is very dry. Abundant springs are in the vicinity, which together with the rainfall of summer fill a lake of considerable width and sometimes in length. Much attention had been given to tree planting and in a few years it will be a really beautiful place. We procured an excellent dinner at this place at a reasonable rate and enjoyed a day of rest, which happened to be Sunday. At 11 P. M. our teams were hitched up and the train moved on.

SIXTEENTH DAY.—We passed a poor night, which means that we could not sleep any as we trundled along—too cold, and "test like ice." At noon we came in sight of a river called Rio Grande and its beautiful, green valley. Its banks were lined with trees as far as the eye could reach up and down its course, and very soon we rode into a village of the same name, the first town we had seen since leaving Mapimi, eight days before. The country hereabouts looked rich and flourishing when contrasted with the desolation we had passed over, and it seemed a little like getting into civilization. We learned that from this point there was a stage line to the city of Zacatecas, our destination, and that the trip could be made in two days. Barton, therefore, determined that he should proceed no further by mule train, and so we parted company. I was too heavily loaded down with baggage to think of taking the diligence, and concluded I would stick it out to the bitter end. We here procured a good meal, and found the best bread that we had seen since leaving El Paso. We found oranges in the market costing two cents apiece, which in Chihuahua were selling at 12½ cents when we left.

SEVENTEENTH DAY.—Villa Ortega de Rio Grande is the whole name of our stopping place. It being a town, the teamsters had a chance to debauch themselves, and so we did not get started until 5 A. M. The farther we proceeded toward the south the more interesting the scenery; there was more to see and more to draw our attention away from the discomfort we were enduring. Barton and Don Benigna had taken the diligence for Zacatecas. There was one less in the cart to crowd, and yet the encroachment on the space by bags and boxes made the situation intolerable and rest impossible by day; but on account of having taken a severe cold I had insisted on sleeping in the cart at night for several days past. A weary march of eleven hours brought us at 4 P. M. to Salada, a lovely place, which in a measure compensated for the hardships of the day. Got a good meal and retired early.

(To be continued.)

The Russians are a very religious people in the observance of outward forms. Their religion consists chiefly in lighting candles, blessing holy images, bowing to the floor and making the sign of the cross over and over again. Holy images are found not only in the churches, but in houses, on public places, in railroad stations and telegraph offices, and no devout Russian passes them without bowing and making the sign of the cross.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 27, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Trial Subscribers.

To all who are not now and never have been subscribers, the JOURNAL will be sent Twelve weeks, on trial, for fifty cents. At the expiration of the trial subscription the paper will be stopped unless previously renewed.

The rapid increase of interest in Spiritualism among the educated, both inside and outside the various religious denominations, makes the need of an unsectarian, independent, fearless, candid and high-class paper a greater desideratum than ever before. The JOURNAL will be kept up to the highest standard possible with the facilities of the publisher and editor, and he hopes for the hearty and continuous patronage of the better and more intelligent class of the great public, both within and without the Spiritualist ranks.

The American Spiritualist Association.

On another page appears the proceedings of the Association at its first annual meeting. As the cultivation of public sentiment in favor of organic effort was the first important work of the Association, it seemed best to convene the annual session at Lake Pleasant, where the attention could be had of a greater number of representative people than at any other place. The meeting was in every way more successful than its friends had anticipated. Many who had regarded the Association with indifference and in some instances actively opposed it, having found that they had been misled as to its scope and intentions, came heartily to its support. A good increase of membership resulted and the outlook for this year is indicative of a steady, healthy growth.

The Association closed the first year of its existence free from debt, but without a cent in the treasury; the comparatively small sum paid in during the year having been expended in circulating documents calculated to diffuse a knowledge of the Association and the work it aims to accomplish. There would have been some indebtedness but for the generosity of President Jackson and one or two others, who made no account of the several sums paid out by them for the Association. The efficiency of the organization for the ensuing year depends wholly upon the zeal of its officers, and the benevolence and active assistance of every individual member. Funds are needed to circulate such literature as is needed to forward the work of local organization, educate public sentiment, and bring about united and harmonious action among those who can stand upon the Association's Declaration of Principles. President Jackson is an able officer, and his heart is fully in the work; if he is heartily assisted by his staff, and properly supported in his efforts, by the members, he will be able to show a splendid year's work in his next annual report. There is now in the treasury the amount paid in for membership fees for the current year, mostly from new members. This fund should receive continuous additions through payment of dues on the part of old members, new membership fees, and last but by far the most important, through donations from liberal-minded friends who can afford to aid the work by gifts of from five dollars to one hundred dollars or more. That the money will be economically and judi-

ciously used, goes without saying; the integrity and business experience of the president, secretary, and treasurer are guarantees of this.

The JOURNAL is of the opinion that the business meetings of the Association should be held in the winter or early spring. In some city of central location, and devoted strictly to business. Members who cannot attend should feel it their duty and pleasure to send up suggestions to be considered and acted upon. At this winter meeting the working force of the Association and the plans of procedure could be perfected, so that the summer meetings would have but little detail work to look after. Next summer the Association should hold a three days' convention at each of the large campmeetings, detailing some officer of the Association to each convention. Afterwards and before the close of the camp season the annual meeting could be held at some one of the several camps, and it would not need probably, to extend over more than two days of one session each.

Swing, on Lunatics and Fools.

One of Chicago's greatest divines, Prof. Swing, has evidently been reading Dr. W. A. Hammond's book, and inspired thereby, he entertains the idea that, at times, each one presents unmistakable evidence of possessing an unbalanced mind, or, in other words, is absolutely insane or a fool. Whether this peculiar idea possesses any additional weight or importance, because it emanates from an eminent minister of the gospel, is exceedingly doubtful; hence it must be as carefully considered, as if it originated in the thoughtful brain of an infidel like Paine, or an agnostic like Ingersoll, or an atheist like Voltaire. Prof. Swing sets forth among his multitudinous illustrations, the fact that a druggist of this city on one occasion suddenly ended a human life by putting up the wrong medicine. Many customers were in the store; he was in a hurry; he put up morphine instead of a similar looking drug. The inquiry then arises in the mind of this great preacher "whether a clerk is able to fill an order only when he has no customers in the shop," and he asks the questions: "How empty must the shop be in order to secure safety? Must the street in front of the drugstore also be empty? What if a fire-engine goes by? What if a dog fight occurs while the druggist is reaching for quinine? Is he justified in taking down strychnia?" Then, as if suddenly inspired by a sage who lived 100,000,000 years ago (no wise man of recent date could possibly have induced the sublime query) he questions: "What if his mother-in-law has come to visit him?"

Such questions as the above arise in the expansive mind of this eminent divine; but then, he claims there is another side to the fact of erring druggists, to-wit: that most persons are crazy part of the time, the exceptions being exceedingly rare. "Each one is now and then a fool of the most complete order and species," he says, and then he proceeds to illustrate his theme:

All the laws and penalties in the world will not avail to make a druggist or anybody else have his full senses through all his life. Crazy moments or seconds will come. A wise man will step backwards off a porch or into a mud-puddle, a great philosopher will hunt for the specks that are on his hand or on his forehead, a hunter will sometimes shoot himself or his dog, a teacher will often forget his job and slice off a piece of a chin or an ear or the nose. A girl at work at Marshall Field's had been feeding a great cloth-knife for ten years. On one occasion she watched the knife come down slowly upon her hand. Too late she woke out of her stupor with one hand gone. For a few seconds her mind had failed and she sat by her machine a temporary lunatic and had watched the knife approach her own hand.

He relates an incident, in further elucidation of his interesting theme. A distinguished Professor in one of our colleges was teaching near a canal. Walking along one evening in summer, he proceeded as calmly and deliberately into the canal as he had been walking along the path a second before. He was quickly brought back to his normal senses and to the consideration of things sublimely by the water and mud and the extreme absurdity of the awkward position he was in. He had on a new suit of clothes and a new silk hat, which were badly soiled through his insane adventure. He illustrates further by referring to various incidents:

Our mail-collectors find in the iron-boxes along the streets all sorts of papers and articles which have been put in by some hand from whose mind the mind has become detached for a second. A glove, a pair of spectacles, a deed, a mortgage, a theatre-ticket goes in and on goes the person holding on to the regular letter which should have been deposited. This is called absent-mindedness, but that is a brief answer. A lunatic is a person whose mind is habitually out of balance.

Nothing is more common than for a mind of the highest order to become lost on the cars or on a steamer and to feel for hours that for some reason the train or the boat is going the wrong way. It is one of the most unpleasant feelings that can befall a traveler. A good night's rest may perhaps restore the mental equilibrium and composure. When one is lost in the woods all the objects of nature seem false. The sun is felt to be wrong, the streams to be unfamiliar. Instances are on record of the inability of a mind thus lost to recognize its own home when it had come to its very gates.

In conclusion the Professor says: "If thus it is the custom of the human mind to become derailed, will there not always be instances in which a druggist of the widest knowledge and of the most careful habits shall take down the wrong bottle and deliberately mix a dose of death?" Now, as Prof. Swing gravely asserts that each one living in this sublimely sphere—king or queen, lord or serf, democrat or republican, layman or priest—is at times insane or a consummate dunce, it might be well for those who feel so inclined, to endeavor to determine when this eminent divine is a fit subject for the insane asylum, or wherein lies his special constitutional weakness, making him a desirable subject for a dunce block, or the State Institution for Idiots. At what moments and under what peculiar circumstances does he exhibit an unbalanced mind? It might be said that

sometimes his sermons abound in grand and beautiful, liberal thoughts; and then again, singularly enough, they overflow with strong, pungent orthodox sentiments. If insane at all, it must be during the transit from the sublime, soul-elevating sentiments of liberalism, to the desolate fields of orthodoxy. When, however, he calmly retraces his steps from the domain of orthodoxy to the beautiful field of liberalism, which is large enough to enclose the whole human family, he is perfectly sane, his mind lucid, his aspirations towering, and his emotions bubbling over with sublime sentiments. He is only a dunce or insane when he seeks nutriment for the soul in those desolate regions where ministers of the gospel roam who believe in a literal hell of fire and brimstone, where God will punish the wicked forever.

But Prof. Swing is not alone in his conclusions. James Sully, author of "Illusions," says:

To be the victim of an illusion, is, in the popular judgment, to be excluded from the category of rational men. We must, however, recognize the fact that most men are at times liable to illusion. Hardly anybody is always consistently sober and rational in his perceptions and beliefs. A momentary fatigue of the nerves, a little mental excitement, a relaxation of the effort of attention by which we continually take our bearings with respect to the real world about us, will produce just the same kind of confusion of reality and phantom which we observe in the insane.

Even if the conclusions of Prof. Swing and James Sully are true, it is a consoling fact that among Spiritualists insanity is rarely manifested; indeed, we do not believe there are a half dozen Spiritualists confined in all the insane asylums of the United States; and the "foolishness" that is manifested generally in our ranks, is a milder and more harmless type than that exhibited by any other class or sect of people in the world.

Cranks.

Cranks are exceedingly numerous at the present time. There is an immense number of political cranks, whose exclusive mission it is to save the country from impending destruction, by electing their favorite candidate. There are, too, a great many religious cranks, who never become weary in talking of "the dear Savior," and his capacity to assume all the sins of this depraved world. In Chicago they are generally tract-distributors. The medical fraternity abounds in cranks, who claim to have discovered an infallible remedy for all the ills to which flesh is heir. All visionary men are to a certain extent cranks, ever projecting but never realizing. Cranks are the natural product of society as it now exists, and it is only occasionally that one illuminates the world with some grand achievement.

It appears from the report of the New York Tribune, that even at the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Philadelphia, cranks were as numerous as flies at a summer's picnic. "They remind me," said a well-known scientist in the employ of the Government, "of a certain class of people in the country, who go about ragged and down at the heels the year round, but who, when the circus comes into town always find money enough to visit it. It is so with some of the men who turn up at the meetings of this Association. They seem to enjoy the atmosphere of the whole thing, and to be able to live upon the mental morsels they pick up here during the rest of the year. There can be no doubt that the reading of papers by such people acts upon them as a kind of safety valve, without which they would perhaps, commit some dangerous excesses upon the community in which they live." One of these men desired to read a paper upon a method devised by him for protection against cyclones out West. His idea was to erect magnetized wire fences, or something of that sort, around the houses or spots it was desired to protect. He expected that the cyclones would be obliging enough to pass around his fence, and leave the property thus protected by him alone. Fortunately his paper was discovered in time and returned to him with as gentle an intimation as the secretary was able to couch in words to the effect that the committee was not prepared to accept the startling theories propounded by him, or even willing to submit them to the Association. The man started for home in disgust and has not been heard from since. It would do no harm to apply the same treatment to certain other people.

The champion religious crank of the world has lately been discovered in Sydney, New South Wales. He is known as "Captain" Gore. The Liberal of that city gives a voluminous account of his numerous eccentricities. On one occasion, when the Salvation Army was giving a public demonstration, in order to attract the attention of Deity, Captain Gore was mounted on a dilapidated donkey, in imitation of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and he wore a scarlet tunic and cap in order to assume a quaint appearance. At a signal from the motley crowd he touched the obstinate ass with a whip, with the intention of making it go; but the ass seriously objected, and a large congregation of larrikins, who were in the immediate vicinity, began to yell and deride the wretched dumb brute. The ass persisted in its refusal to proceed on the religious pilgrimage, and about forty or fifty of the people who surrounded Gore attempted to push it. In the confusion which followed Gore was nearly thrown upon his head, and the animal, having become frantic, attempted to force a passage for itself through the crowd, and vainly endeavored to pitch Gore off. After further difficulty the animal's obstinacy was overcome, and the procession proceeded a considerable distance to Brompton Park. There the ass absolutely refused to go any further,

considering, undoubtedly, that its mission was ended. A ring was then made from among the hoodlum and rough element, which formed the majority of the procession, and Gore, singing a blood-thirsty hymn, attempted to ride into it. As the animal declined to go Gore dismounted, and the crowd lifted it up by main force and carried it into the ring. Gore remounted, and then began an acrobatic performance on its back, amid the chants and hallelujahs of the soldiers. As the ass refused to be a participator in this ludicrous proceeding, Gore, amid cries of "Amen" and "Praise the Lord," seated himself with his back to the donkey's head, and grasped madly at its tail, in order to keep his position.

It is very fortunate that the cranks among Spiritualists are generally harmless in their nature and actions. They usually claim to be controlled by some ancient philosopher, and have a mission to reform the world. Sooner or later they discover their own weakness, and at once reform themselves. Sometime we shall give brief biographies of several of the most noted of these characters.

Important to Mediums.

Thousands of American Spiritualists recollect with pleasure the visit to this country of that excellent English medium and lecturer, Mr. E. W. Wallis. One of the leading authors and writers in Spiritualism in a private letter to us of a late date in referring to Mr. Wallis says: "No praise can exceed what he deserves for his course as a medium and a man, while in this country." In the Medium and Daybreak for August 29th, Mr. Wallis, under the heading, "Important to Mediums," puts forward a valuable proposition, one which if generally acted upon will result in great good. Here it is, as follows:

IMPORTANT TO MEDIUMS.
 To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I was very much interested in the recent discussion of Transfusal Mediumship, and Mr. Harrison's experience with Mr. Gore. It seems to me that the matter requires fuller and more serious questions to be asked. I have drafted some questions to elicit information regarding the nature of mediumship, and the experiences of mediums and spirits controlling them. I wish to suggest that we have a symposium number of the Medium, that mediums all over the country send you answers to the questions put to mediums, and obtain answers from their "guides" to the questions put to the spirits. That such answers be sent to you on or before September 8, or September 15.

That no answer be published before that date, so that each answer be given independently. That the Medium of September 19 contain as many answers as you can insert; the remainder to appear in subsequent issues.
 A word to my sister and brother mediums. Dear friends and co-workers. Mediumship is the foundation stone of Spiritualism, but its facts and nature are but little understood. We, from our personal experiences, can give many facts that will help the students to understand it and use better; and the spirit friends can explain their work and difficulties, and help the cause in a very practical way.
 Let us speak plainly, briefly, and, to the point, and great good will be done.
 Yours in the Cause of Truth and Progress,
 E. W. WALLIS.

QUESTIONS TO BE SUBMITTED TO MEDIUMS.

1. Are you a shut-out speaker: wholly unconscious, partially entranced, or conscious?
2. Have you had given through you satisfactory proofs of spirit identity?
3. Have you other phases of mediumship than public speaking, and has your mediumship changed since your first development?
4. Do you try to educate yourself and develop your mediumship?
5. Are you much affected by "conditions," if so, how?

QUESTIONS TO SPIRITS CONTROLLING MEDIUMS.

1. How far are the trance utterances of the medium to be regarded as yours? Do you supply the words, or only inspire the ideas?
2. Do you take complete "control" of the organism or simply stimulate and inspire the thought faculties?
3. Do the conditions of the medium, or the surrounding influences, affect you? If so, how?
4. Do you speak for yourself only, or act as spokesman for other spirits?
5. Can you "give expression to facts and thoughts foreign to the medium?"
6. Do you appropriate and use thoughts, ideas, and illustrations which you find in the mind of the medium, or do you "pick the brains" of some one present; or are you helped or hampered by the influence of a positive person?
7. How is it that speakers, presumably under spirit control, sometimes give utterance to the thoughts of persons in the audience?
8. If spirits through mediums employ information and illustrations which the medium has acquired by ordinary means; or which they (spirits) obtain from the minds of persons in the audience are we justified in thinking such spirits dishonest and immoral, and in calling them "mental pirates"?
9. Do you know anything of "a class of spirits who pander to their audiences, retaining to themselves truths which would not go down with their hearers?"
10. Is it your opinion that trance mediumship requires the "unfettered condition?" That the medium should refuse to educate himself, but rely solely on "the spirits" for intellectual culture and spiritual development?
11. Are we justified in expecting "originality" in trance or inspired utterances, and what proof have we that spirits are the originators, authors, composers, or inspirers of the orations delivered by mediums in other words—What is the value of trance mediumship as an evidence of spirit identity?
12. Will you explain what you understand by Thought Reading, Thought Transference, or Infusion; and the difference between psychological states and spiritual mediumship?

We adopt Mr. Wallis's plan and questions, and hereby propose to the mediums of America that through the JOURNAL they present the public with answers from themselves and the spirits influencing them, as above set forth. These replies to be mailed to us at the earliest practicable moment after this issue of the JOURNAL, and all to be sent in before October 15th; none to be published until after that date. Let the answers be clear and explicit; and as brief as is compatible with a candid, lucid and comprehensive reply to the several questions.

After these questions have been answered through the Medium and Daybreak in England, and the JOURNAL in America, a comparison of the views will be given, and this will be most interesting, as well as instructive.

Major J. B. Young of Iowa, writes from on board the steamer Flora anchored in the Bosporus, that he then expected to sail for home from Liverpool about Sept. 20th. The JOURNAL hopes to lay before its readers some of Major Young's European experiences.

The People's Church.

The Rev. R. H. Bosworth of Englewood, a prominent Episcopalian minister, has seceded from his church there, and formally accepted the pastoral charge of the new independent church. Many of his former congregation, desiring more freedom of thought and utterance, will follow him. Services for the first time were held in the hall of the The Eye building, Sunday, Sept. 7th. The following is a declaration of principles:

I. Purpose: This church shall exist for the maintenance of a free, reasonable and spiritual worship of Almighty God; for the investigation of truth; for the inculcation of duty and for the promotion of faith, hope and charity.

II. Principles: 1. The church, as its name implies, is non-sectarian, believing in polity, independent congregational. 2. It prescribes no creed as condition of membership. 3. It invites all, so disposed, to unite in the development and exercise of love to God, by obedience to His law, and earnest endeavor to bless mankind.

Membership: This church welcomes to its fellowship all accepting and subscribing to its purpose and principles, who possess and manifest a sincere desire to forsake sin and follow righteousness.

GENERAL NOTES.

Jesse Shepard, the musical medium, is now in New York City.

G. H. Brooks has engagements to lecture at Minneapolis and Delphos, Kan.

Dr. J. H. Beals of Denver, Col., spent Monday forenoon in Chicago, on his way West.

Quinlan, habitually used, establishes a suicidal influence, according to a theory of a Rhode Island lady's book.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright commences a lecture engagement in Philadelphia, the first Sunday in October.

Mr. L. H. Sawyer will conduct the People's Spiritualist meeting next Sunday at 2:45 p. m., in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St. Subject: "Evolution."

A Mrs. Cora Hulse is traveling around the country giving "illustrated lectures of spirit power." She is evidently a first class fraud; and the name she sails under is assumed.

The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists, through its secretary J. Commodore Street, claims the attention of the Spiritualist public in a communication on the sixth page of this number.

The Illinois Equal Suffrage Association convened in annual executive session at Watseka, Ill., Sept. 25th and 26th. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, president, and Florence N. Kalkoff, Secretary.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten has been obliged to postpone her tour to the Pacific Coast for the present. She can only lecture in or near New York, for the next few months. Address her at 255 West 34th St., New York.

Large numbers of dried and smoked lizards are imported by the Chinese physicians. They are used in cases of consumption and anemia with considerable success. Their virtue seems to be in the large amount of nitrogenous compounds and phosphates they contain.

A very unpleasant sect to disagree with is a new religious body whose existence has within a few months come to light in the Crimea. Members deem it their duty to kill, on the earliest opportunity, those who differ with them.

Dr. Fulton related that once during his sermon he exclaimed: "Place me upon the Polar iceberg, where no verdure greets the eye, and where naught but the white bear's growl can be heard," when a deep base voice replied, "Amen."

The question of a speedier means of executing criminals is being discussed in England. The Lancet says: "Decapitation does not cause instant death, hanging is torturingly slow, and neither prussic acid nor electricity would be quick enough in fatal effect."

Dr. Barrington of St. Paul, Minn., was in town last week, arranging for the publication of a new edition of his valuable medical book, "Gems of Knowledge." The Doctor reports an increasing demand for the book, also good success in practice. Dr. B. is doubly fortunate in having a practicing physician for a wife; this makes a double team equal to any emergency.

For the last thirty-four years the Bible societies of England and America have printed over 10,000 copies for each business day. And at an outlay of about \$65,000,000 over 145,000,000 copies of the scriptures have been published by these two societies since their formation in 1804 and 1816, the dates of their respective organizations.

The malodorous Fox having exhausted his supply of green goose in Iowa, and finding it difficult even with the assistance of his backer, the ex-superintendent of New York City schools, to replenish his kennel, is slyly baiting the innocents of Minneapolis, Minn., with pickled peas, in the hope of making game of them. The JOURNAL of December 7th, 1878, contained an interesting two-column biography of this preying peripatetic; it would be well for the Minnesota people to refresh their memory of his record.

The London, Eng., Truth says: "The Vicar of St. Margaret's, Barking, is decidedly hard to satisfy. A child died in his parish the other day without having been baptized, and its parents wanted to give it Christian burial. Both are members of the Church of England, and the father, it seems, has actually been employed in mission work in the parish. This was not enough, however, and the Vicar not only refused to bury the child, but had the churchyard gates closed in the middle of the service which the parents provided for themselves."

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Lake George, N. Y., September 17th. He has made an arrangement with Dr. Hagaman of Chattanooga, Tenn., to travel together and give tests, lectures, etc. They are now at Brooklyn, N. Y., and can be addressed at No. 118 Willoughby Street until further notice.

The *Saratoga Sentinel* of the 18th, contains an inspirational lecture written through the mediumship of Mrs. H. J. Horn and delivered before the Society of that city by Mr. Horn. The enterprise of the *Sentinel's* editor, Mr. Huling, in supplying his constituency with matters spiritual as well as temporal is most commendable, and the *JOURNAL* hopes he will wax rich.

Mrs. Emma A. Nichols, known to thousands in the West as one of the best mediums ever in Chicago, is making a few weeks' visit among her old friends here. She reports that her husband, Dr. Nichols, has established a good practice in Vermont, and the family are all in excellent health. A strong effort is making to induce Mrs. Nichols to spend her winters in Chicago, and the *JOURNAL* most heartily seconds the attempt.

Mrs. Julia E. Burns, a clairvoyant and a medium for independent slate-writing and other physical phenomena, has located in Chicago. Mrs. Burns comes from Indiana and brings very high recommendations both as to her personal and professional standing. She has taken up her residence at 132 DeKalb Street, between Polk and Leavitt. Ogden Avenue car to Polk, brings callers within one block.

Mr. L. H. Sawyer was elected President of the People's Society of Spiritualists at Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., last Sunday, in place of Mr. William Nicol, who has resigned, as his business calls him to Wisconsin for a number of months. Mr. Nicol has filled the position with honor to himself and the society for the last six months. He has given twenty-nine lectures, and conducted the Conference meeting every Sunday. D. F. Trefry is still secretary.

The Rev. Mr. Stanford, an English clergyman of New Zealand, recently resigned his parish and began to study law. For this his Bishop threatened to degrade him from the ministry. In reply, Mr. Stanford carried the war into Africa in the following style: "I have known from time to time since I have been in your diocese of my Bishop being a land speculator, mixed up in the conduct of pottery works, and bargaining over an annuity." The Bishop will probably let Mr. Stanford alone.

Jonathan M. Roberts, once the publisher of a libellous sheet, whose name may possibly be remembered by the *JOURNAL's* readers, was arrested the other day on a charge of criminal libel. The arrest was made on complaint of Mr. Thomas S. Tice. It might be well for those who are interesting themselves in begging money to aid the quondam libeller in again starting his alleged newspaper, to also raise a fund to pay the would-be editor's fines, and hire a substitute willing to pose as scapegoat. This would ensure regularity in the issue of the *Mongrel Mutterer* and harmonize the old gent with his environment.

Dr. Alexander Wilder writes: "Quite a thrifty Society has been formed in Newark, N. J. Many of its attendants belong to the Liberal League. Miss Amarette M. Beecher, a cousin of the many ministers and authors, addressed them Sunday evening, Sept. 14th. I was present and much pleased with the lecturer. She is a woman of superior acumen and intellectual vigor, earnest and outspoken, and carries too many guns for a trifler to attempt any nonsense with. She seems to be quite an itinerant; she goes to Portland and other places in the East, and will be in the field many weeks.

Capt. H. H. Brown writes from Cariboo, Maine, that he was completely prostrated after his work at Etna Camp, it being the fourth camp he had attended this summer. He is now better and will remain in Maine during October, speaking part of the time. He is to give two lectures at Mapleton. He will be at Dexter, W. Hampden, Bangor and Newport between October 1st and 12th, and his address during this time will be in care of L. C. Smith, West Hampden, Maine. He will be in Massachusetts in November. January 1st he expects to start West. February and March he will be in Ohio. He is open for engagements between Ohio and California after March 30th. Those desiring his services will do well to write him at once.

We have always looked upon our esteemed cotemporary the *Chicago Evening Journal*, as the quintessence of conventional propriety and amiability, incapable of mutilating the property even of an enemy, much less that of so staunch an admirer as the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. But alas! our heart has been wrong by a cruel mutilation; in its issue of last Saturday, the *Evening Journal*, in quoting from our editorial columns, makes us say, "Physical Research Institution." We can stand considerable, but the physical effect of this unwarranted physical plagiarizing with our property, has proved too much for our equanimity. We had hoped, Brother Shuman, to live long enough to vote for you for governor once more, or may be for mayor of Evanston; but now we have one less incentive for remaining in this cruel world. If you will cremate the printer, or name the day for the proof-reader's funeral, we will try ever so hard to restore you to our confidence. Yet, dear Governor, how can your innumerable host of very proper readers know that you transmogrified our "physical" into something too utterly "physical" for other than something farcical.

It appears from the Bordentown, N. J., *Register*, that Mrs. Susan C. Waters, a prominent Spiritualist of that place, lately presented Lodge No. 16 of Odd Fellows, with a large and striking picture symbol of the principles of the order. The painting, which is original in design and strong in effect, is five and a half feet high, and is inclosed in a heavy gilt frame. The picture represents a sea and a shipwrecked vessel; but across the dark clouds appears the rainbow of hope which has been reflected from one bright cloud on the left, through which the all-seeing Eye looks with compassion on the struggling people in the water. The latter are seen catching ropes which humane men are throwing to them from the high rocks of the coast. In one corner is the following inscription: Presented to Bordentown Lodge No. 16, I. O. of O. F., by Mrs. Susan C. Waters, Sept. 1st, 1884.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pirnie celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage on the 19th. Mrs. Pirnie who is now a robust, placid, motherly woman of sixty years or thereabouts, and looks as though she was good for forty years more on earth, tells us that when married she was supposed to be dying with consumption and was too feeble to speak aloud. John loved the invalid and was bound she must die as his wife. By the intervention of spirit friends, as they both believe, Mrs. Pirnie was in time restored to perfect health, and no suspicion of consumption now lingers. Mrs. Pirnie has done a fine work since her advent in Chicago, both as a healer and trance medium. She expects to remove shortly from her present location at 425 West Madison Street, to some more quiet quarter of the city.

The White Lady.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Perhaps you know that I have passed two months in Virginia at the Mission house of Miss Sallie Holley, of whom you will find a sketch in the *Index*. While there a gentleman by the name of Fallen conveyed Miss Holley and myself something more than fifteen miles, that we might see religious services in the old Synagogue church in which Washington sometimes worshipped, and built in 1706. On our way the conversation turned upon Spiritualism. We were at the foot of a deep gorge, with an almost insurmountable hill above us, when Mr. F., pointing to the top, remarked: "There beside the woods is where the white lady is said to come. A neighbor of mine was going over the hill, which had been known as the Haunted Hill, when he saw a woman standing there, who immediately crossed to the center of the road. He had two pointer dogs with him, which ran ahead and crouched down, howling pitiously at the feet of the woman. He called the animals off and screamed to the woman to get out of the road, as she frightened his horses. I suppose it is no unusual belief, that our dumb friends see what is invisible to human sense, but I have long been convinced of this, and that what is often called the unaccountable neighing of a horse is nothing else than the sight of what we call a supernatural object. In some of us the spiritual side of our senses is, doubtless, becoming naturally developed, and one of the best gifts of heredity will be this development, till at length we shall not need mediums, but shall have ocular, natural proof that the higher forms tend to, and comprehend, the spiritual, which will discern, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face, as the eyes of Peter and John were made capable of seeing Moses and Elias.

I am writing you a long letter, when my object was to thank you for the *JOURNALS*, which I find waiting my return. E. O. S. Blue Point, L. I.

horse. He had not the least idea that the object was other than real flesh and blood, supposing some girl was going over the road and was fearful of the dogs. She did not move, but kept her place; the dogs crouched and howled in a strange manner. The man repeated his order, but in an instant she was on the other side of the road, the dogs dragging themselves on their bellies toward her and howling; and then she was gone. The man would have doubted the evidence of his senses had not the conduct of the animals convinced him of the reality of the vision. No sooner did it disappear than they turned and barked, and followed the carriage.

Somnambulism.

Some Queer Freaks of Sleep-Walkers.

Sleep-talking is one of the most marvellous curiosities of sleep. It is sometimes connected with somnambulism, but more frequently manifested alone, and often speaking to a somnambulist at once awakens him, and if in a perilous position, results fatally. Dr. Blinn tells of a young man, aged 18, of robust constitution, who went to Syria from a town on the Black Sea to pursue his studies at the gymnasium. After falling asleep he would arise and utter most remarkable declamations. Sometimes he recited long speeches from Xenophon with perfect accuracy, though when awake he could only remember a few lines. One night he wrote the theme he had to deliver the next day. In the morning, having overslept himself, he was vexed at not having prepared himself for his tutor, and wondered much when he discovered the theme completed and lying on the table before him. The Archbishop of Bordeaux speaks of a subject who asked for a glass of brandy to warm him. As there was none at hand they gave him water, but he at once detected the cheat and again demanded brandy. He was given a glass of strong liquor, seemed refreshed, and lay down without waking. There is a remarkable case related of a young American lady who crept during her sleep, performing regularly every part of the Presbyterian service from the psalms to the benediction. She was the daughter of a respectable and wealthy parents. She fell into bad health, and under its influence disturbed her family by her nocturnal eloquence. Her unhappy parents, at first surprised and perhaps flattered by the exhibition of so extraordinary a gift in their family, finally concluded it was the result of a disease, and thinking a change of scene would improve her, visited New York and other great cities of the Union. She would preach at night on board steamboats; and at tea-parties who was put into an adjoining room in order that the guests could witness her extraordinary performances. Her sermon, although they had the appearance of connected discourses, consisted principally of a jumble of texts.

Darwin relates a most wonderful case of somnambulism and sleep talking combined. It was that of a young lady about 25, who suddenly became seized with convulsions of all the muscles of her body, then she made great efforts to vomit, violent hiccoughs, and in about an hour she was seized with a violent spasm. In half an hour these ceased and the sleep suddenly began, and was observable from the look of her eyes, which were all attention. Then she talked aloud with imaginary persons with her eyes open, and could not for about an hour be brought to attend to the stimulus of external objects by any kind of violence it was possible to use. These symptoms returned in this order for six weeks. The conversations were consistent, and the hearers could understand what she supposed her imaginary companions had answered. Sometimes she was angry, again witty and vivacious, but most often inclined to melancholy. She sang some music accurately, and quoted from the English poets. Once, trying to repeat some lines from Pope, she forgot a word, and began again; when she came to the word it was shouted in her ears, and this to no purpose. Finally she recollected it herself. When she recovered she appeared to be greatly surprised, and called upon her sisters as if in great fear. Finally she got so she could walk around the room without touching any of the furniture, though her steps were tottering and wavering. And afterward she drank a dish of tea, from the whole apparatus of the tea-table was set before her, and said there was medicine put in it. Once she supplied of a tube-rose that was in her room, and talked out aloud about breaking it off, but said it would make her sister so angry. At another time she heard a bell ring, and taking off one of her shoes as she sat upon the bed, she said: "I love the color black; a little wider and a little longer, and even this might make me a coffin." Yet she was not sensible that any person was about her. When her paroxysm was over she could not remember a thing that had happened.

Letter from a Christian Woman.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your paper of September 6th, your summary of Rev. Dr. Kyalence's argument on "Reason-Belief-Demonstration," was (as far as it went) essentially correct. Allow me to criticize your remarks upon it. I deny that the preacher and agnostic are on the same plane. The preacher grounds his argument on immortality, from the fact that Christ taught it, and was the first after he had passed from earth, to return again to verify the truth of his words. The argument of the agnostic (anglic, idiot) must necessarily be worthless, as a know-nothing is of no account whatever side he may espouse. You ask: "Has there ever been a case where one who has passed from earth has returned?" I implicitly answer, Yes! Jesus Christ returned over 1,800 years ago. We Christians "clinch this as an indisputable fact," asserted as it is, most solemnly by holy men of old. Is not their word to be believed, at least equally with the men and women of to-day, who are permitted to see their beloved return? Do years make the difference? Ought 1,800 years of time, destroy the blessed facts of to-day?

In the truest, holiest sense, we Christians are Spiritualists. Just because our Divine Lord returned and talked with his disciples, we believe that in the mysterious mercies of our heavenly Father, we are in this age permitted "to talk with friends who have passed away, sometimes even see them." We believe and rejoice in this most wonderful manifestation of latter times. It is the greatest solace to bereaved hearts. Thanks be to God for this most blessed privilege!

You may claim to be "the only ones who can add this last proof." We Christians claim to be the only ones who can add the first proof.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

A CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

New York City.

A Great Exposition.

The Exposition at New Orleans is attracting the attention of the press in all parts of the country and abroad. Almost every newspaper has something to say about the preparations that are being made to further the work of State or local associations. The special representatives of the Exposition commission by President Arthur, for the purpose of procuring exhibits have found the newspapers ready to report speeches and print the latest news relating to the World's Fair. This circumstance no doubt springs from the fact that the people throughout the land read with much interest all that is printed concerning this great enterprise. By the widespread influence of the press the Exposition is known and talked about in India, Australia, on the banks of the Congo, in the South American republics, and in the frozen regions of the North. Seeming impossibilities have been overcome, and the scheme, limited to a cotton exhibition at first, has been enlarged by degrees till it now embraces a grand exposition of arts, manufactures, mines, agriculture, and in fact about everything in which the people of to-day are interested. This Exposition to be opened in December next, covers more ground, has more exhibits entered, than can be recorded of any other World's Fair ever attempted. Aside from the pecuniary means furnished, the untiring industry of its directors, this marvel of the nineteenth century owes much of its renown to the power of the newspapers.

Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life, from Ancona, N. J., August 29th, 1884, aged 40 years, 2 months and 10 days, "Daisy M. Dahn," better known to the Spiritualist public as Sara M. Allan.

She was a trance and clairvoyant medium, very earnest and ideal philosophy in all things. Believing the welfare and progress of human kind required the emancipation of woman from fashion, she was the first to wear the "American costume" on all occasions and in all places. She traveled extensively in the East, West and South; and finally adopted the "Union Garment" of the Harmonical Order, which she used four or five years. Believing the use of animal food to be contrary to the best interests of man as a spiritual being, she discarded it, and so continued for sixteen years. The difficulty of carrying out such reforms in society as it is, in connection with her sensitiveness as a medium, compelled her at last to withdraw from active life, and seek that repose and recuperation so needful to her. In the more quiet sphere of the Home School, where the various elements essential to a peaceful civilization are aiming to be developed, there was her home during the last four years of earth-life. About five years ago she received a shock while traveling through the South and West, from material conditions and violent opposition to her reforms, and from which she never fully recovered.

Her last earthly home was in Ancona, N. J., Sept. 10th, 1884. From Dryden N. Y., August 29th, 1884. Mrs. M. M. M. wife of W. C. Tripp, aged 33 years.

The subject of this notice was born in Dryden, and passed her earthly life in the home of her childhood. Early in life she embraced unreservedly the philosophy, phenomena and soul-comforting doctrines of Spiritualism, in which she lived with honor, and by which she was sustained in passing from this life to the life and scene of a higher and better life. Her funeral was attended on Sunday, August 31st, by a large concourse of people, who, in harmony with her spiritual views, were addressed by Rev. H. H. Barker, of Auburn, N. Y., assisted in the services by the singing, under the leadership of Mr. Willis Critchfield.

COAL.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at Brooklyn Institute, Washington, near Concord Street, every Sunday, 8 and 9 P. M.

Lecture for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, Superintendent.

Mediums and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:30.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M.

Prayer for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Mrs. T. B. Surber, President.

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 18th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Robert President; Dr. Paton, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Progressive Spiritual Meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock, in Franklin Hall, corner of 3rd Avenue and 18th Street, South Brooklyn. Seats free.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 308 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. W. J. Goring, President; Lewis Johnson, Vice-President.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 1/2 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of Union for Christian Work, every Thursday evening, 8 P. M.

New York City Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 8 P. M., at 121 East 69th Street. MISS S. A. MOOREHEAD, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 evening, in Arcosium Hall, No. 57 West 25th St., corner Sixth Avenue.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will hold Meetings every Sunday, afternoon, and evening, in the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will preside.

A Meeting of the Chicago Association of Radical Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums, will be held in Liberty Hall, No. 218 West Madison Street, at 2:30 P. M., Sunday. The public cordially invited. Seats free.

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The first Annual Camp Meeting of California will convene in the large Pavilion on Long Branch bathing grounds, Alameda, Cal., October 1st, to receive a large number of Spiritualists and mediums will be present, and the Session is highly invited. Long Branch is only a few minutes ride from San Francisco by boat and narrow gauge railroad, which passes every half hour. Get off at 2nd station and walk only a block to the large arch gateway where you will be admitted to each session for 10 cents, or \$1.00 for season ticket. Hotels will furnish reduced rates. Bakersies and markets are best a few rods from the grounds. Some undoubtedly will bring their tents, as October is usually a very pleasant season of the year on this coast. A preliminary session is anticipated.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements: Mrs. Dr. Scheninger, Editor *Carrier News*, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. F. A. Logan, speaker and leader, Long Branch, Alameda, Cal.; Mrs. M. Miller, seat medium and speaker, 106 1/2 1st Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Walter Allen Shorkey, E. F. Shepard, Albert Morton, A. H. Wilson, E. G. Anderson.

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Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Fisherman's Friend.

BY G. W. BARNARD.
(Founded on an incident published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

Awake, O Mabel of the tender strain,
My song inspire with a bounding strain,
To sing the praise in a voice divine
So well deserved by a mean cuisine.
A fisherman dwelt by the briny deep,
Shut in by shores so stony and steep—
And long he'd dwell on the lonely shore;
Where eagles scream and the breakers roar;
Where sea-gulls hover on airy wing,
While harsher notes of the willows ring.
This fisherman lived a lonely life
With no relations, children or wife—
But yet a most faithful friend he had,
Who dwelt with him by the bounding sea;
For ten long years did this faithful friend
His master's home and life defend.
Shared in his danger, hunger and toil,
With trust and faith that nothing could foil—
Ever ready in any disaster
To give his life for that of his master—
With undivided constancy and love
Fare as the beams that shine from above;
A trust and faith which he bestowed
Upon his master, with a god-head
Example more worthy, none had seen,
A lesson so grand, from a brute so mean!
He'd served his master thro' heat and cold,
But now at length he was growing old,
While his master's heart had turned to stone,
So into the sea his friend was thrown—
Around his neck a noose was applied,
To which a stone was securely tied.
When quickly he sank beneath the wave,
His master thought to a watery grave—
The stone slipped out, then he rose again,
Swam for the boat thro' the heaving main;
But now the master with faint intent
With car in hand on his death is bent—
Ungrateful monster! his friend to slay,
Who'd served him faithful many a day.
He beats him now with his heavy oar,
Till the water is red with his gore,
Raising his oar for a final blow,
The boat he quickly doth overthrow—
Unable to swim he's sinking fast,
Beneath the waves of the ocean vast—
He's sinking down, he's sinking down,
No aid can come from the distant shore.
Now hope has fled, and his life must end,
He's drowning now instead of his friend;
But his friend can swim, some strength remains,
The blow intended to dash his brains,
Had missed its aim, and his life is spared,
And to save his master he's now prepared,
So diving quickly beneath the wave
With kind intent his master to save,
He drew him forth unto life once more,
And tolled and struggled to reach the shore,
But weak himself from the loss of blood,
And struggling long in the heaving flood,
It was long before he reached the strand
With the feeble powers at his command.
At length the spaniel and master found
Themselves once more on the solid ground,
The master saved by his faithful friend
Who had basely sought his life to end—
Ungrateful man with a heart more base,
Than the meanest type of the canine race!
A lesson learn from thy "faithful" Tray,
And ne'er again from thy manhood stray.
O man! behold in a brute so mean
The grandest example on earth's scene—
Of sweetest forgiveness ever known,
Bestowed on one with a heart of stone.

The Gospel of True Manhood.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

No. 3.

The mystery of earth-life does not commence with the ecstasy that sounds the marriage peal over the union of sexes. From the first moment of life, your truth if you will. Mingle your life and your love in the crucible of affection; seal your vows with a kiss upon the infant brow and claim him for your own. Nature is laughing at your innocent grief. She has lent you the material covering to that self-existent soul, and you have baptized it in your mutual love. That is all.

The soul mingles with its divine life-force and you see the infant life. The laughing eye, the pouting lip, the dimpled cheek, are the blossoms of parental love. You watch the unfolding intelligence with breathless interest. For a brief moment the soul seems almost visible and divinely triumphant; and then as atom and molecule are wrought out in nature's laboratory, matter becomes master, and its law triumphant.

Remember that the soul is encased partly in matter, so crude that all our five senses acknowledge its kinship, and partly in matter so refined that it eludes our mortal grasp, and we call it "spirit"; but the refined is ever superior to the crude. It penetrates and permeates the coarser particles, giving to the soul higher and grander powers of manifestation; yet the laws of matter remain as absolute as the laws of spirit.

If we now recall the fact that in every stage of an eternal existence the soul must use matter through which to manifest itself as intelligence, we see that if progress be eternal then it is essential that the refinement of matter be also continuous and without limit. Eternity has its molecules. We call them "time," and time is the great element in the refinement of matter. Nature builds her form of beauty by adding atom to atom as the mason points his column to the sky; but intelligence is born of the soul, and ever ready to manifest as conditions permit, for it is subject to those conditions.

So the philanthropist who hopes to change human nature by merely altering the conditions, is like those law-worms who think they can make the drunkard sober by shutting him in prison for six months. That is a fair illustration of what man-made law can do. Nature's pathway of progress has no windings. She accepts the best there is for survival, and allows the rest to die out. No love nor hate; no anger, pity, nor sorrow; neither justice, injustice, nor malice, but always eternal law. So man's life is the human soul looking through the conditions that surround it; but that human soul has a grandeur of which prophet and seer never dreamed. To them man was made of clay to be abused and despised. He was too insignificant to rule, so a ruler was invented and called God. Man was belittled that God might be glorified. The hour has now come for God to be belittled and man magnified.

Matter, law, and the human soul stand to-day, ever have stood, and ever will stand as a divine trinity, self-existent, but supreme only when in trine harmony. Man has three manifestations of himself; one that perceives, one that thinks, one that acts. The soul, the spirit and the mortal; and for the perfect life on earth these three must become one.

But how can they be one, or become one whilst man has been taught that here on earth his powers must be confined to the mortal, whilst the spirit and the soul are relegated to some life of the hereafter? Being thus the child of ignorance and superstition, swathed in the bandages of priesthood, he has crawled or waddled up to his stand-point of to-day.

The remedy is twofold, time and self-effort; time to give the right conditions; self-effort to harmonize the mortal with his surroundings. Both are necessary, but to make the hour has been taught the self-effort is not to put forth. Self-effort demands that you be willing to acquire knowledge, and then that you put your knowledge to practical use.

Surely we all recognize that since much of poverty and ill long train of ills comes from there being more eaters than producers, we have the royal power, if we choose to use it, of coming to bring into the world more than we cannot fill, children of poverty crying in vain for bread.

If we refuse to seek instruction and practice it when found, then nature will pass by us and race leaving us to die out, for her law, the survival of the fittest, demands that a man both use his reason and curb his passions.

We do not die out of existence as taught by the Materialists, or pass to the hell of lost souls as taught by a God-blessing church. We simply pass on to another life under different conditions. But of that more at another time. In these articles I would endeavor to give our attention fixed upon the spirit-life laws of the earth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CASSADAGA. A Strange Comparison with Chautauque—Spiritualism versus Theology—Late Happenings at the Lake.

One Friday evening an exhibition was given in the amphitheatre by the Philothes Lyceum at Cassadaga. After an overture by Damon's band there were recitations by the young people, as well as by Isaac Huntington and Mr. E. R. Emerson, and songs by Cora Jones, Lulu C. Dr. Harry Crane, Annie Ramey, a trio by Mr. and Mrs. Crane and Miss Barnes, and two by J. T. Lillie. A cornet solo by Mr. Damon was well received. The day previous Mr. O. P. Kellogg delivered an address upon the subject "Chautauque and Cassadaga," comparing the positions of the two representative schools in the field of religious thought. He said that there are sympathies common to both, for both are striving to throw light upon the question of the future life. He paid a tribute to Talmage as a speaker, but deplored his state of ignorance in regard to the high moral and philosophic truths of Spiritualism. He deplored superstition as religion out of fashion, and religion as superstition in fashion. He related an account of a debate which he had once held with an Ohio divine, Mr. Jones, an Ohio State Senator, had sworn to the statement that he once saw a girl making pancakes, and that while the girl was standing before the stove the pancakes rose in the air and floated over. He thought it was the work of a mischievous spirit. Well, the preacher made fun of this, and said "how ridiculous it would be for an angel to come from heaven to turn pancakes." Then Mr. Kellogg told him of the time Elijah was hungry, and an angel came down and took some corn meal, and that angel, with his white wings and golden crown, set to work and made an old-fashioned hoe-cake and baked it for Elijah, and he continued the difference between your theology and mine is that we turn our pancakes and bake them on both sides, while you turn only one side, and is half dough! Judge Edmunds had written of a dream or vision of heaven which he had, and spoke of meeting somebody who gave him a glass of fresh buttermilk to drink, as when on earth. The preacher made sport of this also, and wanted to know where the cows were kept in the spiritualistic heaven. Then Mr. K. reminded him of the time the angel rode down from the orthodox heaven with a span of horses and a chariot to get Elijah; and he said, "now you go up there to the lively stable where they kept those horses, and right behind that stable you will find the cow shed where the Spiritualists keep their cows." This was to illustrate the fact that while the Church can find subjects for ridicule in the philosophy of Spiritualism there is also a plenty of subjects for ridicule in the philosophy of the Church. Then he proceeded to argue that since God is a spirit, and can influence matter, can call worlds out of the depths of space and evolve thereon all the countless forms of physical life, since God, as an infinite spirit, can produce infinite results in the realm of matter, the spirit of man, as a finite being, can produce limited or finite results in the same realm. He said that if the Church deny the wit and voice of the angels, the depths of alchemy, and draw all life in the black chasm of eternal night. As to the work performed by the theology of Chautauque, he gave an illustration of a doctor who was attending a sick child, and when the doctor gave the child some medicine the mother asked what it was for. The doctor replied, "That, my dear, is to produce fits, and I am just doing fits." Chautauque theology gives us just such fits to convince us that we have not the disease called "depravity," and then it sets to work to cure it. The speaker wouldn't give a wave of his hand for all the medicine that Chautauque has, to doctor souls for something they never had—something they were vaccinated for before they left the court of heaven. Chautauque has scientific methods and we like that—but they try to make them bow to the fact that Chautauque takes Genesis, Cassadaga takes Paleontology.

Speaking of the importance of Spiritualism he said, if there is in all the countless phenomena of the past thirty-six years but a single instance of a mother returning from heaven to converse with the child she loved, that one instance would be the grandest fact of the nineteenth century. Chautauque has been great in the theological sciences, but it is all a flitting vapor compared with the demonstration of immortality at Cassadaga. Religion has ever had a warm heart, but little brains. Philosophy has had brain, but little heart. There will be a grand wedding soon, and brain and heart will be one in modern Spiritualism. Religion has ever carried upon her back a pack of rage, science like a naughty boy, has been running up and behind and chucking away, one by one. Soon religion will drop her bundle of rage, and they will be made over in the great paper-mill of thought, and upon those pure white sheets will be written the grand truths of the future religion. Nothing short of a verbatim report can do justice to the wit and eloquence of this fine address.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The press of other matter has prevented us from giving an earlier notice of that excellent weekly journal, named above, and published at Chicago; a paper which we have been in the receipt of for some seven or eight years past. It is so well edited and has so able an array of writers for its columns, that it is always a pleasure to peruse its contents. But its uniform ability is not the highest recommendation. It is the avowed advocate of true and pure Spiritualism—not of that false semblance that goes under this name and swallows greedily all sorts of wonderful stories of apparitions and communications from departed spirits, as told by credulous partisans and interested pretenders, for glory or gain; but of that true Spiritualism, that denounces and exposes fraud and imposture wherever found, and rests only upon facts that are scientifically examined and demonstratively proved, to the satisfaction of the keenest skeptics and the most philosophical intellects of all the enlightened nations of the world. It is owing to the conclusions of these oft-repeated demonstrations among the most advanced peoples of the nineteenth century that it has the unprecedented success of a journal of its kind, which has actually made more progress and won more adherents in thirty years than Christianity did at its start in three hundred years. Through the kindness of J. C. Bundy, the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we have been the recipient of numerous magazines and weekly issues of spiritualistic journals, coming from France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, Mexico and South America, to say nothing of like papers in English from the United States. And by the spirit and some of these have been regularly maintained for more than twenty-five years past, and all show the astounding, yet steady progress of Spiritualism throughout the entire civilized world. Of all these publications, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is one of the very best, out of about thirty that have come under our observation. It is not only a scientific method, its opposition to christianism, cliques, frauds, sects and sectarianism, as well as to all immorality, vice and wrongs of all sorts. It is the sworn foe of the materialism of the day and the upholder of the true spirit of the Christ of the New Testament. By its proofs and those of like kind, now accessible to all earnest seekers everywhere, and by these alone, can the immortality of man be clearly demonstrated at the present day. And by its spirit and aims and methods alone, can honesty, virtue, truth and humanity be upheld in the world. We give this journal such high praise because it deserves it, as our familiarity with it for years, enables us to know.—Woodward (Cal.) Mail.

Newton Crabtree writes: I am well pleased with the honorable course the JOURNAL is pursuing in its battle for truth and the right, and in its effort to expose fraud wherever found. Long may the JOURNAL live and prosper.

A. C. Dean writes: I see by the tone of the JOURNAL that progress is made to follow the noble pathway that you are marking out for all seekers after truth.

The largest public hall in Victoria, B. C., was let for a price paid on a recent night. The next night they refused to allow Bob Ingersoll to lecture in it saying that the public would resent.

What do we know About the Spirit-World?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was most interested in reading that article in the JOURNAL of September 6th, from the pen of Thomas Harding: "What do we know about the Spirit-world?" It struck the key-note of my experience with Spiritualism, and I meet many others who entertain the same position. They all claim to have investigated the subject for years, are firm believers in it, yet are not satisfied with what they have received. Like Mr. Harding, I think we know very little about the Spirit-world, and I doubt very much if we ever shall have an extensive knowledge of it before we enter that place ourselves. I have conversed with spirits (or what purported to be) of all grades of intelligence, not only in private circles, but through nearly all of our best public mediums, yet I am still in the dark regarding some of the simplest things relating to the Spirit-world.

What first led me to investigate Spiritualism was the death of a brother, older than myself, who was very dear to me, and I would have given the whole world at that time, had I possessed it, to have recovered a communication from him fully satisfying me that he still lived; but I have never received it, although I have been an investigator twenty years. I have received communications hundreds of times, purporting to come from him—some of them being very strange and startling, yet they all lacked some little information, seemingly easy to give, which left me still in doubt. I can say the same regarding other spirits who have communicated with me. They have given me test after test, fully satisfying me of spirit presence, yet not one has ever convinced me, beyond all question of a doubt, that the messages given come from any relative or friend whom I ever knew while living in earth-life, and when requested to do so, all have either refused or evaded the question. To show how this has been done I will relate one or two instances.

A few months ago for several weeks there was a young lady stopping at my house, not out of her teens, who was one of the best writing mediums that I had ever met. She was unknown to the public, not more than a dozen persons besides myself being aware that she possessed the gift. She had never attended a spiritual seance, nor had a sitting with other mediums, but I became acquainted with her; neither did she know anything about Spiritualism except the little that had occurred at her own home, the first making its appearance about one year before.

When I learned that she was coming to visit us, I thought: "Now is the golden opportunity I have craved so long, coming at last. While she is here I can learn about the Spirit-world, and, perhaps, be fully convinced that my friends, passed from this life, do live." But I was doomed to disappointment, for when the medium's visit was over, I knew no more about the Spirit-world than when she first entered my house.

While she was with us, I talked with the spirits day after day and hour after hour, and received a great many tests from them, that fully convinced me of their presence as separate individuals from her, yet the very things I wanted to know the most, and which I was the most interested in, I could never get, although I tried every conceivable method, it seems to me, to obtain them. One of her controls, who claimed to be a physician while in the form, was a sharp, witty, intelligent spirit, and well posted on all subjects of interest to humanity. I talked with him about the Spirit-world, and, perhaps, be fully convinced that my friends, passed from this life, do live." But I was doomed to disappointment, for when the medium's visit was over, I knew no more about the Spirit-world than when she first entered my house.

Returning home one evening from attending to a little business, I met an old friend on the street, and stopped for a few minutes to chat with him. Our conversation turned to life after death, and, perhaps, be fully convinced that my friends, passed from this life, do live." But I was doomed to disappointment, for when the medium's visit was over, I knew no more about the Spirit-world than when she first entered my house.

This little incident convinced me that the Doctor was a separate and distinct individual from the medium, and that whether he was one he claimed to be when living in life, I could not learn. And, perhaps, be fully convinced that my friends, passed from this life, do live." But I was doomed to disappointment, for when the medium's visit was over, I knew no more about the Spirit-world than when she first entered my house.

"Well, Doctor," I said, "what has my dear brother got to say to me?"
"Nothing," he replied.
"What about," I asked.
"No, nothing."
"But, Doctor, what is my brother here for?"
"Because," he replied, "you requested his presence."
"But won't he control the medium and give me some little test to convince me that it is really he?"
"No he can not."
"But, Doctor, I cannot believe that my brother is present."
"Have it that way if you like, then," he replied: "your brother is here all the same."
"But you are not willing to prove his presence?"
"Yes."
"How?" I asked.
"By describing him."

"Then, Doctor, please describe him, and I will thank you very much."
I thought I had the Doctor pinned down at last, where he could not crawl out without giving me, at least, something reliable and definite, which he did, but spoiled it in the end. The description given was as follows, and quite correct:

Your brother is tall, slim, dark blue eyes, light complexion, with small, light-colored mustache; about twenty years of age, and of medium height. My brother was considered quite good-looking while living. I felt a little annoyed at the Doctor's joke when I was so sincere, and I told him so, with the remark that whenever I asked him from light from the Spirit-world he was always trifling and never seemed willing to give it.

"Very well," he replied, "if I don't bring you any light then I will leave, and let some other fellow come and hold the candle," which he did, but the next spirit left me no wiser than did the Doctor, and I would have preferred to have had the Doctor remain.

Yes, Mr. Harding is about right when he says that we know very little about the Spirit-world.

G. F. W.

Change of Residence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Knowing your willingness to publish anything of interest to your readers or the great cause of Spiritualism, I write to let you know that at last we are removing from Memphis. Our future home will be Kansas City, Mo. We have often been urged by our friends to go to a place more easy of access, but up to this summer we have felt no inclination to do so. It was in this light, obscure and unattractive village, that Spiritualism found us, and changed the fortune of our hitherto humble lives. Here for fourteen years the spirits have done their work. How well they have done it, thousands of living witnesses all over this broad land can testify. We have in the past, and shall in the future, allow the manifestations to advertise themselves, not seeking notoriety nor even publicity. Earnest seekers after truth will always find a warm welcome at our home, and will endeavor to treat our dear old friends with generous hospitality; 822 E. 15th St., Kansas City, Mo., will be our future home.

Memphis, Mo., Aug. 2nd, 1884.

MARY V. MOTT.

North-western Kansas Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A day and two nights spent on the camp grounds west of Jamestown, causes the writer to feel as if he might add an item of interest to the good cause which the JOURNAL is so nobly advocating. Too much praise and zeal can not be bestowed upon the officers and leaders of these meetings. The Blanchards (brothers), Knowles, Bishop and their estimable ladies are truly and persistently unselfish in their energies to make the meetings a success. The Spiritualist ladies here are deeply in earnest. Here, as everywhere, we find some excellent, true, and pure mediums, and a sprinkling of frauds. The writer was so unfortunate (?) as to arouse the frauds, and they arose from their lurking places to give forth piteous and disconcerted yells of agony and wrath. Every genuine medium, so far as the writer could hear, seemed glad of the reference made by him (there are frauds here upon the ground), and no one seemed hurt except these angelic persons themselves.

Oh! how emphatically clear becomes the grand utility of the work the JOURNAL is doing, when we witness the injury which frauds and corruption are bringing about; but fraud is not the only disgusting feature we have to meet. There is also the work of the cunning, low, half-developed spirit, and that of the malicious and willful, which cause certain sensitive individuals, who are not noted for intelligence, to seem so very much the uninformed, intelligent people shrink away in disgust. These unfortunate should be cared for by their friends; but what can we do for frauds? How bold the hypocrite must be, who can assume to be under spirit control, when there are sensitive natures around who can see that he is simulating!

But there were some most excellent mediums present, and the writer had a sitting with one, in company with five other persons, and gave space to refer to it. The lady is Mrs. Fannie Ford, living in this county, an unprofessional medium (trance and speaking). Mrs. Ford is an extremely sensitive, kind lady, the wife of a farmer, and is possessed of a mild, sweet and loving nature. Our faith in her was augmented when we found that she is working for the good of the cause, demanding no reward; yet we should not permit such to go without compensation. On Sunday during the forenoon we induced Mrs. Ford to sit for us, to learn what result might be obtained. Let it be understood that the medium and those present (seven in all) were perfect strangers to another. As soon as she became entranced she spoke as follows, extending her hand: "A lady with dark eyes and curly hair, stands before me holding in her hand a goblet of pure water; she offers it to this tall gentleman on my right hand (the writer), and says:

"Take and drink of this,
As an earnest of my affection,
Unbroken and true,
But ere we separate,
Give me one sip of what
The angels have given to you."

This beautiful emblem of peace and love had a significance so striking to the writer, that it could not be mistaken. It was his first wife, who offered him the medium control by any possibility have known anything about it. By way of contrast to this beautiful simile, a spirit brother of the writer's present wife stood before the medium; his description was long, accurate and strikingly apt. She then announced that he unrolled a scroll which contained a few lines of doggerel so characteristic of the spirit's boyhood, he would be recognized even by the lady. The lady with seeming difficulty then read as follows:

"In youthful days we sow the seeds,
But do not stop to pull the weeds;
As time rolls on they grow more stout,
And we can hardly rank them out."

Mrs. A. said the writer, boyish doggerel pointed so accurately to her fun-loving, brother's boyhood, that she knew him well. After this the medium gave us some verses which were so funny, we enjoyed them hugely. She closed with some verses, grand, pathetic and beautiful. This camp meeting was in nearly all respects truly pleasant and enjoyable.

B. R. ANDERSON.

To all Friends of Spiritual Progression, Greeting.

In December, 1883, the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists, took the occasion to make a few statements as to our position, purposes, and designs, as a society, but then recently organized and incorporated under the statutes of this Commonwealth, the Union of Progressive Spiritualists, a system of educational and benevolent labor, upon a basis so broad and comprehensive, as to include the mental, physical, moral and spiritual spheres of human life, for the object of disseminating the grand truths of Spiritualism necessary to a higher spiritual life, which we deem necessary to a purer and a more enlightened civilization. As a requisite to our work we referred to the readers the commencement of the erection of the "First Spiritual Temple," which we promised would be "a suitable edifice for the spiritual home of both mortals and angels, that in point of beauty and utility will compare favorably with any building dedicated to similar purposes in any part of the world, and such a one as every public spirited and Progressive Spiritualist may have reason to feel proud of in any land, as being worthy of the name of humanity."

To-day, the "First Spiritual Temple" is nearing its completion in fulfillment of our promise to the world, as evidence of our faith and intentions in our co-operation with the angel world to perform the part allotted to us, and as pledged, and prompted by conscience and duty.

Accordingly, we can now state that all necessary arrangements are perfected for the completion, within the limits of our own small society, without the necessity of calling upon the many generous men and women of wealth and benevolence, and the love of spiritual purity, who we feel would gladly have aided us in our enterprise both spiritually and materially, and assisted us to lift the heavy burden from the few, who as mortals are virtually carrying the weight alone, could they have rightly understood our motives, purposes, and designs in contradistinction to the ambiguous statements, impressions, and fancies of the misinformed and ignorant, who always have existed and will continue to exist as stumbling blocks and hindrances in all reformatory movements.

Therefore, we deem it necessary to make this statement at this time so that they who are so inclined, can be at the right place, and without any desire to be numbered among the co-workers and patrons of this good work, and have the opportunity of the present occasion with ourselves to become contributors, with joint investments and interests, in this our common cause; although not fully prepared to enter into all of the active duties and services now demanded, but are ready and willing to sustain those who are called to the front.

That such an opportunity may be offered, we are now instructed by our guiding spirit band, to issue this call to all liberal and benevolent Spiritualists and citizens from the humblest to the most affluent, who feel in sympathy with our work to give all such the privilege of giving of their means from the smallest amount to the greatest, for the purpose of assisting in the erection and maintaining the current expenses of the Temple.

The estimated expense of the furnishing is about \$20,000 which will include as the principal items: The seating of the main auditorium with theatre seats, and requiring 1,500, also, 2,000 seats for the other halls, dance rooms, and library; organ, gas, water, electric, carpenter, book cases, furniture, internal decorating and heating apparatus, etc. No further donations are now required for the erection of the Temple, (which is the property of the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists, donated by a single individual), but subscriptions will now be received from all those who wish to aid in its furnishing and maintenance.

Subscriptions are now open to receive pledges or donations in full payment, or on instalments, best suited to the convenience of the donor.

Parties at a distance desiring to donate may call on, or send their contributions to J. C. Street, Secretary, 275 Columbus Avenue, or to M. S. Ayer, 191 State Street, Boston.

Several members of the Union are also authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions, having books bearing the signature of the Treasurer, to whom subscriptions may be given should they call on you.

Persons wishing for further information regarding the work of the Society can receive the same by addressing:

J. CONNOR STREET, SECRETARY,
275 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

Office of the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A hot spring that emits steam and sulphuric vapor has been discovered at Oryka, Miss.

There is more crime in Rome and vicinity than in any other region of the world having the same population.

Alvan Clark, the telescope-maker of Massachusetts though eighty years old, is still at work. He and his son are the leading telescope manufacturers of the world.

An old traveler gives the following as a rule for conduct on ship-board during a storm: "Do not become alarmed so long as the sailors continue to swear. When they stop swearing put on a life preserver."

After careful inquiry, the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pa., have decided that the Esquimaux of Alaska present greater obstacles to conversion than any other people on earth, and therefore have sent missionaries to them.

Baron Van Werth, of New Brunswick, N. J., advertises in the columns of a local paper his own body as a specimen for dissection to be given to the medical student who will promise to bury what he does not use of the subject.

Walt Whitman, alluding to the recent earthquake, said the other day: "I believe with Kant in the unsubstantiality of things. It is doubtful if what we see around us has any real existence. Everything is delusive, evanescent and shaky."

An Arkansas man thinks he has exhumed the petrified head of a fairy. The supposed fossil is about the size of a large walnut. The features of the human face—eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, cheeks and chin—may all be discerned.

The climate of Montana is said to be changing. Formerly the summers were cool, with cold nights and winter set in as early as September, with late springs. Now they have warm nights in summer, late falls and early springs.

The latest wrinkle in the way of advertising is a paper mache man which moves by clockwork, constantly raising to its lips a cigarette, taking a strong pull and puffing out a cloud of smoke. It is, of course, a tobaccoist sign.

A "belle of the land" of Haverhill, Mass., has renounced the Salvation Army because she had to rise at 5 o'clock in the morning, was often kept up till after midnight, and during her period of enlistment lost twenty-eight pounds of flesh.

Miss Laura Shelton, of Walnut Grove, Ga., dreamed three times of a handsome young man with a red necktie, who pointed out to her the spot where a treasure was buried. She found the place, and dug up a tin box full of gold coins. So it said.

Charles W. Hutchinson, ex-Mayor of Utica, has not only bolted from his home, but has bolted the door of civilization behind him by becoming an adopted member of the Seneca tribe, a remnant of which resides on a small reservation in Central New York.

In a rock that is washed by the sea near Boulogne a grotto from eight to ten meters high has been discovered. Human bones have been found in it, as well as ancient earthenware marked with alien figures, and coins which are believed to have been struck by the early Gauls.

Mabel Griffiths, the fifteen-year-old girl who committed suicide in Des Moines, Iowa, the other day, left a note requesting that her body might be cremated or thrown into the river, or disposed of in any way except buried in the ground, as she was afraid she might come to life again.

In Martha's Vineyard the ratio of deaf mutes to the population is one in every 150 persons, a ratio greater than in any other portion of the country. Two deaf mutes, however, are found in the Martha's Vineyard, from which can be traced a hereditary line of deaf mutes.

Captain Reoard, of France, the inventor of an alleged navigable balloon, claims that the problem of aerial navigation is completely solved, and that it is now only a question of time and money. He says that a balloon postal system is as easy as a railroad system.

The Chinese have what is termed the kite festival on the ninth day of the ninth month. Sometimes the kites resemble serpents thirty feet long, at other times a group of kites hovering around a center, all being suspended by a single strong cord, but each kite moved by a separate line. Sometimes the kites are cast adrift under the belief that they will carry away with them all impending disasters.

Edward King thus writes from Paris of two noted men: "Victor Hugo and Marshal von Moltke were both at Ragatz in Switzerland recently. I think it would be difficult to find in America two such vigorous old men of 80 as the famous Prussian General and the celebrated French poet. Neither of them seems to have any intention of dying for the next quarter of a century."

Engineering enterprises on the Isthmus of Panama are carried on at an immense sacrifice of human life. It has been estimated that the railroad from Panama to Aspinwall, which was built through swamps filled with deadly fevers, cost a life for every tie. The workmen employed on the Panama Canal are being swept off by scores, and their places have constantly to be filled with a new supply.

The Russians are a very religious people in the observance of outward forms. Their religion consists chiefly in lighting candles, blessing holy images, bowing to the floor and making the sign of the cross over and over. Holy images are found not only in the churches, but in houses, on public places, in railroad stations and telegraph offices, and no devout Russian passes them without bowing and making the sign of the cross.

A Large Prune Orchard. Laverne (Cal.) Union: Perhaps the largest prune orchard in the world is situated one mile south from Santa Rosa, Cal., and contains 10,000 trees. It was recently sold for \$72,000. It is situated on a gentle slope from the foot of the mountains to the coast, and is one of the best in the world at a glance. Near by is the famous Rio orchard, containing fruit and nut-trees of almost every known variety; also the O'Banion & Kent orchard of eighty acres, for which \$110,000 advance has been offered and refused.

Intelligence has just been received at Santa Fe, N. M., of a diabolical deed perpetrated in the little village of Chimalayo, Rio Arriba County, Juanita Herrera, a Mexican woman whom the natives believed to be a witch and in league with the devil, was murdered by three desperadoes, who dragged her from her bed, stripped her, bound her hands and feet, and finally threw her devilish work into a butcher's pot, and the poor creature with bow-knives. Although known, no arrest of the murderers was made, the officers being afraid.

The principal feature about a Chinaman's costume is the fact that nothing ever fits but his stockings. His clothing consists really of three or four shirts or garments made after the fashion of a shirt, each opening in front and having five buttons, a sacred number. These buttons are never in a straight row, but in a sort of semi-circle half round the body. The outer garments have sleeves a foot longer than the arms, a fact which affords some opportunity for theft. A Chinaman's jacket is his thermometer. He will say: "To-day is three jackets cold, and if it increases at this rate to-morrow will be four or five jackets cold."

According to the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics among the women laborers of that state are 106 barbers and hairdressers, 6 barkeepers, 3 bill postmen, 9 commercial travelers, 2 bank officials, 2 pawnbrokers, 4 teamsters, 2 millers, 1 gun and locksmith, 75 bakers, 88 shoemakers, 6 carpenters, 2 doorkeepers, 100 makers, 13 maids, 1 paper-hanger, 1 plumber and gasfitter, 2 carriage makers, 16 watch and clock makers, 10 cabinet makers, 10 harness makers, 7 machinists, 4 blacksmiths, 235 printers, 2 stone cutters, 4 coopers, 255 laborers, and 5 engineers.

Many great musicians have been precocious when young, others have developed gradually. Shub

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Continued from First Page.

one officer who can devote a large share of his time to advancing its interests and those of local organizations which may enter the confederation. The A. S. A. should stand to local societies, in a relation analogous to that of the General Government toward the several States, and needs the services of an executive, who shall combine wisdom with zeal, courage with caution, patience with perseverance, enthusiastic devotion tempered with discretion, and a respect for Spiritualism, profound, yet free from superstition.

Having secured a working force through accessions of members to the parent body, first of individual members and then of affiliating societies, the A. S. A. will be strong enough to begin work in directions most pressing. In the meantime its mission must be to a considerable extent, one of education. That is to say, it must agitate the subject of organic work, and through its friends on the platform, in the lecture room, in the home, in the Spiritualist press and on all proper occasions, strive to call attention to the desirability of organization, both general and local, upon one common basis, for common purposes. Honest objections must be kindly met and removed; the fears of those who have escaped theological bonds and whose undue timidity causes them to draw back from all co-operative effort, must be patiently handled and effectually dissipated. The abnormal individualism so strikingly prominent among Spiritualists—in common with other free thinkers, must be modified; and every agency calculated to round out and even up individual character, should be actively and continuously employed.

The American Spiritualist Association should at once be made a legal, corporate body with all the powers and privileges granted to religious and philanthropic organizations, in order that it may have a standing in the courts and be able to hold property under the most favorable conditions. An active correspondence should be at once inaugurated for the purpose of organizing new State associations and securing charters of those already in existence. During the coming year the work must be largely in the direction of building up and strengthening the parent body, and aiding the formation of State and local societies; all this must be done before the real work to be accomplished by organization, can be fully entered upon.

The work of a well equipped Spiritualist organization is so stupendous as to preclude more than the briefest outline this morning. Various activities should be entered upon at the earliest practicable moment. Among them a plan for aiding lecturers in securing lecture circuits, which shall give them continuous employment with the least possible expenditure of time and money in travel; this may be done through a branch to be known as the Lecture Bureau, or otherwise; but care must be exercised that speakers seeking the aid of the Association are qualified both morally, intellectually and spiritually, to reflect credit upon the Association and the Cause. The most pressing demand from the inquiring world is: Give us honest, well-developed mediums, those who can not only through their medial gifts satisfy us of the continuity of life beyond the grave, but whose moral and spiritual equipment is so pure and elevating that every home shall be the purer and better for their presence! Give us mediums for whose integrity, veracity and moral character you can vouch; mediums with well disciplined wills, who can withstand temptation and aid us in bringing about our homes the purest, most angelic influences of the Spirit-world.

In every quarter we hear of confirmed Spiritualists, some of them able exponents of the spiritual philosophy, who, against their desire, are being, one by one, forced to affiliate with some one of the liberal Christian sects. Prompt steps must be taken to arrest this tendency and retain this desirable constituency, where it can be made to conserve the best interests of pure Spiritualism; and this can be done. It will be accomplished when conviction reaches them that through the efforts of this Association, a permanent and congenial spiritual home will be opened to them; where they can associate with those striving to lead moral, upright lives; and study the problems of Spiritualism in the right spirit, free from all bigotry, superstition and narrow sectarian spirit.

We greatly need a school for mediums, where the inexperienced sensitive may learn all that shall tend to make him or her as perfect an instrument as possible, and where they can be taught how to attract only good and wise spirits to them; and to successfully repel degrading influences, whether from mortal or spirit sources. Only by systematic, well ordered, intelligent, scientific methods can mediums be developed to their best capacity; and thus only can they be effectually defended, protected and encouraged. It is now an indisputable fact, proven by long and careful experiment and observation, that indiscriminate charity, bestowed spasmodically and under the impulse of emotion, tends directly toward the increase of poverty and crime. A lesson to Spiritualists is contained in this fact which need not be here enlarged upon and is only alluded to, to incite reflection; all can readily see how it applies both in the social and moral phases of life.

Yesterday my esteemed friend and fraternal co-worker, J. Frank Baxter said: "We need organization; but how?" He but voiced the conviction and desire of tens of thousands. When a need exists the only true way is to go to work in a determined and manly fashion to supply it. That all the details of organic effort may not be clearly discerned at first, should not deter us for a moment in making the attempt. Let us subordinate undue individualism, let us make up our minds to join hands with all right-minded, order-loving Spiritualists who can agree upon fundamental principles, as surely all such can, and hold in check all individual opinions where it can be done without violating any essential principle of morality. In this way we shall differentiate the good, that worth preserving and cultivating in Spiritualism, from that less good, inherently bad and deserving of suppression. Then shall we see in the not distant future a reasonable fruition of our hope; then shall we have solved the query voiced by Brother Baxter; then shall we have triumphantly shown how to do it!

DR. J. K. BAILEY.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, the next speaker, said he had for years been in favor of organization on the basis of the Declaration of Principles at Sturgis. The earnest, though small number at Sturgis, determined to make an effort to inaugurate a movement in the line of practical organization; they claimed to represent only themselves, and the sentiment and hope of many intelligent Spiritualists who had expressed desire for the attempt. And it was not then, nor is it now pretended, that the American Spiritualist Association is a completely representative national body.

It is only an associated effort of American Spiritualists to band themselves together in systematic and organic effort to present and promulgate the truths and import of rational Spiritualism. While they hoped to incite local effort and organization, it was not expected, in his opinion, that this body would undertake more than incitive and advisory methods and help to bring about the needed result of systematic and general organization of local societies. These societies may, or may not, establish a national, representative body, either by the modification of this, or the formation of one which might naturally grow out of the movement. From his standpoint it seemed absurd to fear to undertake organization lest we should thereby become sectarian. Every one who believes in the principles he proclaims, is in a sense a sectarian, as he has a creed. Some Spiritualists are very much afraid of a creed—your creed is simply your belief, nothing more and nothing less. Creeds in the past have been adopted and proclaimed as for all time; but we believe in progression and do not put up a creed that shall bind us under all circumstances and for all time. Human ambition and human selfishness ever seek to grasp power; but Spiritualists need have no fear of an oligarchy in this plan of organization; the Constitution provides that the officers of the Association shall be the servants, not the masters—they are to carry out the will of the Association as it is expressed from time to time.

MRS. LITA BARNEY SAYLES OF CONN.

succeeded Dr. Bailey, and spoke as follows: It is conceded by a thinking portion of the law-abiding class of Spiritualists, that some consolidation is desirable to the accelerated success of the movement. Many years ago we had a flourishing organization which was, however, swamped by coming into the possession of some who were not law-abiding. Two years ago there was a gathering of friends at Detroit, Mich., who took counsel together and drew up a declaration of principles and defined the objects and aims of the proposed organization. These were afterwards clarified and improved when the A. S. A. took life at Sturgis, and accompanied by the President, Mr. Jackson, who is present with us, have been printed and scattered through the country, arousing much thought and interest, and to-day we meet together in furtherance of their work.

The question before us to-day is: "How shall we proceed;—what are the best methods to insure success?"

"In union there is strength," and for this reason the thirteen original States of this Union became federated. While individual effort must not be underrated nor suspended, yet in the aggregated power of the multitude we gain a prestige that shall speak in thunder-tones, and command attention, when the individual would fail. The effect of the "still, small voice" should not be depreciated, but the Czar of the Russias had to be blown into eternity by dynamite, before the ear and heart of the world could be attracted to listen to the pitiable condition of the Russian people. We may justly pride ourselves upon a civilization which ought to adopt wise and peaceable methods, to command the same attention, for we live in a land where the voice of the people is expressed by the ballot, and not by bullets or dynamite.

It was said by friend Baxter yesterday that the need of organization was fully recognized by most people, but the best manner of effecting this was not clear to him. It must be accomplished by individual effort, and may I say that one so potent and so gifted as himself, may, if he chooses, be mighty in his utterances, to guide and educate the people into the necessity for this combination. He declared himself well convinced of the desirability of concerted action; it seems only needful that he iterate and re-iterate this, giving his reasons therefor to the many audiences before whom he appears to awaken interest in the subject, obtain membership and the promise of intelligent and hearty support. If we gain the active interests of the speakers at present occupying the platforms of our societies, we have the most useful auxiliary that we may desire. The literature of the Association in shape of leaflets or tracts or newspapers should be in their hands as an assistance.

This is the first step in organization; educate the people to see that the combined efforts of all will aid the Spirit-world to accomplish their projected work, very much quicker than individual action alone can do. The two worlds must act in harmony in order to purify and elevate and enlighten the denizens of each, for both worlds interact upon each other, and aid, or destroy the other spiritually. When people become thus assured of the wisdom of concentration in effort, they will just as naturally gravitate toward it, as the iron follows the loadstone.

Organization is the need of the day—not as an ultimate, but as a means to an end, as have all the organizations of the past proved to be. Spiritualism belongs to no sect, it can have no creed save the recognition of the fact of spirit intercourse,—it is of the eternal verities, and from the home of spirit which is within us, and before us, and above and around us,—we cannot bind it,—we do not wish to do so,—it enters every home and sits by every fireside, and it has come to stay; it shows itself by the side of the rich and the poor alike; it brings life and consolation to the living as well as to the dying; it is at home in the church as it is in the beautiful pine groves of Lake Pleasant; it had no beginning and shall have no ending, for it is inherent in all things. It is the heaven which hid in the three measures of meal, shall eventually leaven the whole lump—the spirit of truth and love. Let us as Spiritualists, awake and be earnest in our efforts to aid to the best of our ability, the day when justice shall be done on the earth. And in up way can we do this so effectually as by thoroughly organized co-operative effort.

The next speaker was

MRS. M. H. FLETCHER OF LOWELL, MASS.

who said she had not been so long in the work of Spiritualism as many present; but she knew a little of Spiritualism and its teachings, and she believed it to be one of the noblest truths that has ever been given to men and women. She knew of large numbers of Spiritualists in Lowell, but they have no meetings there, except when some one gets so hungry that he or she gets up a meeting. If they had an organization they could have meetings every Sunday, as well as the church people. We ought to come together and reason upon this important subject that pertains not only to the life beyond, but to this life; for the nobler and truer we live here, the nobler and truer we shall be hereafter. We should have some way of standing by honest mediums, and then we should not have so many vile ones crowding into our ranks. Mediums should be educated to discriminate as to what was told them by spirit, and reject that which was wrong and untrue. They should not listen to low spirits. If a medium does a mean thing, it is all the meaner to lay it to the spirits. Mediums

should not lose their identity. She deplored a spirit that would lie just as much as a mortal that would lie. This national Organization is for the good of Spiritualism—for the needs of spirits in this world and in the other.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

Judge Bailey now suggested that the subject under discussion was not the need of Organization, but how to proceed in the work of the Association; and he would request that the speakers confine themselves to the discussion of this question.

MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord expressed her pleasure in listening to what had been said from the platform and her desire for organized effort on the part of Spiritualists. "Spiritualism lacked the dignity it might have if it possessed an organization. One of the troubles of many mediums is that they are nonentities; and this demands that we should have some organized effort which can protect and educate them. Unless the Spiritualism that is in our midst shall lift us up and broaden us, it is nothing. Better that we form into a strong Association to which mediums can point and say: 'That is what we are working for.' She had been interested in the work of Spiritualism for twenty-four years, ever since childhood. She would have all hearts united in this great effort. She thought there was no place so well adapted for increasing the power of this Association as Lake Pleasant. She believed the angels would be with us in the work; she believed we had good people with us. She prayed for the kindly working of every well disposed person to disseminate the truths of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is not iconoclastic, but seeks to build up all that is good and true, and to hold up the weak of purpose.

Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles then presented the report and resolutions of the business committee.

On motion of Dr. Bailey the Resolutions were considered separately. Judge Bailey moved that the first resolution be amended by inserting the clause: "that it be also the duty of this committee to seek to aid in, and promote the organization of societies in their several localities." As amended the resolution reads:

RESOLVED: That the Association shall at its election of permanent officers, choose a Committee of Correspondence whose duties shall be to solicit membership and contributions for the printing and distribution of literature; who shall also render a monthly statement of the condition of Spiritualism in their respective localities, and make any suggestions that they may deem requisite therefor; that it shall also be the duty of this Committee to seek to aid in, and promote the organization of societies in their respective localities. The President is authorized to add to this Committee at his discretion. And further, that the Association issue a large edition of its Principles, Objects and Aims, together with the circular address of the President, which has been already printed, and other tracts and leaflets upon the subject, for distribution.

The resolution as amended was adopted. After some discussion, it was voted on motion of Mr. Bundy that the remaining Resolutions be laid on the table and taken up the next morning.

The Association then adjourned until Saturday morning.

THIRD DAY'S SESSION. The third session of the Association opened with singing by the Glee Club, President Jackson in the chair.

The first business before the Association was action on the resolutions offered by the business committee, which had been laid on the table at the previous meeting. The resolutions read as follows:

Resolved, That we recommend to Spiritualists generally to organize local societies based upon the Declaration of Principles of this Association; suggesting, to avoid expense, that these meetings be held at different homes until some other means present themselves. That we recommend the establishment in all communities of social societies to promote pure social relations, humane and charitable work, and the dissemination of spiritual knowledge.

Resolved, That we encourage the education of children in spiritual truths, and in our theories of religion; and also that we recommend the formation of classes in Physiology, Hygiene and the Natural Sciences.

Resolved, That the Association elect a Committee whose duties shall be to avert, and change, obnoxious legislation and to further that which is essential.

A discussion followed in which Mr. J. Clegg Wright, Miss A. M. Beecher, and Mr. Hudson Tuttle participated.

Mr. Wright thought the subjects treated of by the resolutions were of extraordinary importance. The growth of any movement depends upon the energy put forth in promulgating its fundamental principles; and in the fundamental principles of modern Spiritualism you have something more than speculation. You have the science of observation and experience. Organization comes to develop the philosophical expression of reason. It is to get an intelligent expression of the thinker, who is always wanted. Organization is not destructive of the thinker, nor of mediumship, which can never be destroyed by any organization. You cannot change the laws of nature; but you can make conditions which will enable you to explain the phenomena. Your liberty and your conception of its necessities are all expressed in the formula which you call your constitution; and it is a misconception that any body's rights can be trampled on by an organization based upon free thought. No danger can come where the people have the free expression of opinion; where there is a breath of liberty, despotism cannot live. Where a man or woman has something to say to the world, the world wants to hear it. No organization can stop it; organization will extend its power. Organization is not destructive of liberty, nor will it crush free thought; but if comes to preserve order and intellectual life. By strict discipline the Roman character grew in solidity, developed in power, and conquered the world. The speaker admired the conflict caused by intellectual differences. He wanted a man to be able to do more than merely assent. He could reverence a man who could contribute to the consolidation of the reformatory movement. A man who has something to teach is heroic in his age. Organization cannot make a man a genius, but it can make conditions for him to be heard. Spiritualism is for organization and organization for Spiritualism. A party, a clique, anything partaking of the character of division, can have but one part in the great revolutionary and evolutionary thought of the day. Combativeness is necessary to free thought, for in this way new thoughts are born. It is in fighting that we grow in the furtherance of thought. You need tools, and you want the best tools of expression that can be provided. The world has written down its successful efforts; learn from the lessons of history. Learn to venerate truth and character and inspiration as necessary for the permanent promulgation of the science of modern Spiritualism; and remember that age and length of service are entitled to respect in this movement. Young men should remember that hard workers have gone before, that hard battles had to be fought thirty years ago. Reform does not mean destruction of the old; it does not mean trampling upon others. The

young men need the enthusiasm that their fathers had in order to carry on successfully the work that the fathers in the movement began. The speaker wanted enthusiasm in the matter of education. Let your mediums, said he, learn that a thing nicely done is better than not nicely done; and let them aim at the best way of doing their work. Culture is the order of the day. Conquer the intelligent men of your day, and the unintelligent will follow. Present your philosophy in an intelligent style and the world will feel the power of progressive thought.

Miss A. M. Beecher, the next speaker, said the fact of organization had already been established. The next thing was to discuss the efforts to be put forth. The Resolutions in question dealt with some of those efforts: That social societies shall be formed for the promulgation of pure social relations. One of the stock objections to organization is, that it is going to push out somebody who feels that he has just as good a right to a position as anybody else. You can't mix oil and water. These social differences will right themselves, if you let them alone—social attraction will do all that is necessary. The frequenter of the groshop will not find your society congenial; and it is useless for you to stoop to him. These Resolutions require us to form societies to promote pure social relations; and let each member of the Association be pure and look to the purity of his or her own character. By being pure you exclude no one; the impure exclude themselves. The question might come up as to what spiritual truth is. It might perhaps be defined as any truth that elevates the spiritual above the material. For the promulgation of these truths, the Association is formed. We do not give the world a religion; we do not give the world a theology in these truths; nor is it necessary that the words, "God," "angel," "spirit," be used in teaching them. You find them written all over nature—in the hearts of men, in the lives of men, in the faces of little children.

The speaker would have the children instructed in the natural sciences and in the theological theories of the past, that the child may himself draw a parallel between the irrational theories of the past and the rational theories of the present. Charitable associations are desirable. The word charity means a great deal. We have it defined as love and also as benevolence; the two should be correlative terms. We are apt to misapply the principle of charity. We should mean the kind of charity that takes every man and woman by the hand; but not the kind that covers up any kind of rottenness—that kind destroys. The whole system of education should be made practical. Classes should be instructed in the laws of health, that we may live properly and give to those who come after us a heritage of strength—physical, intellectual and spiritual.

MR. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mr. Tuttle said he had no expectation of being called upon for remarks; he had come for the purpose of listening. He had felt the need of organization during the many years he had been in the Spiritualist ranks; and he had been actively interested in different attempts at organization in the past. Had seen these organizations start up, grow apparently strong, and then go to pieces. But this should not discourage us. Organizations must not necessarily be eternal. The organization dies when its use ceases. The educational branch of Spiritualism had his heartfelt endorsement. He wanted organization to preserve our Spiritualism. In the past, there was a great gulf between us and the churches. Now the churches have got about all of our Spiritualism; and if we don't look out they will get all of it. He wanted to have it gathered up before the Universalists and Unitarians and Free Thinkers should get it away from us. He was proud of the name of Spiritualist.

The old theology teaches that everything noble and grand comes from heaven, from God; that man is a miserable worm of the dust. The old system has all from without; the new system has all from within. Man is his centre; all that we put forth is in the interest of man. The speaker knew nothing about God; as a finite being cannot comprehend the infinite. He felt infinite reverence, but he could not comprehend. Everything that is good comes out of man; and let us know enough, and we will do good. If we fail, it is because we don't know enough; not the fault of morality per se. So let us go to work to know something.

The speaker contrasted the system adopted at the Spiritualist Camp Meetings with that of Chautauqua. The Spiritualist lecturers are expected at such meetings to lecture on nothing but Spiritualism—nothing on science and the live issues of the day. In this way, the meetings instruct nobody. But at Chautauqua the people go there to tell how much they know; that is doing something; it is work. He considered some of the topics taken up at Chautauqua rubbish; but the general system of organized work, he regarded as admirable. If the members of the Association come to Lake Pleasant simply to talk the matter over and don't work, nothing will be accomplished by their coming together. They must take what they learn home with them and put it into practice. The small number of workers should not discourage them. He presumed that many of those present claimed to be Spiritualists. They had heard the raps and seen the shadowy dead form; but that is not Spiritualism; it is simply an eye-opener. Man stands between two lands; he has got to begin his education here. If he has reason and intelligence, it is his duty to cultivate them and fully understand all his powers. Spiritualists have got to do something worthy, not merely to point the finger of scorn at church members. The church member might say: "Look at that man; he is a Spiritualist, and yet he is as mean and selfish as any one else. What is his Spiritualism good for?" If you don't carry it out in practical life, your Spiritualism will fail. You have men in your ranks who know something, who will take hold of this educational branch if you will give them the lead. You can make Lake Pleasant a school of culture, as they do at Chautauqua; avoid the rubbish that is taught there. But there are truths as infinite as God; we want the teaching of these truths inaugurated, and we want to inaugurate in a modified form what is known as the "Chautauqua System."

The Resolutions were then adopted. Dr. J. K. Bailey offered the following resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved, That we have received with fraternal appreciation Mrs. E. D. Smith and Mrs. Sue B. Fales who have co-operated with us as delegates from the Southern Spiritualist Association, and

Resolved, That the suggestions made toward consolidation with that Association, are worthy of earnest thought; but the time is not yet ripe for such a step, as it cannot be taken with propriety except upon co-incident objects and aims and sameness of declaration of principles.

Judge Bailey offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Association will accept the services of lecturers who can within their respective

districts, enter the field to lecture for the Association and the good of local societies.

Adopted.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN OF ENGLAND, expressed her interest in the work proposed by the Association and hoped those present would manifest their interest in the work by "thought, hand and pocket." Mrs. Britten was pressed to speak at length, but having only just arrived after a long and dusty journey, she begged to be excused.

After a short recess to enable those present who so desired to join the Association, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. The following were unanimously elected:

President, J. G. Jackson, Hockessin, Del.; Vice President, Dr. F. B. Spinney, Detroit, Mich.; Secretary, F. N. Pennock, Kennett Square, Penn.; Treasurer, John Winslow, Bristol, Conn.; Trustees, J. B. Young, Marion, Iowa; H. V. Ladd, Brooklyn; Newman Weeks, Rutland, Vt.; J. C. Bundy, Chicago; Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Killingly, Conn.

On motion the Secretary was instructed to send to each member of the Association a list of the officers with their post office addresses that correspondence may be opened with each.

The Business Committee offered a list of names of persons to act as correspondents for the Association. After some discussion and the addition of other names to the list offered, Mr. Bundy said that the selection of such names required consideration, as while every member would undoubtedly be willing to undertake the work, if business and time permitted, some persons could not give the attention to the matter; he would suggest that members present who were able to undertake the work, should volunteer as correspondents; and he would recommend that every member of the Association consider him or herself a member of the Committee and write every thing of importance, while it is fresh in their minds, to the Committee on Correspondence.

It was then moved that the Association resolve itself into a committee of the whole to correspond with the President on all matters of interest that may come within the experience of each member during the coming year. Carried.

The thanks of the Association were then tendered to the secretary and treasurer pro tem, Mr. David Jones and Dr. Ripley for services rendered; and also to the New England Association of Spiritualists for kindness in granting the use of their grounds, and to the Amphion Glee Club of Troy, N. Y.

The meeting adjourned sine die.

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